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Dictators and Democrats

DICTATORS AND DEMOCRATS

Edited by
LAWRENCE FERNSWORTH



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FOREWORD

FOR the first time a book such as this appears in the midst of world crisis. Here the leading actors in that crisis speak for themselves, for the first time in history. The twin blankets of censorship and propaganda today cover most of the frank utterances in the world-at-war; it is seldom that our leaders speak frankly. Men speaking to skilled journalists, however, have to say what is in their minds, for it is part of the journalist's craft to set his subject at ease, win his confidence, and get him to tell the truth. And it is the journalist's task, not only to set down the words faithfully, but to give his own appraisal of the man and of his significance in the countries wherein he moves, and in the shaping of world events.

Thus *DICTATORS AND DEMOCRATS* is more than an anthology of interviews—an integrated work on world politics from the source of those politics, containing numerous articles especially written for it. Journalists and writers home from their tours of duty abroad have sat down and brought up-to-date their reports on the words and the doings of the men about whom they speak. Other pieces are historical interviews and portraits that have already appeared but that still have a vital significance today.

I have tried to do two things in the preparation of this book. First to maintain a sense of continuity and perspective, showing these personalities, insofar as seemed necessary, in their relation to the present, to the future, and to each other. The major appeal is, therefore, to the alert general reader. A second aim, however, has been to interest the student of journalism, whether the seasoned professional writer, the

college man yet to make his debut, or the average reader of the average newspaper. For such there has been assembled a diverse collection of interviews and portraits, the technical aspects of which may be studied with profit. But in this day almost every intelligent newspaper reader is also a student of journalism in the sense of having an interest in the way news is tracked down and put together.

Among the articles written especially for *DICTATORS AND DEMOCRATS* are Knickerbocker's estimate of Hitler; Frederick Griffin's informed portrait of Mackenzie King; Mildred Gilman and Beach Conger on Goering; Thomas Healy's picture of de Valera, which is considered by its author the first complete presentation of the Irish President's views on Ireland and its relations to England. I may, perhaps, mention my own new close-up of Winston Churchill, based on personal acquaintance. Clarence K. Streit has a remarkable original article on Briand, who tried to devise a new peace system for Europe. Both William Courtney's original portrait of Prime Minister Konoye of Japan, and Edward Hunter's new story on tracking down and interviewing Henry Pu Yi, the puppet emperor of Manchukuo, shed light on the ways of the Orient; while Joseph Freeman recounts his visit to Cardenas of Mexico and William Walton has done a sharp picture of Secretary of State Hull, of whose personality American readers know little, although they read about him every day. Other articles which have, in whole or in part, been prepared for this book, are the vivid and comprehensive appraisal of Batista of Cuba by Carleton Beals, another outstanding authority on Latin America; Wilbur Burton's piece on President Quezon of the Philippines; and Louis Adamic's estimate of King Alexander of Yugoslavia.

In the main, the book has been confined to living personalities. But there are a few who, though dead, have so influenced events, either by the impetus they have given to them or in the zealous followers they have left to carry on after them, that those events can only be understood by understanding the dead who still hover over them. To understand Turkey's role in the Near East you will have to under-

stand Kemal Ataturk. Marshal Lyautey, the builder of the French Moroccan empire, cannot be ignored, for that empire is bound to play a vital role in the final decisions of war. The spirit of Briand looks upon France and upon Europe, even today. His dream of a United States of Europe under a strengthened League of Nations, or in some other way, takes form and substance while the war goes on. It will have to be considered in any re-shaping of Europe that shall be destined to spell an approximation of permanent peace.

LAWRENCE FERNSWORTH

New York City

Hitler
Goering
Goebbels
Mussolini
Ciano

Germany, Italy

Dorothy Thompson
H. R. Knickerbocker
Lothrop Stoddard
Mildred Gilman
Beach Conger
Emil Ludwig
Clare Boothe

ADOLF HITLER'S INTER-

viewers usually agree about his sincerity, but appraise it differently. Three of them collaborate here to present a vivid picture of the complex Hitler. None was swept away by his "magic"—that magic which has swept so many million Germans off their feet. H. R. Knickerbocker, in a cool and objective appraisal, found Hitler an actor, "the most remarkable deceiver of all time," a man who watched himself act and was amused at his success. Lothrop Stoddard shrewdly says: "What you first see in Hitler by no means indicates all that lies behind." Some of these correspondents observed the psychic atmosphere that has been created around Hitler, although its "magic" did not communicate itself to them as it was expected to do. Hermann Rauschning in his book, *The Voice of Destruction*, tries to shed light on this phenomenon, for he says that those who were swept away by Hitler's "personal charm" were convinced before the fact, the victims of autohypnosis or autosuggestion. To him Hitler was a man of "daemonic powers."

Dorothy Thompson, foreign correspondent and columnist, is now with the *New York Post*. Hubert Renfro Knickerbocker began his career as a foreign correspondent in Munich, where his first assignment was the Hitler-Ludendorff Putsch of November, 1923. There he observed the Fuhrer in action as a revolutionary, and then as a prisoner in the dock, on trial for treason. Since that time Mr. Knickerbocker has been a persistent student of Hitler and his movement. He has worked abroad alternately with the *International News Service* and for the old *New York Post* and *Philadelphia Public Ledger*. Lothrop Stoddard is a newspaper correspondent, author, and lecturer, now editorial writer for the *Washington Star*.

ADOLF HITLER

By Dorothy Thompson

FOR seven years I had been trying to see Adolf Hitler. The first time I looked for him in the house of an American woman, married and naturalized in Germany: Frau Hanfstaengel. That was in 1923, and Hitler, foiled in his attempt with Ludendorff to make a military *coup d'état* against the Republic, was in flight. Frau Hanfstaengel, who had a house in Murnau, in the Allgäu, some hours from Munich, had given him refuge. I remembered Frau Hanfstaengel. Years before, during the New York State woman suffrage campaign, she had come over from Germany as a speaker hired by the Woman Suffrage Party to advocate votes for women. She made us a great deal of trouble. "Ladies and gentlemen," she would say, "I hope you will all vote for the woman suffrage amendment. And now let us pass to a consideration of the reasons why the sinking of the *Lusitania* should not constitute a reason for war."

Not exactly as crass as that, but almost. Frau Hanfstaengel, as it turned out, was a German propagandist. When I failed to meet Hitler at her house—he had taken shelter elsewhere—she told me so.

After that Mr. Hitler "sat" for a few months. As I recall it, he got a fifteen-year sentence. But assassination and political conspiracy were cheap in Germany during the past twelve years. He was out in a short time.

Out, but somehow a changed man. Gone "legal." No longer was there to be a march on Berlin. The people were to "awaken" and Hitler's movement was going to *vote* dictatorship in! In itself a fascinating idea. Imagine a would-be

From *I Saw Hitler*, published by Farrar & Rinehart. Copyright, 1932, by Dorothy Thompson Lewis.

dictator setting out to *persuade a sovereign people to vote away their rights.*

If the Republic had been differently founded, if it hadn't been under the unluckiest of stars—some peculiarly adverse aspect of Saturn with Mars, the astrologists would probably find, at the meridian—such a program would have been mad. But the Republic was born in defeat, at the instigation of foreigners; it pursued its course under a series of humiliations. And Hitler and his crowd made even victories sound like humiliations. Stresemann may live large in history because of the Treaty of Locarno, but Hitler painted him to the masses simply as a traitor.

And during those years I tried, now and then, to see him.

He was lofty and remote from all foreigners. Germany for the Germans! Scorn for Americans, the dollar-chasers, the money-grubbers, the profiteers. Americans were lending money to a "fulfillment government." A government was borrowing from America to pay the French. Hitler, the pure, the incorruptible, had time only for his own. American reporters could cool their heels on the doorstep.

But in the Year of Our Crisis, 1932, things had changed. There had been chamber conferences with foreigners—with Mussolini, with Lord Rothermere. (Hitler once called Lord Rothermere a "Jewish newspaper baron," but that was in the days of the twelve followers, not of the twelve million.) Hitler was coming into power . . . now he was prepared to address the world. And so he granted me an interview.

There was a lot of fussiness connected with the preparations. Not, somehow, what one would expect from a man to whom The Deed is everything. I had rather expected a clipped "Appeal!" Instead, I must present questions. Written out, and twenty-four hours beforehand. No trickery allowed. There must be time to weigh the answers. Then, later, I was informed that the questions must be reduced to three.

So I wrote three questions:

(1) When you come to power, as I take it you will, what will you do for the working masses of Germany?

(2) When you come to power will you abolish the constitution of the German Republic?

(3) What will you do for international disarmament, and how will you handle France?

I said, you see, "When you come to power——"

Because it seemed to be a universal opinion that Adolf Hitler would "come to power" in Germany, one way or another, in the next few months.

So I went to see not a little political leader, but a probable dictator "as certain to come to power as that I stand here," he had told some newspaper men a few days before. A man who owned an army. A man who terrorized the streets. A man who predicted the constitution of a new, dangerous and awakened Germany.

I was a little nervous. I considered taking smelling salts.

And Hitler was late. An hour late. Waiting in the upstairs foyer of the Kaiserhof Hotel I saw him shoot by, on the way to his rooms, accompanied by a bodyguard who looked rather like Al Capone. Minutes passed. Half an hour. I went around to the room of the press chief: Ernest Hanfstaengel, son of the lady from Murnau, Harvard graduate, famous among his classmates for his piano playing and his eccentricities. Fussy. Amusing. The oddest imaginable press chief for a dictator.

I waited in Dr. Hanfstaengel's room. An Italian journalist preceded me. No wonder. Hitler, contemplating power, already had a foreign policy: a German-English-Italian alliance to crush the power of France on the continent. I waited. America was only a creditor, one of the weakest positions which a nation could hold in the world today.

When finally I walked into Adolf Hitler's salon in the Kaiserhof Hotel, I was convinced that I was meeting the future dictator of Germany. In something less than fifty seconds I was quite sure that I was not.

It took just about that time to measure the startling insignificance of this man who had set the world agog.

He seemed formless, almost faceless, a man whose coun-

tenance was a caricature, a man whose framework seemed cartilaginous, without bones. He was inconsequent and voluble, ill-poised, insecure. He was the very prototype of the Little Man.

A lock of lank hair fell over an insignificant and slightly retreating forehead. The back of the head was shallow. The face was broad in the cheekbones. The nose was large, but badly shaped and without character. His movements were awkward, almost undignified and most unmartial. There was in his face no trace of any inner conflict or self-discipline.

And yet, he was not without a certain charm. But it was the soft, almost feminine charm of the Austrian. When he talked it was with a broad Austrian dialect.

The eyes alone were notable. Dark gray and hyperthyroid—they have the peculiar shine which often distinguishes geniuses, alcoholics, and hysterics.

There was something irritatingly refined about him. I was willing to bet he crooked his little finger when he drank a cup of tea.

His was an actor's face. Capable of being pushed out or in, expanded or contracted at will, in order to register facile emotions.

As I saw him, I thought of other German faces.

The President, von Hindenburg. A face cut out of rock. No imagination in it; no light; no humor. Not exactly an appealing face. But one revealing a character so defined as to determine its owner's destiny.

Chancellor Bruening. The head of an eighteenth-century cardinal-statesman. A high-bridged, sensitive nose. A finely cut mouth. The convex profile of obstinacy. Quizzical, wise, humorous. A man who would hold on forever. A little too sensitive, perhaps. He could ill endure dislike.

I thought of this man before me, seated, as an equal, between Hindenburg and Bruening, and involuntarily I smiled. Oh, Adolf! Adolf! You will be out of luck!

Other German faces came before my eyes as I talked with Hitler. The late Gustav Stresemann. A gay and wise spirit in a thick mask of flesh. Fine hands, and eyes which sent out

sharp little sparks of wit. The scientists—Planck, of the quantum theory, serene and fine as fire. Einstein, like a great, terribly gifted child.

The writers: Hauptmann, with his tall dome and fine babyish hair; Thomas Mann, with tired, far-seeing eyes; Wassermann, looking a little like a Jewish Shakespeare; Feuchtwanger, a mask for the spirit of comedy; the younger ones—Remarque (his Nordic looks would help you, Mr. Hitler); Zuckmayer, robust as the Rhinelands; Leonhard Frank, sensitive, gentle—

Looking at Hitler, I saw a whole panorama of German faces: men whom this man thinks he will rule. And I thought: Mr. Hitler you may get, in the next elections, the fifteen million votes which you expect.

But fifteen million Germans CAN be wrong.

The interview was difficult, because one cannot carry on a conversation with Adolf Hitler. He speaks always as though he were addressing a mass meeting. In personal intercourse he is shy, almost embarrassed. In every question he seeks for a theme that will set him off. Then his eyes focus in some far corner of the room; a hysterical note creeps into his voice which rises sometimes almost to a scream. He gives the impression of a man in a trance. He bangs the table.

"Not yet is the whole working class with us . . . we need a new spirit . . . Marxism has undermined the masses . . . rebirth in a new ideology . . . not workers, not employers, not socialists, not Catholics . . . but Germans!"

This, in answer to the question: What will you do for the working masses when you come to power?

It is an important question. Millions of Germans follow Hitler because he has proclaimed war upon the banks, upon the trusts, upon "loan-capital." He has asserted time and time again that he will abolish the rule of one class by another. What actually do these statements mean, in terms of practical politics?

I couldn't find out, and anyone who can is a better interviewer than I. When I dared to interrupt the stream of eloquence by bluntly repeating my question, he replied (rather

coily) that he didn't intend to hand his program over to his enemies (the German Chancellor) for them to "steal." Later on, however, from one of his adjutants, I got a clearer answer to the question.

Hitler intended, he told me, to house as many of the unemployed as possible in barracks (separated from wives and children) and employ them in the service of the state at soldier's wages, of something like six cents a day with room and keep. That would serve two ends: re-begin general military training and raise a force of roadbuilders, and so on. He intended to break up such great estates as were not now being cultivated by their owners and carry on an extensive colonization plan. That, however, was already being done by the present government.

The former idea seemed impossible of realization to an American. It seemed a sort of peon labor. But it was not certain that it would not work in Germany. The unemployed had had the dole cut to the point where it was really not a living wage, where on it they hungered and went ragged. Warmth, good food, and the self-respect which comes of the belief that one is serving the commonwealth would not quickly be rejected by men who for months had known none of these things.

On the subject of the constitution Hitler was more explicit, though there again, I had to interrupt an address to an unseen gallery. "I will get into power legally. I will abolish this parliament and the Weimar constitution afterward. I will found an authority-state, from the lowest cell to the highest instance; everywhere there will be responsibility and authority above, discipline and obedience below."

So that's that for the Republic.

But this, too, was already accomplished, in measure, in the present Germany. For Chancellor Bruening governed by decree, and by what decrees! With the last one, the state interfered in all branches of economic activity; it fixed wages and prices; it decreed rates of interest; it ordered moratoriums; by controlling the buying and selling of foreign money, it controlled foreign trade. The difference was that Chan-

cellor Bruening held the dictatorship to be a necessary emergency measure, and self-government and democracy to be a happier form for more normal times. Not Hitler.

And France? And the reparations?

Adolf Hitler was talking more mildly to foreign correspondents than he had ever talked to his own people on this subject. "We shall not pay one cent more than we can," he told the British and American press. It seemed to me I had heard those words before—from the spokesman of every government since 1919. "We will pay the private debts!"

The private debts! The loans lent to Germany to pay reparations with? But, Mr. Hitler, what becomes of your campaign against the loan-sharks? Against the foreign extortionists? Against "Jewish" international finance? Against world usury?

The truth of it was that Hitler, the drummer boy on the ramparts, the revolutionary, as he approached power, was going very high hat and frock coat. He associated with industrialists. He went to tea with princesses.

And France? "When the German people are at last really unified, and secured in their own honor, I believe even France will respect us."

Adolf Hitler said those words to me. Adolf Hitler who, as a little child, wept that he had been born after the great freedom wars! Adolf Hitler who said: "We must arm! The child's spelling book and the largest newspaper, all must be put into the service of our unique mission; our whining must be changed into the glowing prayer: God bless our arms!"

Adolf Hitler who had said, time and again: "Let the French march! Let us see whether African niggers can conquer free Germany!"

ADOLF HITLER

By H. R. Knickerbocker

ONE of Hitler's greatest assets is his mustache. It makes him look silly, and for ten years his foolish appearance lulled the world into regarding him as completely inconsequential. Helped by the world's mistaken jeers, Hitler was able, in the decade 1923-1933, to build the political terror machine which enabled him to seize power in Germany.

Most foreign observers considered him, at best, a tool for the industrialists; at worst, a clown. Therefore I venture to underline the following in the interview which follows: "Adolf Hitler is the hero a million people worship; *the threat that Europe fears.*"

Because the date was February 3, 1932, and even at that late hour, just one year before he was to become Reichskanzler, one of my best friends, a colleague of even longer experience than mine in Germany, laughed upon reading it and called me a simpleton for taking Hitler seriously.

From the moment I met him, I always took Hitler seriously, not because I had the power to discern in him qualities other observers could not find, and not because of his effect upon me, but just because I judged him by the effect upon the German people. In this the first formal interview I had with him, I was astonished by the worshipful obedience of his most important lieutenants and their humble eagerness to serve him.

I had imagined that his principal party comrades would be on "du fuss" with him, and address him with the familiar "thou." But when Rudolph Hess and "Putzi" Hanfstaengel introduced me to Hitler they addressed him stiffly as "Mein

Führer." They stood at military attention, heels together and fingers on the trouser seams. Their attitude was that of two noncommissioned officers talking to a field marshal.

This interview with Hitler is more worth reading now than when it was written nine years ago. I wonder what Hitler would say now if he were reminded of his remark to me: "I was a soldier in the war, and it was my conviction that without American participation on the side of the Allies we would surely have won the war." Today he can roar as much as he pleases that he doesn't care whether the United States helps Britain or not, and doesn't care what we do, but the truth is that he believes now as well as in 1932 that if the United States does not wait too late, if we move into full and formal war against Nazi Germany before she has crippled or destroyed Britain, then Germany cannot win and will eventually be defeated. More important than that is the fact that Hitler's belief in 1932 is the belief of all the German people today. The day the United States enters the war, every German must say to himself, "Now we can't win." That will be the turning point of the war.

Hitler in this interview displayed the hysteria which led many observers to think he could never gain or keep power. At this moment he was the raving mob orator. The account given here is only a fractional spoonful from the torrent of words which poured from him ninety minutes long. He was extremely polite, met me at the door, insisted on placing my chair for me, and bade me be seated first, then planted himself behind his desk, fixed his flat, nonmagnetic China-blue eyes on me and with a smile asked me what he could do for me.

I had about six simple questions, chiefly concerned with American interests in Germany. Hitler could have answered them in ten minutes if he had not wished to make an oration. At the first question he began to speak in an ordinary conversational tone and for thirty seconds dealt with the topic. He then began to move forward in his seat; his eyes left mine and gazed into space and his voice rose steadily

until by the end of a minute he was talking to thirty thousand people. I was scarcely a yard away from him. I literally swayed in the wind of his oratory. Now was the time for me to fall under his spell. Instead I looked curiously at him, wondering how anybody, including Germans, could find any magic in this person, so undistinguished, so flat, so loud-mouthed, but remembering that already millions of Germans followed him as the prophet. I was embarrassed at his lack of restraint. It was like having to watch a grown man cry. I strove to follow the thread of his oration. It had long ceased to have anything to do with my question. Now he was denouncing the Versailles Treaty, the encirclement of Germany, the reparations, the November criminals, the stab in the back, and all the other dear Nazi targets.

To a German he must have seemed fascinating, and Hanfstaengl and Hess were indeed listening with rapt faces. I listened just as attentively, but my constant impulse was to cut in, tap Hitler on the knee, exclaim, "Ja, aber Herr Hitler," and bring him down to earth. I not only felt none of the awe his followers betrayed, but not even the instinctive sense of respect I often feel at the first meeting with a great personality, such as Winston Churchill. After an hour and a half I staggered to my feet, exhausted by the mental exertion of serving Hitler.

Through it all I had persisted in the attempt to discover the secret of his power. I did not find it. All I could be sure of was that Hitler possessed the talent to make you believe what he said. This now famous characteristic of his, the Hitlerian "sincerity," is of course recognized today as one of the sources of his ability, first, to deceive a people, and then almost conquer a world.

For a long time professional psychologists explained that Hitler was "able to hypnotize himself" so that he always truly believed in what he said, no matter if he were to reverse himself or break his word an hour later. I am now convinced that this is only partly correct; that Hitler proceeds from a platform of calculated cynicism, intending to deceive,

and conscious of his deception. At the height of his paroxysms, while his victims are fearfully observing his manic "sincerity," I am sure Hitler is inwardly watching himself act, and is amused at the ease of his success. This interview of February 3, 1932, provides a few scraps of clinical evidence on this most remarkable deceiver of all time who, whatever else his fate may be, will be remembered as the man who lifted the lie to the level of a moral principle.

As Hitler entered the arena the day before this interview, 8000 men and women leaped erect, stretched their hands in the Nazi salute. The roar of "Heil Hitler!" penetrated far beyond the walls of the Circus Krone and was echoed back by the multitude standing in the streets of Munich.

Nine years previously in this same Circus I had heard Hitler speak. The crowd had been drummed up by every artifice, but half the seats were empty. Now no hall in Germany was large enough to hold his audiences. Nine years previously I had seen a spray of bullets dissolve the Hitler columns marching on the Odeons Platz to overthrow the Government. Now a wave of ballots had carried Hitler within grasp of power.

In the Circus Krone, Hitler spoke. He was an evangelist speaking to a camp meeting, the Billy Sunday of German politics. His converts moved with him, laughed with him, felt with him. They booed with him the French. They hissed with him the Republic. The 8000 were an instrument on which Hitler played a symphony of national passion.

Ten, twelve, fifteen, twenty million Germans then made up the Hitler orchestra throughout the Reich. Nobody could number them precisely, but the threatening tones of their mass defiance already had moved a continent to panic. Hitler, the evangelist, already could found a new religion. Hitler, the actor, already could sway packed theatres. Hitler, the orator, already could make a revolution.

Twelve years previously Hitler planned a revolution. With seven men he founded the National Socialist Party. Nine years before this interview he attempted the revolution. His

meager troops were dissipated by one breath from a machine gun; Hitler went to jail. For years he was forgotten. Now Adolf Hitler, forty-three years old, the orphan son of an Austrian customs official, the possessor of a temporary police passport, a man without a country, not even a German citizen; Adolf Hitler, the assistant architect and interior decorator, the soldier who never got beyond the rank of lance corporal in Germany; Adolf Hitler, the ridiculed flag bearer of an unsuccessful beer-hall putsch—this same Adolf Hitler was the hero a million people worshiped, the threat that Europe feared.

On February 2, 1932, for an hour and a half Hitler harangued the 8000 in the Circus Krone. He was addressing Germany. On February 3, for another hour and a half Hitler, in the interview I had with him for the *New York Post*, analyzed his attitude toward America and toward American investments in Germany. He was addressing the United States.

Under the death mask of Frederick the Great, whom Oswald Spengler called "the first National Socialist," Herr Hitler sat and developed a program. The first course was palatable.

"American capital investment in Germany will be safer under a National Socialist regime than under any other Government," Hitler declared. "For four reasons: First, because only under a National Socialist Government will Germany be freed from political debts which today make it impossible for us to meet our private obligations. Second, because only under a National Socialist Government will it be possible to reach a stable relationship with France. Third, because under a National Socialist Government Germany will refuse to enter into any agreements that she cannot fulfill. Fourth, because only under a National Socialist Government can Communism in Germany be avoided.

"We are determined," he exclaimed, "to repay the last cent of capital we have borrowed from you. The will to pay our private debts is equally strong and unshakeable among all Germans, with the sole exception of our Bolsheviks.

"But in considering the question of repayment of our debt to America we must make sharp differentiation between the capital of that debt, the interest on it and the amortization of it. I assure you that nobody shall touch the capital. Every pfennig of it will be repaid. But the question of how it will be repaid is one that depends upon our capacity to pay. These loans were forced upon Germany by the existence of reparations. The necessity of paying our political debts forced us to assume these private obligations. We borrowed money to pay reparations. Thus it is true that at least 75 per cent of the loans are in the form of postponed reparations. That was the great danger that lay in our taking these foreign loans. The transaction amounted to commercialization of reparations."

"If you repudiate reparations and you consider private debts to be a concealed and postponed form of payment of reparations, why do you recognize private debts?"

"We recognize private debts despite all these considerations because we intend in the future to continue to maintain international relationships. Unless we were ready to break off all contact with the outer world, unless we were ready to adopt the Bolshevik principles of repudiating private property, we are compelled and we are determined to recognize and pay our private obligations."

Herr Hitler switched to the incessant French demand for the payment of overdue reparations.

"I consider that it would have been far better if France had sent 10,000 gendarmes into Germany to try to collect reparations than that the Germans should have borrowed money in an attempt to pay reparations. What would France have got by such an attempt to collect by force? She would have got nothing. And if she makes such an attempt again she will get precisely the same—nothing."

"What would you expect America to do in case France were to make any such attempt?" I asked.

"I hold and expect that America would seek by every means at her disposal to protect her investments." Hitler talked rapidly.

"I should expect that America would take not only theoretical but practical measures to protect these interests. I should expect, on the one hand, that America, from purely economic reasons alone, would bring every pressure to bear to prevent a development that would destroy her capital investments in Germany. On the other hand I should expect that from political reasons having to do with the balance of power, England and Italy would bring similar pressure to bear.

"I should expect that the United States would finally realize that the continued existence of a treaty such as that of Versailles, which could permit such a development to take place fourteen years after the war, must be destructive to the interest of America and that this treaty must finally be amended."

"But America did not sign the Versailles Treaty," I ventured.

"That does not make any difference," Hitler retorted. "America's refusal to sign the Versailles Treaty does not relieve her of the responsibility that is hers for the conclusion of the war. I was a soldier in the war, and it was my conviction that without American participation on the side of the Allies we would surely have won the war. But whether we had won or not, it was a mistake for America to have entered the war.

"If she had not entered the war, she would have been in the position as a powerful neutral nation to have virtually dictated the terms of peace much more than she was able to do as a participant. The world as a whole, and America, too, would have been much better off. Nearly every great war except the last one was settled by the intervention of a neutral Power. Not the one between Rome and Carthage," he interpolated meditatively, "but now that America did enter the war and was responsible for its outcome, it is not only the moral duty of America to participate in the long postponed settlement; it is today a practical necessity."

"Do you then consider a Franco-German understanding as possible?" I asked.

"I consider it possible under two conditions." Hitler spoke more energetically. "The first is that the National Socialist Government of Germany shall replace the Government that France has learned is her willing tool and that this Government shall re-establish in Germany the honor and dignity of this country. The second condition is that France shall cease to consider us a second-class nation. As long as Parisians choose to see us as Boches, no understanding between the two nations is possible.

"The French," he exclaimed, "it is true, are afraid. There was a time when Napoleon stood in Berlin and yet Germany rose again. But the present France is not the France of Napoleon, and the present Germany is not the Germany of Jena and Aurostadt; 1932 is not 1806.

"Yes, the French are afraid, but what are they afraid of? They have taken from us everything possible for them to take. Our war fleet, our merchant fleet, our colonies, our goods, our territories, our lands, our chattels—everything. The only thing they could not take was our 65,000,000 people."

"If it is the French fear of Germany that until now has been chiefly responsible for the failure of the two nations to reach an understanding, do you consider it probable that this French fear will become any less if you take over the Government?" I asked.

Hitler thought a moment. "I submit," he replied, "that the only possibility of achieving a stable relationship with France is when the National Socialist Government of Germany makes it plain to the French that they must finally, once and for all, give up even the phantasy, even the remote dream, that some of them still have, that it is possible by force, by violence, by assault, to wring anything more from Germany.

"When they have once given up this psychopathic mentality of the victor, when they have abandoned this fantastic idea, then and only then will it be possible for the two nations to treat with each other. I still hope that there are after all enough intelligent Frenchmen left to realize that it is an

insane dream to imagine that they can destroy Germany. When this dream has disappeared the first condition for the re-establishment of stable relations in Europe will have been fulfilled."

Hitler, speaking on the topic of France, was a different Hitler. There was no trace of the bourgeois that many have believed he might become if he came to power. Hitler on France was the fiery insurrectionist of yore.

"Do you consider," I asked, "that it is necessary for the United States to release France from her debt to America before France releases Germany from her reparations?"

"On the contrary," Hitler responded, "I would consider such a procedure highly objectionable. The consequences would be that France would say 'Now that we have got rid of our debt to America, we shall perhaps cancel the reparations, but not before we have squeezed further political concessions from Germany.' The French would be able, in this case, to attempt further political extortions from Germany with results that would be bad for everybody. If, on the other hand, under the National Socialist government, Germany repudiates the reparations, this leaves France with the necessity of taking the initiative for the regulation of her debts to America."

We discussed other phases of this question—of American capital investments in Germany, for example. It all simmered down to this:

What Hitler promised was that American capital in Germany would be safe. What he had held in prospect was that the National Socialist government would insist upon the reduction of the interest rate and an extension of the amortization terms on foreign loans.

But what Hitler had to say of most importance could be analyzed into a *paradox*: first, it was a crime for Germany to have borrowed money from abroad, because it only meant she converted reparations into private debts. Second, however, it was a very good thing for Germany that she did borrow the money, because America's interest in Germany now

makes it possible for Germany to hope that the French will not attempt to collect reparations by force.

Hitler's behavior is as changeable as the weather. Whereas in my first interview with him he had been hysterical, when I interviewed him on March 11, 1932, on the eve of his first and only attempt to be elected to a public office, the Presidency of Germany, he was quiet, reasonable, and even humorous. The best thing in the interview was his story of how he won the Iron Cross. It was the first time he had ever told it, in print. Whether it is true or not, it is now the historical version. If it is not true—and many believe Hitler never won any Iron Cross at all—then I know what it is to have been present at the birth of a Myth.

The day after the interview, Germany went to the polls to decide whether von Hindenburg should be their president, or whether a Fascist Reich should replace the Republic. The result is history. Von Hindenburg won—but in spite of it, Hitler was ultimately to work his will on Germany.

On the eve of this election, in the interview given me for the *New York Post*, Hitler gave his personal views on the "certainty" of his election, and made a programmatic declaration of the utmost significance for his regime when he did become head of the German State.

Although during the preceding twelve days he had spoken nightly to assemblies he reckoned totaled 500,000 persons, and despite the fact that he stood at a decisive moment in his career, he showed not a trace of nervousness or fatigue.

"Hindenburg has absolutely no chance and I consider it was unforgivable and irresponsible frivolity on the part of Dr. Bruening (then Chancellor Heinrich Bruening) that he should have exposed the Field Marshal to the tragedy of irreparable defeat."

Hitler gave a clearer sketch of what he intended to do with power than ever before.

"It is fundamentally false to think that I intend to rule without the Reichstag," he said. "I intend to rule only with the Reichstag, but it is necessary first to have a new Reichstag

election to obtain a Parliament that really represents the will of the people and that is capable of working.

"I am not going to rule by emergency decrees as the present Government does. I do not consider it is justified to take advantage of Paragraph 48 of the Constitution providing that the President can rule by decree in the event of a national emergency, unless such national emergency actually exists. I consider such a national emergency would only ensue in case, for instance, of an attempted revolution or, say, an attempt by the Poles to invade Germany."

Hitler indicated that on the whole there would be no very great change if he took office.

"No," he said, "I shall not attempt to rescind at once all of Chancellor Bruening's emergency decrees any more than I shall announce at once repudiation of the Versailles Treaty. Emergency decrees like the Versailles Treaty have created a condition and it is impossible to correct the condition merely by rescinding the decrees or repudiating the treaty. We will first rescind the decrees when we have something to take their place and we will first get rid of the Versailles Treaty when we have a conference at which another treaty can be made to take its place."

Hitler's self-confidence was amazing. Never having held public office, and faced with the possibility of becoming head of a great State, he answered the question as to whether he had anxieties about assuming such a responsibility with the smiling remark, "Every man who has ever taken a hand in history must be prepared for responsibility, and since I am certain of my ability to fulfill my rôle I have no fear of assuming it."

I asked him about the election story of his opponents reflecting on his war record and questioning the circumstances under which he won the Iron Cross. Urged to give the correct version Hitler for the first time told this story, which did not even appear in his autobiography and apparently had never been published.

"It was June 1 or 2, 1918, during the Chemins des Dames offensive. We had just stormed a village and I was sent out

with dispatches over a shell-torn field. Suddenly in front of me I saw a shell-hole and in it the flat steel helmets of Frenchmen in a machine gun nest. I had no grenades and only one pistol. I was too close to have been unobserved. There was nothing to do but bluff.

"I leaped to the edge of the shell-hole and shouted in French: 'You are my prisoners,' at the same time shouting orders in German as though I had a company of soldiers with me. First one Frenchman came out with his hands up, then another and another until thirteen poilus, one noncom and one lieutenant came out. Three of them had pistols and I didn't know enough French to order them to surrender their arms. They marched ahead of me and all the time I was thinking that my pistol only had ten rounds of ammunition and that there were fifteen men and three of them still had their guns. We marched and marched and the French grew restive and I grew nervous and prayed that we would meet some of our men. Then I saw soldiers. If they are French I will have to shoot it out, I thought. They were Germans and that was all of that."

HITLER IN WARTIME

By Lothrop Stoddard

TO MEET and talk with Adolf Hitler, *Der Führer* of the Third Reich, was naturally an outstanding item in my professional program when I went to Germany. I have already recounted how, in my very first evening in Berlin, I met Herr Hewel, one of Hitler's confidential men. I did not fail to discuss the matter with him, but his reaction was not encouraging. For a long time past, he said, the Fuehrer had been seeing very few foreigners except diplomats in his official capacity as Chancellor of the Reich. Since the outbreak of war, no nonofficial foreigner had been received; nor was such an audience then in contemplation. However, Herr Hewel expressed interest in my plans and promised to see what could be done.

The officials of the Foreign Office and the Propaganda Ministry with whom I had introductory talks during the next few days were equally dubious. They flatly told me that while an audience was remotely possible, an interview was out of the question. The difference was that in an audience everything said is "off the record" unless specific permission to publish certain remarks is granted.

I offered the idea of getting a picture of the man and his surroundings, rather than getting a statement from him on politics and controversial matters. The Nazi officials favored anything that would present the human side of their leader to the outside world.

Realizing how these officials felt, I concentrated along that line. I pointed out that, though I had come to Germany as a journalist, I was there also with the intention of gathering

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material for a book and for lectures to the American public. In those latter capacities, the ban on quoting Hitler's remarks were to me relatively immaterial. An audience would serve almost as well, if I were permitted to describe the circumstances and portray the man himself as I saw him. It is to these arguments that I ascribe chiefly the audience which, after two months, was granted me. Indeed, this audience, the only one granted a nonofficial foreigner since the beginning of the war, was given me explicitly in my capacity as a writer of books and public speaker, not as a journalist.

The memorable day was Tuesday, December 19, 1939. Shortly before one o'clock in the afternoon, a shining limousine drew up in front of the Hotel Adlon and a handsome young officer in dove-gray Foreign Office uniform ushered me to the waiting car. Driving down the Wilhelmstrasse, the car slowed before the Chancery and blew a peculiar note on its horn. Like most public buildings erected under the Third Reich, the new Chancery is severely plain on the outside, with a high doorway flush with the wall and normally always closed. In response to the summons, however, the halves of the entrance opened immediately, and the car drove slowly inside.

What a contrast to the plain exterior! I found myself in a large paved courtyard. Opposite the gate was a broad flight of stone steps flanked by two impressive gray stone figures. The flight led up to an entrance. On the steps stood several lackeys in blue-and-silver liveries, while near the entrance doorway was a knot of high officers in regulation gray-green uniforms. Through the entrance I glimpsed a foyer ablaze with electric light from crystal chandeliers.

Emerging from my car, I walked up the steps, to bows and salutes, and entered the foyer, where more lackeys took charge of my hat and overcoat. I was here greeted by a high official with whom I walked through the foyer into a magnificent hall, without windows but electrically lighted from above. This lofty hall, done in light-red marble inlaid with elaborate patterns, reminded me somehow of an ancient Egyptian temple. At its further end, more steps led up to an

enormously long gallery of mirrors lighted by numerous sconces on the left-hand wall. Since this gallery was set at a slight angle, the effect upon me was of intense brilliance; much more so than a straight perspective would have afforded.

About half-way down the long gallery I observed a door on the right-hand side, before which stood a pair of lackeys. Through this door I passed, to find myself in a large room which, I was told, was the ante-chamber to the Fuehrer's study. In it were about a dozen high officers to whom I was introduced and with some of whom I chatted for some moments.

The whole build-up thus far had been so magnificent and the attendant psychic atmosphere so impressive that by this time I really did not know what to expect. I had the feeling that I was being ushered into the presence of a Roman Emperor or even an Oriental Potentate. The absurd thought crossed my mind that I might find *Der Führer* seated on a throne surrounded by flaming swastikas.

At that moment I was bidden to the Presence. Turning left, I passed through double doors and entered another large room. To my right hand, near the doorway, was an upholstered sofa and several chairs. At the far end of the room was a flat-topped desk from behind which a figure rose as I entered and came toward me. I saw a man of medium height, clad in a plain officer's tunic with no decorations save the Iron Cross, black trousers, and regulation military boots. Walking up to where I had halted near the doorway, he gave me a firm handshake and a pleasant smile. It was the Fuehrer.

For an instant I was taken aback by the astounding contrast between this simple, natural greeting and the heavy magnificence through which I had just passed. Pulling myself together, I expressed in my best German my appreciation of the honor that was being shown me, calling him *Excellency*, as foreigners are supposed to do. Hitler smiled again at my little speech, motioned to the sofa, and said: "Won't you sit down?", himself taking the nearest chair about a yard away

from me. My German evidently made a good impression, for he complimented me upon my accent, from which he inferred that I had been to Germany before. I assured him that he was correct, but went on to say that this was my first view of the Third Reich. To which he replied, with a slight shake of the head: "A pity you couldn't have seen it in peacetime."

The conversation of about twenty minutes which followed these preliminaries naturally cannot be repeated, because I had given my word to that effect. Hitler, however, told me no deep, dark secrets—heads of States don't do that sort of thing with foreign visitors. I think it is no breach of my agreement to say that much of his talk dealt neither with the war nor politics but with great rebuilding plans which the war had constrained him temporarily to lay aside. His regretful interest in those matters seemed to show that he still had them very much in mind.

Even more interesting than what Hitler said was his whole manner and appearance. Here I was, in private audience with the Master of Greater Germany, and able to study him at close range. Needless to say, I watched intently his every move and listened with equal intentness to his voice. Let me try to depict as clearly as possible what I observed.

There are certain details of Hitler's appearance which one cannot surmise from photographs. His complexion is medium, with blond-brown hair of neutral shade which shows no signs of gray. His eyes are very dark-blue. Incidentally, he no longer wears a cartoonist's mustache. It is now the usual "tooth-brush" type, in both size and length. As already remarked, his uniform is severely plain and seemingly of stock materials.

In ordinary conversation, Hitler's voice is clear and well-modulated. Throughout the audience he spoke somewhat rapidly, yet never hurriedly, and in an even tone. Only occasionally did I detect a trace of his native Austro-Bavarian accent. The audience was not a monologue. Although naturally he did most of the talking, Hitler gave me plenty of chances to ask questions and put in my say. He did not at any time sharply raise his voice. Only when discussing the

war did it become vibrant with emotion; and then he dropped his voice almost to an intense whisper. He made practically no gestures, sitting for the most part quietly, with one hand resting on the arm of his chair and the other lying relaxed in his lap.

Hitler's whole appearance was that of a man in good health. He certainly did not look a day older than his fifty years. His color was good, his skin clear and unwrinkled, his body fit and not overweight. He showed no visible signs of nervous strain, such as pouched eyes, haggard lines, or twitching physical reactions. On the contrary, appearance, voice, and manner combined to give an impression of calmness and poise. I am well aware that this description tallies neither with current ideas nor with reports of other persons who have seen and talked with him. Very likely those reports are just as true as mine, since Hitler is said to be a man of many moods. Perhaps I saw him on one of his good days; perhaps he intended to make a particular impression upon me. All I can do is to describe accurately what I myself saw and heard.

Three other persons were present during this audience. First of all, there was Herr Schmidt, the official interpreter, present at all meetings of the Fuehrer with foreigners and reputed to be master of many languages. This time his services were not needed, so Herr Schmidt sat quietly beside me on the sofa without uttering a word the entire time. Equally silent were the other two, who sat in chairs some little distance away. They were Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop and Herr Hewel, who had done much to bring the audience about. Hitler terminated the conversation by rising, shaking hands again, and wishing me success in the remainder of my stay in Germany. He then turned back to his desk, whither von Ribbentrop had already gone and where two other men were standing. At some point during the interview a photograph had been taken of Hitler and myself in conversation. So unobtrusively was this done that I was not aware of it at the moment. The first thing I knew about it was when a copy was presented to me with the Fuehrer's compliments as a

souvenir of the occasion. It was given me with the express understanding that it was not for publication.

From this audience emerge two outstanding contrasts. First, as already indicated, that between the magnificently staged approach and the simple, undramatic, almost matter-of-fact meeting with the man himself. Very likely this contrast was also deliberate staging. Anyhow, it made a striking effect.

The second notable contrast which occurred to me was that of this audience with Hitler and one I had years ago with his fellow dictator, Mussolini. The two audiences were complete opposites. There isn't much stage-setting in reaching Mussolini at the Palazzo Venezia. The dramatic build-up really begins when you go through a little ante-chamber door and find yourself in an immense room, darkened by half-closed blinds, and with no furniture except a desk and a couple of chairs at the far end of the room. From behind that desk rises Mussolini, just like Hitler, but there the resemblance abruptly ends, for, instead of coming to meet you, you have to walk all the way across the room to him.

However, from the very start, you feel that Mussolini is intensely *human*. You get the fact that he is interested in you as a *person*. Also you sense that he is trying to sell you, not only his ideas but also *himself*. He wants to win your interest and admiration, and to attain that he employs the arts of a finished actor—uses his big, compelling eyes; thrusts out his chin; aims to semi-hypnotize you. It's all very intriguing. Perhaps, to an Anglo-Saxon, it's a bit too obvious. But it flatters your ego, just the same.

Nothing like that with Hitler. Though always pleasant and courteous, he makes no obvious attempt to impress or win you. When he talks, his eyes get a far-away look, and he sometimes bows his head, speaking abstractedly, almost as though to himself. Whatever he may be to his friends and intimates, I came away feeling that, however interested Hitler may be in people collectively, he is not interested in the average individual, as such. Of course, that is a personal im-

pression. After all, I was just a foreign journalist who meant nothing to him or his scheme of things, and whom he had seen only on the advice of subordinates. But the same was true of Mussolini, who *had* shown a personal interest.

Another factor: personal charm. Mussolini has it. At least, he turns it on even in casual audiences. I felt his magnetic aura when I was two yards away from him. I didn't get any such psychic reaction from Hitler; neither did I get any emotional "lift" from his conversation. This was perhaps the most surprising thing in my whole audience with him, because all that had been told me pointed to the exact opposite. My very first evening in Berlin, Herr Hewel had descanted to me on the *inspirational* value of personal contact with the Fuehrer, and all who were closely connected with him spoke in the same way. Dr. Ley, for instance, described at great length the need of continuous personal contact with Hitler, not only for specific advice but even more to drink in and be inspired by the constant creative emanations from the Fuehrer's constructive genius. For instance, Ley said that Hitler had once said to him: "If you wait until I summon you about something, then it is already too late." As a matter of fact, the Nazi inner circle foregathers with Hitler almost every day, especially at lunch time. The mid-day pause in Berlin's official life is admittedly timed to this *intime* luncheon period.

Now I do not attempt to explain this seeming contradiction between my personal impression and that of all privileged Nazis. At first, I thought their statements on this matter was a sort of "Party Line." Yet the idea was expressed in so many diverse ways and with such differences in detail that I am inclined to think they really meant what they said. It's just one of those mysteries that you run into so often in present-day Germany. Like the Third Reich which he has created, what you first see in Hitler by no means indicates all that lies behind.

TO HAVE A COMPLETE

picture of the Hitler setup it is also necessary to know something of the men in his inner cabinet and of their personal relations to him. These are such men as Goering, the air marshal and Goebbels, the chief of propaganda. Pictures of these men are given us by Mildred Gilman, who has traveled extensively in Europe as a correspondent and writer; by Beach Conger, who represented the New York Herald Tribune during the first part of the war, and by Lothrop Stoddard.

HERMANN WILHELM GOERING

By Mildred Gilman

WHEN I interviewed General Hermann Wilhelm Goering, Germany's Number Two Nazi, one year after the National Socialists took over the country, he was a serious threat to Hitler's power.

He fancied himself a second Mussolini, with a dash of Julius Caesar and Alexander the Great thrown in. Because of his military prowess in the World War, he held the respect and adoration of the old guard army. As a conservative National Socialist, with no feeling for the "socialist" aspect of the new order, as a born aristocrat of good education, he was considered, by many of its wealthy backers, a more suitable head of the Third Reich than the boorish Hitler.

He conducted himself and his affairs with the pomp and dignity of an emperor. Consequently he made himself as inaccessible and as difficult to interview as possible.

I had to prove before anything else that I was a serious-minded correspondent, with an unbiased opinion of National Socialism, that I was sufficiently intelligent and worthy of the great honor, and that I sought definite information only Goering could supply.

The male correspondents had, as early as October, 1933, told the world that Goering, the former war ace, was aviation mad; that he had admitted Germany was working day and night building "fast 3-engined super-airplanes for commercial purposes"; that she was making tremendous strides in aviation—therefore I decided to ignore his well-known monomania, to make Germany supreme in the air. It was quite obvious to everyone and had almost ceased to be "news"

that Goering had commandeered men and materials to build up a vast army and air force in open defiance to the arms limitations set down by the Versailles Treaty. As a good Hearst sob sister, I set out for the "woman's angle" on the alleged lady's man Goering. Also to discover the status of women in the New Germany.

Day after day I trudged to the Propaganda Ministerium, opposite Hitler's Berlin residence on the Wilhelmstrasse, with my letter of introduction, my newspaper credentials—waited long hours, worked myself up from underlings to the department chiefs, stated my desires, my qualifications, assured everyone I was as unbiased as a clean sheet of paper. The National Socialists were welcome to show me what they had and send me back to America a shouting missionary for their cause.

My technique, gained from years of working on the New York *Evening Journal*, and my blonde Nordic appearance won. But most important of all I had a letter of introduction to the General himself, which counted more than my newspaper connections. It was from my friend Count Gösta Morner, who didn't know Goering himself, but whose sister had known Goering's first wife, the Swedish baroness, Carin von Fock, before the latter's death in 1931. Goering had made a mystical fetish of the memory of this wife. Everything connected with her was sacred to him. She was said to have saved his life once, to have pulled his massive bulk, not so massive then, over a boundary line to safety, to have driven him wounded away from his enemies during an unsuccessful early Nazi uprising. So he enshrined her. Anything connected with her became a symbolic password, a key to his presence.

Then, just as the Propaganda Ministerium decided I was fit to see the mighty Air Minister of the Reich, President of the Reichstag, Premier of Prussia, the man who more than any other had impressed on Hitler the necessity of "absolute and full control of the government or nothing"—the great man fell sick. Day after day I called his palace only to be told by attendants that the General was suffering from "a glandu-

lar disturbance"; or on other days, from "a nervous condition." Most of us believed that the General had gone back to taking dope from which he had been "cured" upon release from a Swedish sanitarium back in 1925.

In the meantime while I was phoning twice daily to inquire for the General's health, the Propaganda Ministerium decided I might as well have a bit of groundwork for the imminent interview. They assigned Joachim Deutsch, my special Nazi mentor, to see that I read the right literature and visited the correct Nazi places.

Joachim shoved party books and pamphlets at me which stressed the charm and bravery of Goering, "powerful, picturesque former flying ace and last commander of the famous 'Richtofen Circus,' a man of action, hostile to all compromises." Finally the actual appointment was set. Joachim, now white with terror for fear he hadn't done his task well, escorted me down the Leipsigerstrasse to the great presence. All the way he gave me last-minute instructions. I was by no means to make the "heil Hitler" salute to anyone in Goering's palace, particularly not to the great man himself.

This seemed odd, for Joachim had advised my making the salute on other occasions so that I wouldn't appear conspicuous. Several Americans had been mistakenly slapped down for not making it, creating unpleasant international relations. Also he had urged that I speak only German, no matter how painful to the ear. This was the result of an incident that occurred in Wertheim's huge department store. A woman shopper had created a scene, bawling me out loudly for speaking English. "Isn't German good enough for you?" she screamed in German.

It seemed strange to omit the Hitler salute on this momentous occasion of visiting Goering. The salute had become compulsory in the schools; it was even delivered with military precision by comfort station attendants. "Don't Hitler and Goering like each other?" I asked as we turned into Leipsigerplatz.

Joachim, always in a panic lest we be overheard, shushed me. "I am only telling you what I have been instructed to

tell you," he muttered. But he knew as well as almost everyone in Berlin did that Hitler, Goering, and Goebbels didn't care much for each other, were jealous each of the other's power. Between Goering and Goebbels particularly there were enmity and jealousy, each trying to play Hitler, without success, against the other.

In fact, at that period the enmity was so strong and open that it appeared to be a hopeful disrupting force that might kick over the Nazi regime and destroy it from internal dissension. There wasn't any doubt that many of the old guard soldiers and aristocrats preferred the well-born Goering to the lowly Hitler. The slowly brewing trouble evolved into the terrible blood purge of April, 1934, from which many considered it a miracle that Goebbels and even Hitler escaped, since Goering had police power over the massacre.

Joachim and I had a short wait in the foyer of the palace, with Nazi officials there, as everywhere, walking past, clicking, acting mysterious, almost falling backward with their own importance—but strangely, with no "heil Hitler" salute.

I clutched my letter firmly in my hand. Joachim, sitting on the edge of his seat next to me, was like an anxious hen with one chicken. Dubious always about me, he was in a panic of uncertainty as to whether he hadn't better even now call off the whole thing. But that letter was impressive.

A guard muttered something to Joachim; he muttered something to me. We walked down the hall, Joachim saying, "He still isn't well, he is still missing important social and political functions. This is a great honor for you."

I'm sure Joachim shoved me ahead of him into Goering's presence because his own knees were shaking so much he wanted to hide them. At any rate my first impression was of being alone in a vast gold and blue room, with a man of average height, resembling a fat Caesar, standing at the end of the room beside his desk, girding an imperial robe about him, at his feet a sleeping lioness. Belasco couldn't have done a better job of the setting. The room itself was long, high-ceilinged, impressive, lined with books and pictures, statues of heroes and conquerors.

The General, still indisposed, wore instead of the magnificent uniform full of decorations I had been led to expect, a simple royal blue velvet dressing gown, which fell in tent-like folds about his large shape. He stood on the other side of a desk whose top now in retrospect seems as wide and out of proportion as the hoods of those cars drawn for the advertisements.

Back of Goering sunlight streamed golden through a long window, between velvet draperies that matched his dressing gown. The nine-months-old lioness, Caesarin, crouched at his side in golden sunlight, in splendid contrast to the blue gown. Directly opposite me as I entered the room was a giant swastika done in blue and gold tile mosaic.

It was too much for me. I didn't quite know what to do, but advanced, propelled slightly from the rear by the now frantically upset Joachim. His uneasiness put me at rest. I leaned over the vast desk; the dictator leaned about one third of the way to meet me, and gave me a vigorous fat handclasp. Then, for no good reason except that the entire incident seemed too fantastic for reality, I patted the quiet lioness. This was the wrong thing to do. I could tell by Joachim's face. The lioness was a prop, put there to impress me with Goering's bravery, his fearlessness. I spoiled it all by patting the lioness, which might indeed have bitten off my hand. Fleetinglly that possibility ran through my mind, also the remarkable headlines such a story would have created!

Goering decided to show me. He leaned down over the lioness, trying to awaken her from her sleepy lethargy. He rolled her over with grunts and shows of ferocity, but the ferocity was all in Goering. The lioness merely lay on her back, four legs in the air, like a contented sleepy pussy cat.

I learned later that Goering turned in his lion cubs every nine months, like cars, for the newer model at the Leipsig zoo. The present Caesarin was on the point of being turned in, because of her size and because she was almost too gentle. All the lions were named either Caesar or Caesarin.

The General gave up trying to annoy Caesarin and turned toward me. His blue-green eyes, which stared directly into

mine, seemed feverishly bright; he looked more than his forty years because of the deep lines of his heavy face. But in spite of his bulk, he gave an impression of great muscular strength and energy. He had an ingenuous directness, peculiar to military men, a flattering concentration in what I might have to say. Obviously he was putting out the charm and personality he is alleged to have in great degree for the ladies. It was difficult for me to appraise his personality fairly, because I could never disassociate the pleasant, witty man standing before me from his murderous background.

If I were to interview Goering now, I wouldn't ask him the things I did that day, but the psychology of the American reporter was different a brief year after the Nazis had been in power. Germany, smarting from the harm her stupid propaganda did her in the World War, was making a real effort to impress America, trying to erase the unpleasant publicity that resulted from the Jewish atrocities, from the ridiculous Reichstag trial, and other things. Several prominent Americans, who would probably like to eat their writings today, wrote home glowing testimonials to the peace and charm of life in the Third Reich. So the sky was the limit, and I appreciated the opportunity to get things straight, as it were, from the horse's mouth, to make one of the leaders vindicate some of the atrocities we all knew existed in Germany.

I began right away, in a German which Goering understood because he also understands English. "General Goering, we in America are very much disturbed by the problem of the Jews in Germany."

Quick as a flash Goering answered with a smile, "We Germans are disturbed by it too." Then he amplified. "It's our own problem. An internal problem. Aryans in Germany have had to struggle for fifteen years against Jewish supremacy. Our problem with the Jews is analogous to your problem with the Negroes."

He went on to say that we treated our minority race, the Negroes, much worse than Germany treats the Jew, lynching them when we began to fear their numbers and their threat

of supremacy over the Nordics. The Germans, he went on, did not condone lynching; it was peculiarly American and apparently quite popular in America.

Before I could protest that all Americans didn't believe in lynching, he came back with mention of the lynching of those two kidnappers who were strung up in St. James' Park in San José, California, only a day or two before. The story received tremendous front-page play in all the German newspapers. Goering said, referring to California Governor James Rolph, Jr.'s condoning statement, and perhaps to Westbrook Pegler's column, that apparently even our public officials and newspapers considered lynching the right way to deal with certain types of criminals. It was difficult in my limited German to explain to the General, just how those things were. Since he wouldn't admit, anyway, that the Jews were being mistreated, we dropped the subject.

My primary concern on coming to Germany, I said, was to study the problems of German women, to carry back word to their American sisters about their present status. German women, I said, had worked themselves up to an enviable position; their economic advancement had been far ahead of ours. They held important positions in government, science, business, aviation, everywhere. So I asked him, "Do the German women like the National Socialist policy which pushes them into the background, back to Martin Luther's 'kinder, kirche, kuchen' theory?"

Goering said, "We are absolutely against having women in leading positions. For hundreds of years, women had a particularly high standard in German culture. We want to restore this sacred feeling for women which is natural to the German character. We wish women to be our comrades, advisers, because we consider them more sensitive and instinctive than men. Politics is not good for them. In Germany, women must be satisfied with their present status. The great majority of women voted for National Socialism in the recent election. We're not against women, but very much for them. We don't intend to put working women out of their jobs, but if they have left the job voluntarily they will be replaced

by men. If a woman, however, is unable to marry she will be allowed to work for a living. We wish to save our women for the most important position of all—motherhood.”

I asked him what had become of the very important German feminist movement.

“Movement?” He scowled unpleasantly, pounded on his desk. “There’s no feminist movement, or any other kind of movement here in Germany! Nothing but the National Socialist movement!”

I tried one more question on this subject. “Do you think the German woman is happy?”

This amused the General. He pointed toward Caesarin sleeping peacefully at his feet. “She’s a German woman. Doesn’t she look happy?”

Several clergymen had been thrown into jail at this time; in fact, the Nazi anti-church policy was beginning in earnest, and I asked the General about this.

He looked at me archly as he said, “Ministers of the gospel and women are too sacred for politics. They should keep out.”

At this point a beautiful red setter strolled into the room and tried to nose the lioness out of her favored spot beside Goering. Goering’s face lighted; he became tender as he fondled the two animals. Joachim had told me how much the General loved animals, so much that he had abolished all vivisection in Germany. Why, reasoned the head of the Gestapo, and director of Germany’s many concentration camps, should animals be sacrificed for human beings?

The setter and the lioness played together for a moment like puppies and then strolled off together, apparently given free run of the palace.

Goering was getting restive. Joachim was muttering that I’d taken enough of the great man’s time. After all, he’d given the foreign press that interesting interview recently concerning aviation. I mustn’t presume too much on his good humor.

But there was still one question. Now, once and for all, I could still that ugly rumor that General Goering and his

men had anything to do with setting the Reichstag on fire on the momentous night of February 27, 1933—just before the elections which put Hitler into power. I could ask Goering why he moved away from the palace in which he was living at that time, located so conveniently across the street from the Reichstag of which Goering was President, and joined to it by a passage running under the street. At the trial it had been admitted that the arsonists could have escaped from the burning building through this tunnel, but only with the connivance of palace guards. My question was a mistake, as I was to discover a few days later, a great impertinence. Joachim was gravely disappointed in my lack of tact and judgment.

I asked the General what he thought would be the outcome of the Reichstag trial, and if he felt the communists were really guilty of having aided the crazy Dutchman Van der Lubbe, who had already confessed his guilt.

Goering, who had treated the interview lightly and with considerable show of wit up to this point, became angry. Before this question he had been affable, good-natured, answering my questions with simple candor, staring straight at me with his strange bright eyes. There were times when his advertised charm shone through and made it almost possible to forget his slaughtering role as police head of the Reich, to forget the medieval blood lust that made him change the form of capital punishment back to the guillotine and the headsman's ax.

He quickly controlled his temper, but my question came too soon after his humiliating appearance at the Reichstag trial. I had attended the trial just after Goering questioned Dimitroff, but everyone knew what a disgraceful appearance the General made. Dimitroff's fearless response to Goering's questions caused the General to turn literally purple with screaming rage.

One thing I noticed. This was the first question Goering answered with eyes averted in the manner of a guilty child. He stared at his desk and said, "I am sure the courts will prove that the communists are also guilty. They will estab-

lish beyond doubt that someone well acquainted with the Reichstag must have helped Van der Lubbe set fire to the building."

"Why did you move away from the palace across from the Reichstag, General? I should think it was much handier for you there, as head of the Reichstag. It's so much nearer."

"I wanted a smaller, cozier place." He called immediately for someone to show me his cozy palace of thirty-odd rooms, because suddenly he didn't want to be interviewed any more. Joachim sat there looking as if the ax would fall on his neck any moment for admitting this impertinent American woman to the sacred presence.

I bade farewell to the General and went off with Bodenschatz, Joachim, the lioness and the setter for a short tour of the palace.

The palace was done in the worst German taste, with heavy ornate furnishings, and art works, magnificent in themselves, but bearing no relation to the rooms in which they were placed, or to one another. Many, I learned later, had been appropriated by Goering from famous national museums.

"Don't you find it all very beautiful and simple?" Bodenschatz asked.

In the cabinet of the ministers, a conspicuously new bronze bust of Mussolini stood in a place of honor at the head of the long table. Goering later expressed his affection for Mussolini by naming his only daughter by his second marriage to Emmy Sonneman, Edda, in honor of Mussolini's favorite daughter.

In the cabinet chamber was the only reminder of Hitler I saw in the entire palace, a portrait of him, dwarfed by portraits of Bismarck and Frederick the Great. Bodenschatz pointed out the virile military nature of Goering's library, shelves upon shelves of books on a single subject—histories of war; treatises on the economy and commerce of war; histories of the favorite, Napoleon; biographies of Bismarck; technical books on the tactics of war.

Then as a sharp contrast we were admitted to a small room

that appeared at first to be a Catholic chapel. But instead of the Virgin enshrined above the altar and the lighted candles, there was a portrait of the dead wife, Carin. Bodenschatz told us with holy awe that the General went down on his knees every day—at about five P.M.—and prayed for Carin's soul and for his own. We were touched at the picture of Goering on his fat knees praying before the lovely Swedish woman.

There were several other rooms, one the popular German conception of a day in the Orient, entirely Japanese in furnishings, mystical with incense. Then, after a moment of hesitation, we were allowed into the Red Room. Here indeed was the lusty German general's conception of Sin. The walls and draperies were flaming red. The damask canopy of the huge bed was scarlet. The portraits on the walls were of voluptuous nude women, but the pièce de résistance, the huge life-sized canvas dominating the room and visible to the occupant of the red-canopied bed, was a famous oil of Leda and the Swan. The General nourished the popular rumor about himself that he was a man of strong impulses and a devil with the ladies.

This wound up our tour of the palace although Bodenschatz, with that German passion for explaining everything, would have shown us much more. He gave me his calling card bearing the names of his relatives in Jersey City, asking that I pay his respects to them. Unfortunately I have lost the card.

I thought upon leaving the palace and Leipsigerplatz that the General and I had parted forever, but although I never saw him again, his continued interest in me was evident.

I had been waiting in Berlin just for the interview. So after filing my story that night at the International News Service headquarters for the Hearst papers in America and the *Express* in London, I returned to the Pension Fritz, planning to leave the first thing in the morning for Munich.

There isn't much more to tell. I have no proof that Goering, irked by those last two questions I asked, had anything to do with what followed. At any rate, although the blond, lisping

youth at the Brown House said everything was arranged for me to meet Hitler at lunch the day after I reached Munich, and although some stern men at the Police Ministry said I could make a complete tour of that horror of all concentration camps, Dachau, immediately after seeing Hitler, neither event came off.

Instead, I was visited by two Gestapo agents at the home of friends where I was staying. The agents locked me in my room and went through my baggage, had all my writings translated, including a letter full of instructions and the latest American jokes from my INS boss, Hudson Hawley.

I left my friends' home the next day, knowing what a tragic embarrassment I had become to them. The special agent detailed to me that morning at the station, helpfully carried my suitcase onto the train since he, too, was catching the same train. Germans are not subtle. It was never difficult to figure out which one of them was following me. Hudson Hawley said it used to be even easier to figure out in Italy; that all the secret police there wore white spats.

The midnight ride on the boat train to Bremen scared me further. All the other passengers had to show their pocket-books with passports, to have their luggage examined to be sure they weren't bootlegging money out to friends and relatives in America. Nobody looked through my pocketbook or luggage. The inspectors merely pointed to me and whispered to one another. I had the feeling it didn't much matter what my baggage consisted of, since it and I would never reach America anyway.

On the *Bremen* I was handed two letters to sign and return. One was from the American consul, Mr. Hathaway, in Munich, who had given me what assurance he could after my unpleasant experience with the Gestapo. The letter was a sort of quit-claim, sent to Captain Feigenbein of the *Bremen*, which he had signed declaring I had been received in good condition and would be delivered to America in the same condition. My signature was also required. The second letter was from the Berlin consul general, George Messersmith. Both men had told me previously that they were practically

helpless in extending aid to Americans who had suffered unpleasant incidents in Germany.

Captain Feigenbein entertained me in his cabin at tea, presented me with an illustrated book of the *Bremen*, and his autographed photograph. Then he set his secretary to watching me. Whether she was supposed to keep me from polluting the ship, or to keep the Nazis from throwing me overboard, I never knew. I only do know that when I sat on the afterdeck of the tourist cabin, she sat there too, knitting; that I spent pleasant hours having tea with her in the first class quarters. One day when I went on one of those inevitable German tours of the ship down to third class—there she was, by chance, visiting third class herself that day.

America looked wonderful to me at Christmas time. The star of Bethlehem still shone on our Christmas trees instead of the swastika. But I was full of terror, realizing that war was inevitable. My friends said the feeling would pass; it was the result of my experiences. They wanted to hear torture stories, tales of the death of German culture, of what General Goering was *really* like. I tried to tell everyone of the General's air-madness, of the storm troopers, "a non-military unit," drilling by the thousands with guns in the Grünewald in Berlin, of the streets and streets of weary armed soldiers in the Munich dawn. Hysteria, they all said. Nothing to worry about.

But many others were worrying. Ernst Henri, in his book, *Hitler over Europe*, written early in 1934, wrote of Goering: "He is a maniac for the air weapon. For this very reason he is the most suitable leader of the new German General Staff. The air weapon is for this man a second morphia . . . only soldiers like these, hypnotized by their central strategical idea, living with it awake and asleep, are today, when the principle of 'Specific preponderance' is decisive in war, the true, up-to-date—and victorious—military leaders. Goering is one. On this point he cannot possibly be taken seriously enough; in this sphere this unintellectual, barbarous, tainted man is more important and more dangerous than the 'Leader'

and demi-god Hitler and the other paladin, the 'chief brain' Goebbels. In 1934 one air-barbarian is in any case stronger than the whole of 'humanistic civilization' all lumped together. And Goering, as the military head of all National Socialism, will stake all his and its barbarism, all his and its influence in Germany, for this one single great idea of his brain: the air force."

There was only one thing I regretted from that interview with Goering, the day I had a chance to find out things right from the source. I should have asked the spectacular President of the Reichstag, General of the Reichswehr, General of the Air Force, General of Police, Reichminister of Aviation, Prime Minister of Prussia, Master of the Hunt, Chief Forester of the Reich, Director of Television, and superintendent of the late German "Four Year" plan, when he felt the Third Reich would be ready for the next world war.

GOERING IN WARTIME

By Beach Conger

THE splendor of the old Imperial Russian embassy on Berlin's Unter den Linden which is still maintained by the Soviets was an appropriate setting for a brief interview with splendor-loving Hermann Wilhelm Goering, Air Marshal of the Third Reich. A bust of Lenin smiled sardonically on the gathering as Goering, one of eight Nazi cabinet members to attend the reception, chatted with foreign correspondents in his first interview since 1935.

It was the twenty-second anniversary of the Bolshevik revolution. The day, November 7, 1939. Outside the embassy Berlin was blacked out, searchlights swept the sky in air-raid precaution tests, yet crowds of Germans stood in front of the building to watch Nazi dignitaries arrive to celebrate socially the new Russo-German friendship. Three long tables were laden with the type of food never available on ration cards. Despite the lavish outlay of caviar, cold turkey, sandwiches, sausages, pastries, vodka, Rhine wine, punch liqueurs and beer, the greatest congestion was around the samovars which contained real coffee.

The elaborate uniforms of the Nazi officers contrasted strangely with the simple khaki garb of the Soviet Army men, members of an economic mission. Not less than thirty members of the German Foreign Office were present in their special uniforms, and attachés of their protocol division introduced all the guests to the receiving line. The newly arrived Russians seemed bewildered by the formality. Some of them shook hands with the guests, others bowed, the rest bobbed their heads and murmured something in Russian.

Goering, easily the star of the show, was dazzling in a white uniform. An enormous emerald ring fascinated his audience as he gesticulated to emphasize his remarks, a long cigarette holder between his fingers. Little beads of perspiration gathered on his heavy eyelids and his forehead as he sipped glass after glass of beer. He had started out toasting Ambassador Alexander A. Shkvarzev with vodka, conversing between bites of caviar washed down with the fiery Russian drink, but after half an hour of official conviviality switched to his favorite German brew.

There was no doubt that the leader of the German air forces was in a very genial mood, and he assented readily enough when one of the correspondents asked his aide if we might ask him a few questions. We gathered around the marshal in a small circle as he leaned against one of the long tables, backed up against an enormous cold turkey. The first question was what he thought about American aid in the form of airplanes to England, and whether American plane production might not give Great Britain an edge over the Nazi ships.

He smiled condescendingly. "If our production were only as great as that of the United States we would be very weak, indeed," he replied. "And I mean that very seriously."

Someone pointed out that while total American production might be smaller than Germany's, it might, nevertheless, be a factor in bringing about Allied superiority in the air.

"Obviously German submarines would effectively intervene before the Allies could receive the planes," he remarked confidently.

The next question dealt with the supposed superiority of the Curtiss pursuit ships being used by the French over the German fighters, and the discrepancy between figures of losses given out by the Germans and the Allies.

He admitted that "now and then" the French might have shot down "one or two" of his ships, but asserted that if the losses were as great as the French claimed they were bringing down not "my" planes, but unknown ships.

"We build our planes and the Americans build theirs," he

declared. "We'll soon see who builds more airplanes and better airplanes. If anybody knows about airplane construction, we do."

The interview then turned to present air activity against Great Britain. Goering indicated that the duration of the—at that time—rather inactive warfare depended entirely upon the enemy.

In answer to the question as to why German planes had not raided harbor facilities, he replied that he was "very humane."

Some of the correspondents could not repress smiles, and I am sure that, when indiscriminate bombing of civilians began over London, they all recalled his next comment.

"You shouldn't laugh," he asserted. "I am really serious. I really am humane."

His aide, who stood at Goering's shoulder throughout the interview, echoed parrotlike his chief's last phrases, as if to emphasize them, and then indicated that the interview was over. Goering wandered off for a tête-à-tête with the beautiful wife of the Italian ambassador.

This occasion was the first and last time I saw Goering in such jovial spirits, overflowing with confidence and his conception of humanity. Seven months later, almost to the day, I saw him in Amsterdam. It was June 8, and his Luftwaffe was demoralizing French soldiers and civilians alike, helping the armored columns push on toward Paris. But his mighty air force had not been able to gain superiority in the air over Dunkirk, and the Royal Air Force had successfully covered the evacuation of the British Expeditionary Force.

Leon Kay, United Press correspondent, and I were sitting in the Taverne restaurant, the hangout of the American newspapermen, when the arrival of a group of high ranking German air officers heralded the approach of the air marshal. One of the officers was the same aide who had been present at the interview in the Soviet embassy. I hastily scribbled a few words on a card requesting an interview on the successes of the Luftwaffe and went over to give it to the aide. He recalled the interview and the fact that it had been promi-

nently displayed in the New York *Herald Tribune* and said he would speak to Goering about another interview as soon as the marshal arrived. I returned to our table in a rather hopeful mood.

Ten minutes later Goering came striding through our part of the restaurant. His mood was distinctly ugly. There were enormous circles under his eyes, and judging by the fact that he had been host at a party at the Taverne the previous night, I surmised that he probably was suffering from the world's worst hangover. He had lost considerable weight since that happy evening in November. Scowling at everyone in sight, he stomped over to join his party in a separate room. Pretty soon the aide came over to our table. He was very sorry, he said, but Goering was giving no more interviews until the war was over.

PAUL JOSEPH GOEBBELS

By Lothrop Stoddard

THE German government made no attempt to ease the people into the war by tactful stages. Quite the reverse. Nazi spokesmen tell you frankly that they cracked down hard from the start, and made things just about as tough as the civilian population could bear. Indeed, they say that severe rationing of food and clothing from the very beginning was done not merely to avert present waste and insure future supplies; it was done also to make people realize that they were in a life-and-death struggle for which no sacrifice was too great.

Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels, head of the vast propaganda machine which is perhaps the most outstanding feature of the Third Reich, is an excellent person to interview. He is mentally on his toes every instant, and he is full of what the journalist calls "good lines." He got one of them off early in our conversation when he stigmatized the British blockade of Germany by exclaiming: "It's high time that forty million people stopped dictating to eighty million when they should have a cup of coffee!" As Dr. Goebbels warmed to his subject, his words flowed with the smoothness of a well-oiled machine.

"Mr. Minister," I began, broaching the subject uppermost in my mind, "the thing that strikes me most since I've been in Germany this time is the great difference between the popular mood now and in the last war. No hurrahs, parades, bands, and flowers like in 1914."

"That's right," he shot back quickly, "and the reason is very simple. In 1914 the German people didn't know what it was all about. They had no clear war aim. Some French

From *Into the Darkness*, published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce. Copyright 1940 by Lothrop Stoddard.

iron mines! A bit of Belgium! *Gott strafe England!* Slogans and phrases! That's no way to wage a war. And our rulers then couldn't make them understand. They were an aristocratic caste, out of touch with the people."

"And now?" I put in.

"Now?" he countered. "We National Socialists are men of the people. We know how our fellow-citizens think and how to make them understand. But, really, the British have done it for us. They've given us our war aim by forcing the war on us."

"Meaning what?" I asked.

"Meaning this," he replied. "We made it clear to the British that we didn't want to disturb their empire. We carefully kept our hands off sore spots like India and Ireland. Why, we even offered to give them a military guarantee of their empire's integrity. But we made it clear that, in return, they were to keep their hands off our sphere of interest—Central Europe. Well, they wouldn't have it that way. They're trying to crush us. So, this time, every German knows what it's all about."

"And that's why they're so quiet about it?" I asked.

"Exactly," nodded Dr. Goebbels with a quick smile. "We Germans don't like this war. We think it's needless—silly. But, since England feels that way, we see it's got to be gone through with. The average German feels like a man with a chronic toothache—the sooner it's out, the better. And he doesn't need brass bands and flowers to get it over with. That's where our aristocrats went wrong last time. They forgot old Bismarck's saying that hurrah-patriotism isn't like pickled herring that you can put up in barrels and store away for years. Listen! If I wanted to get the German people emotionally steamed up, I could do it in twenty-four hours. But they don't need it—they don't want it."

"Then, psychologically—" I began.

Dr. Goebbels cut in with a sweeping gesture. "Psychologically," he answered, "we are way ahead. Last time, I admit, it was very different. Then, at the crucial moment, both

France and England produced great men—Clemenceau and Lloyd George, both men of the people. If we on our side could have produced a Bismarck or a Hitler, we should have won. This time, we have the right men and the others haven't. We National Socialists understand profoundly that it is the human being who counts—not just material resources. England is socially unsound. She is a colossus with feet of clay. Furthermore, England has a negative, defensive war aim. This time, it's the British who talk in vague phrases like 'aggression.' What does it mean to Tommy in the trenches to tell him he's fighting 'aggressors'?"

"Would you mind enlarging on that a bit, Mr. Minister?" I asked.

"Certainly not," he answered. "The more you examine British war aims, the more negative they appear. The English admit they have nothing tangible to get out of this war but that they have a lot to lose. We, on the other hand, have very little to lose and a lot to win. Here we Germans are—eighty million of us, all together. And right next to us is our sphere of influence in Central Europe—everything under one roof. Sooner or later, we massed Germans are bound to get what we need. The British, on the contrary, are spread all over the map. They draw their resources from the four corners of the earth. Their empire is too dispersed, too artificial. They're bound to lose in the long run."

"Then the British Empire—" I began.

"Please understand," broke in Dr. Goebbels. "We had no designs upon it. We showed this clearly when we made the naval treaty with England limiting our fleet to one-third their size. In face of that fact, any responsible German who might have meditated an attack upon the British Empire would have been guilty of criminal madness. It is only now, when England forces us to a life-and-death struggle, that we hit back in every possible manner. All we asked was that England regard us, too, as a great nation with its own special sphere. After all, nations should be treated on their merits, for what they are. Live and let live was our motto toward

England. It is the British who would not have it that way."

"The English," I remarked, "seem to believe that this is a struggle between democracy and dictatorship."

"Dictatorship!" shot back Dr. Goebbels scornfully. "Isn't the National Socialist Party essentially the German people? Aren't its leaders men of the people? How silly to imagine that this can be what the English call dictatorship! What we today have in Germany is not a dictatorship but rather a political discipline forced upon us by the pressure of circumstances. However, since we have it, why shouldn't we take advantage of the fact?"

"Just what do you mean by that, Mr. Minister?" I queried.

"I'll give you an example," answered Dr. Goebbels. "Take the difference between the way we and the English handle radio. We don't let our people listen to foreign broadcasts; the English do. Why should we permit our people to be disturbed by foreign propaganda? Of course we broadcast in English, and the English people are legally permitted to listen in. I understand lots of them do. And can you imagine what is one of the chief discussions about it across the Channel? It is, whether our German announcer has an Oxford or a Cambridge accent! In my opinion, when a people in the midst of a life-and-death struggle indulge in such frivolous arguments, it doesn't look well for them."

"Then, Mr. Minister," I asked, "you don't think there is much likelihood that history will repeat itself?"

Dr. Goebbels' dark eyes lighted. "History never repeats itself," he exclaimed with a sweeping gesture. "History is like a spiral—and we believe that, since the last war, we have made an ascending turn while Britain has made a descending one. Today, we have a national unity, discipline, and leadership vastly superior to that of 1914, and even more superior to anything which England has as yet produced. The rightful claims of the German people were thwarted a generation ago. They cannot be denied a second time."

So saying, the world-famous Minister of Popular Enlightenment and Propaganda rose briskly from his chair and gave me a vigorous handshake. One last look at the slim, dynamic

figure and his spacious office hung with historic portraits, and the interview was over. I had got "the dope," all right, from headquarters. And the more one studies the text of that interview, the more revealing it becomes—in many ways! It certainly was propaganda of the Goebbels brand.

I BELIEVE I AM THE ONLY
writer who has had the chance to talk with Mussolini daily
over a period of two weeks on many vital questions of prac-
tical wisdom and philosophy. I spoke to him as an antipode:
Neither of us wanted to convince the other, but we were
able to explain what separated us. This took place before
the Abyssinian war and before Hitler.

Having formed a definite opinion of his character, it was
easy for me to predict and write in 1938 that if he were to
go to war on Hitler's side, this would bring about the end
of his power.

Now we are witnessing the beginning of his downfall, but
I do not think that this makes him a less interesting man. I
do not form my ideas of a man after his ideas of mine or of
my race. Although my conception of the future is entirely
opposite to his, and hostile to the supremacy of force he be-
lieves in, and although he is fighting on the side of my en-
emies, I gladly contribute to this collection parts of my por-
trait of one of the most fascinating personalities of our age.

Emil Ludwig

BENITO MUSSOLINI

By Emil Ludwig

MISTRUST of the Italian dictator had been active in me for five years when I approached Mussolini early in 1932 for a series of interviews. Many of my Italian friends were hostile to his regime. Whenever I visited Italy I noted the omnipresence of uniforms, flags and emblems. Had I been a French writer in the days of Napoleon, I should probably have stood aloof like Chateaubriand; whereas, as a German, I should, in those days, like Goethe, have been filled with admiration for the Emperor. But as a foreigner in Italy, I felt it was easier for me to be an unbiased observer.

My request for the interviews was granted, and I saw Mussolini for an hour almost daily in the period from March 23 to April 4 in 1932. We talked in Italian and each conversation was recorded by me in German as soon as it was finished. The German manuscript was submitted to Mussolini, who checked the passages in which his own utterances were recorded.

Politics of the day and party programs, the two forms in which unimaginative men contemplate the present, were of little interest to me. I had never belonged to any political party, and the only such party of which I could become a member would be an anti-war party, if such a party existed. The events of the last two decades had convinced me that no system is absolutely the best, but that different nations at different times need different systems of government. Since I am above all an individualist, I could never have become a Fascist. It was from this point of view that I began my conversations with Il Duce.

From *Talks with Mussolini*, published by Little, Brown & Co., and reprinted by permission.

The visitor who is to see Benito Mussolini is ushered into what appears to be more a landscape than the interior of a room. For Mussolini's office is more than sixty feet long, forty feet wide, and forty feet high. This is the place where the Italian dictator works every day. Built in the middle of the fifteenth century and later destroyed, the room was restored and became known as the Hall of the Mappa Mundi, for it was here that the first of all terrestrial globes was installed. The ceiling is richly decorated and bears in relief the Lion of Saint Mark and the she-wolf of Rome. Halfway along the wall facing the windows are displayed the arms of the three popes who built the palace.

As I stood looking into this vast chamber, it seemed at first that the place was absolutely empty of furniture, containing neither tables nor chairs, not even chairs placed along the walls. In the far distance, so far away that I felt the need for a field glass, I saw in silhouette the head of a man seated at a table. He was writing.

Mussolini rises and advances to meet the visitor. After the greeting he walks back to the immense table that is his desk. It is about twelve feet long, flanked by two Savonarola chairs. Close to these, against the wall, stands a tall reading desk on which lies a modern atlas. Adjoining the other end of the table is an enormous fireplace, cold as the marble which encompasses it. Mussolini clears off the table himself from day to day and tolerates no remnants; one small portfolio suffices to hold everything that relates to current affairs. Behind him, on an occasional table, are books actually in use, and three telephones.

Our conversations took place evening after evening across this table. I had devoted much time and thought to how I could best induce him to speak frankly and freely while avoiding the danger of entering into ponderous "disputations" which are fatal to conversation. He knew that upon many matters I was radically opposed to him and that there was no likelihood of my coming over into his camp; but this very fact may have been a stimulus. Furthermore, I was in-

clined to stress my opposition in the hope of making him more emphatic and lucid in his rejoinders.

During our talks, no superfluous word was uttered. Courteously but firmly, Mussolini dismissed me when the hour was up, to resume the thread of the talk punctually on the following day. We were never interrupted by telephone calls or by importunate messengers. Owing to the lack of any kind of disturbance, there prevailed in the great hall a tranquility such as, in general, can only be achieved late at night when two friends meet for intimate conversation.

The "man of action" assumed the most passive rôle conceivable. I had merely submitted to him an outline sketch of the topics I wanted to discuss. Not once, moreover, did he stipulate that a reply must be regarded as confidential, so that the deletions he thought it expedient to make in my record of our talks were trifling. To about four hundred questions he replied with the same imperturbable repose.

He never tried to twist or conceal the utterances of his Socialist days, acknowledged them frankly. Nor did he ever try to embarrass me by the *argumentum ad hominem*, by asking, "What would you have done in such a case?" He never attempted to correct my faulty Italian. On one occasion, when I mispronounced a French name, the former schoolmaster peeped out amusingly, and in a low but firm tone corrected me. I have heard him speak both French and English with a fair degree of fluency. His memory is so good he was able to recall the names of Jewish generals serving in the Italian army at the date of our conversations and the places in which they held command; the names of the universities at which a French ethnologist had taught; and also the date when John Huss was burnt.

He never appeared nervous or out of humor, but fingered a pencil while he was talking or sometimes sketched with it idly. He fidgeted a good deal in his chair, like a man made uneasy by long-continued sitting. It has been said that at times he breaks off in the middle of his work, mounts a motorcycle, and races off to Ostia with one of his children sitting pillion—his guards dashing madly after.

Apart from the exercise of power, Mussolini has no enjoyments. Titles, crowns and social life mean nothing to him. He cannot understand a joke and no one would ever venture to tell him what is called a funny story. He loves order and precision. Once he said to me "I have a dislike for the *à peu près*, and looked up to three decimal places the statistics concerning Italian women." In the German typewritten script I submitted to him he punctiliously corrected all errors.

Mussolini's reference to the names of the Jewish generals came during one of our early conversations. It is especially significant because it throws new light on the anti-Semitic campaign launched by Italy in the early summer of 1938—only a half-dozen years after Mussolini told me that anti-Semitism did not and could not exist in his country. What he said, too, in 1932 on the question of race supremacy is in strong contrast to the Italian position today.

We were discussing nationalism. Mussolini said that nationalism could be independent of class differences.

"Then nationalism," I said, "must also be independent of questions of race. Do you really believe, as some ethnologists contend, that there are still pure races in Europe? Do you believe that racial unity is a requisite guarantee for vigorous nationalist aspirations? Are you not exposed to the danger that the apologists of Fascism will talk the same nonsense about the Latin races as Northern pedants have talked about the 'noble blonds,' and thereby increase rival pugnacities?"

Mussolini sat up in his seat. He grew animated. This was apparently a matter upon which, owing no doubt to the exaggeration of some of the Fascists, he felt that he might be misunderstood. He spoke with great finality.

"Of course, there are no pure races left; not even the Jews have kept their blood unmingled. Successful crossings have often promoted the energy and the beauty of a nation.

"Race? It is a feeling, not a reality! Nothing will ever make me believe that biologically pure races can be shown to exist today. Amusingly enough, not one of those who have proclaimed the 'nobility' of the Teutonic race was himself a

Teuton. Gobineau was a Frenchman; Houston Chamberlain, an Englishman; Woltmann, a Jew; Laopogue, another Frenchman. No such doctrine will ever find wide acceptance here in Italy. National pride has no need of the delirium of race."

"That is the best argument against anti-Semitism," said I.

"Anti-Semitism does not exist in Italy," answered Mussolini. "Italians of Jewish birth have shown themselves good citizens, and they fought bravely in the war. Many of them occupy leading positions in the universities, in the army, in the banks. Quite a number of them are generals; Modena, the Commandant of Sardinia, is a general of the artillery."

"Nevertheless," I put in, "Italian refugees in Paris use it as an argument against you that you have forbidden the admission of Jews to the Academy."

"The accusation is absurd. Since my day, there has been no Jew suitable for admission. Now Della Seta is a candidate, a man of great learning, the leading authority of prehistoric Italy."

"If you are falsely accused in this matter," I said, "you suffer in good company. In Germany there is a preposterous fable that Bismarck and Goethe were prejudiced against Jews. Without any justification, the French speak of a certain anomaly as 'le vice allemand.' The term might be more reasonably applied to anti-Semitism."

"How do you explain that?" asked Mussolini.

I told him the obvious; that whenever things went wrong in Germany the Jews were blamed for it, and that right at that time things in Germany seemed to be going wrong.

"Ah, yes, the scapegoat!" he sighed.

I returned to the wider question of race.

"If, then, neither race nor the form of government accounts for nationalism, are we to attribute it to community of speech? But ancient Rome, like other empires, was a State in which many tongues were spoken; and in modern history it has never seemed to me that multiplicity of languages was a source of weakness to a State. The Hapsburg dominion fell, but Switzerland flourishes."

"I do not think that unity of speech is decisive in this matter," said Mussolini. "Switzerland was able to maintain her neutrality throughout the Great War because the French-speaking element, inclining toward one side, and the German-speaking element, inclining toward the other, were fairly balanced. I regard Switzerland as a very important link in the chain of European States, for, owing to the very fact that she is a composite, she is able to mitigate much of the friction between the two great rivals on her frontier."

I then brought up the subject of Germans living in Italy.

"The people of Southern Tyrol are not being coerced," he replied with perfect calm. "One hundred and eighty thousand of them are Germans, and there are also a great many Slav immigrants, so that the so-called racial purity does not exist there. If we teach them Italian, it is in their own interest as Italian citizens.

"Nevertheless, they have German newspapers, German magazines, German theaters. We do nothing whatever to cut the thread of their German descent. If they lived in the center of Italy instead of on the frontier we should trouble them still less. Of course, a unified speech is one of the elements of national power. Governments have always recognized this and all of them have therefore done their utmost to unify the national speech."

"You hold, then," I inquired, "that in matters of language and of race, too, there is no such thing as an inevitable fate rousing the nations to mutual hostility?"

"Fate!" he cried mockingly. "Statesmen only talk of fate when they have blundered."

At another one of our conversations, we again discussed Germany and Germans. Mussolini remarked that political life was far more complicated than it used to be. Capitalism, he said, had swallowed political interest. Now the world, he added, was interested only in money.

"Gone are the days," he said philosophically, "when all Europe paid close attention to the speeches of Pitt or Disraeli; or even to those of Jaurès and Clemenceau. Nobody studies politics. The people do not want to rule, but to be

ruled, and to be left in peace. Were there more great statesmen in Europe, there would be less partisanship."

We then discussed great European statesmen of the preceding century. Bismarck's name came up, and that led to German recent history. Mussolini said that the policy of the Reich in the first few years following the war could not possibly have been any different.

"What else could she do? In view of the fierce hatred of Germany which prevailed during those years, and of the fact that the alliance against her was still in being, any attempt to resist would have had disastrous consequences. Stresemann succeeded in freeing the Rhine five years earlier than the date fixed by the treaty."

"Was he not the opposite of Mussolini?" I ventured.

Mussolini regarded me with some astonishment.

I explained. "He moved forward from nationalism to internationalism."

"But the situation of the two men was different," said he.

"Because the character of the two nations is so different," I rejoined. "The Fascists are fond of talking about the Prussian discipline of pre-war days, and yet that was the time when Prussia had the strongest Socialist party in the world."

He smiled, knitted his brows, and assumed a rather sly look, saying, "There is a good deal of Prussianism in German Socialism. My impression has been that that explains why German Socialists are so disciplined."

"You think, then, that Fascism could be exported to Germany?"

"I do not. It is a purely Italian growth. Still, some of its ideas could be adapted to German conditions: the organization of these groups in relation to the State. In Germany, the way to a corporative system has been opened up by the establishment of large-scale organizations and there is but one more step to take. In addition, you could control both capital and labor."

That "one more step" was taken less than a year later. When I look back today on that particular discussion I cannot help thinking that Mussolini could never have dreamed

it would be taken so soon. Our talks were in early 1932. Within a year a German dictator came into power who was to build a government structure bearing a close resemblance to the Fascist State. Today, both countries have been drawn together by their common features and their common ambitions and are known as the Rome-Berlin axis.

But to return to the conversations. When Mussolini spoke about German discipline I pointed out that he had once said the Italians had too long been critical; that it was time they learned to obey. I said that the Germans, on the other hand, had been obedient for several centuries and that it was surely time for them to become critical again.

"Of all forms of dictatorship," he said, "Germany prefers the one which is exercised by a powerful bureaucracy—a bureaucracy that is thoroughly well organized and lives somewhat apart from the world. With Germany, moreover, dictatorship is not embodied in a man, nor even in a number of men, on show in shop windows. Sometimes Germany has a dictatorship in the form of incorporations. Thus your dictatorships range from cartels to a dictatorship of civil servants. You have Holstein on one side and Krupp and Thyssen on the other."

At another meeting, we speculated upon the future of Fascism in Europe. Mussolini remarked that the tendency towards imperialism is one of the elementary trends of human nature, and "an expression of the will to power."

He reminded me of Lefare's engraving of Napoleon in 1815. His features were tense. Then he relaxed and continued in a quiet tone.

"Naturally every imperium has its zenith. Since it is always the creation of exceptional men, it carries within it the seeds of its own decay. It may last one or two centuries, or no more than ten years."

I asked him whether it was to be kept going only by war.

He became a little didactic. "Thrones," he said, "need wars for their maintenance, but dictatorships can sometimes get along without them. The power of a nation is the result-

ant of numerous elements and these are not exclusively military. Still, I must admit that hitherto, as far as the general opinion is concerned, the position of a nation has greatly depended upon its military strength. Down to the present time, people have regarded the capacity for war as the synthesis of all the national energies."

"Till yesterday," I interpolated. "But what about tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow? Tomorrow, there is need of some sort of international authority. At least, the unification of a continent. Now that the unity of States has been achieved in America, an attempt will be made to achieve the unity of continents. Today such a unification has perhaps become possible, but even then only the ideal place, as Charlemagne or Charles V tried to bring it about, from the Atlantic Ocean to the Urals."

"Is it your idea that such a Europe would be under Fascist leadership?"

"What is leadership?" he countered. "Here in Italy our Fascism is what it is. Perhaps it contains certain elements which other countries might adopt."

In one of our later conversations, we returned to a similar theme.

"In your youth," said I, "you wrote some things in the Nietzschean vein. For instance: 'When Rome passed beneath the sway of Jesus, perhaps the only great dynasty in history fell.' On another occasion, you wrote that, thanks to Christianity, Europe had become impotent of will and yet had not been made reactionary enough to defend feudalism. Last of all, you said that new, free, lonely, warlike spirits, equipped with a certain noble perversion, had come to liberate us from altruism."

"That last sentence was Nietzsche's, not mine," he interrupted.

"No," I objected, "it was yours."

After a pause and an almost inaudible sigh, he went on:

"If Christianity had failed to make its way into imperial Rome, it would never have become a widely diffused religion."

Let me add that everything must have happened by Providence. First the Roman Empire, then the birth of Jesus, Paul shipwrecked on the coast of Malta, and at length brought to Rome."

I was contemplating a man who, for me, was at this moment a new Mussolini. Certainly there was no other place in the world in which he was so keenly interested as Rome, and it seemed that he regarded himself as a fragment of Roman history. The expression on his face indicated as much during those last few sentences. I was careful, therefore, not to interrupt his reflections until he raised his head, looked at me with a friendly smile, and seemed ready for a new question.

"Goethe," said I, "and subsequently Mommsen, spoke of the universal idea which has been incorporated in Rome."

"Yes," he said, speaking now in a different tone, with more logic and less enthusiasm; "that is why it would have perhaps been better for the Germans if Arminius had been defeated at the battle in the Teutoberg forest. Was it not Kipling who wrote that the nations which had not been trained under the Roman rule were like boys who had never been to school?"

"But today," I rejoined, "you surely cannot think it possible to make Rome once again the center of the world?"

"Center of the world only in this sense, that history has thickened around it to a preponderant degree. Jerusalem and Rome—what other cities can compare with these in that respect?"

It was a question that required no answer.

One of the first subjects we took up during the course of the conversations concerned Mussolini's March on Rome. I spoke about war, military training, and discipline, asking him whether, after fifteen years, he still felt that war was a means of education—like, for example, a duel. I asked whether he felt his place was in the trenches instead of at a writing desk; also, whether, in days to come, he would send such a man as himself to the front.

He looked at me keenly, for he saw I was a trifle heated.

He turned a little in his chair and placed his fingertips together—a trick he has. Mussolini has beautiful hands. I have noticed the same characteristics in other dictators.

“What use I should make of such a man,” he said slowly, “would depend upon circumstances. As for the duel, that is a chivalric form of encounter and I have fought several duels myself. But the school of war is certainly a very great experience. It brings a man into contact with stark reality. From day to day, from hour to hour, he is faced with the alternative of life and death. At the front, I saw that the Italians were good soldiers; for us this war was the first great test in a thousand years. Yes, I am not exaggerating! Although there have been innumerable wars between the provinces and the city-states of Italy, our nation as a whole has not known war on the grand scale since the fall of the Roman Empire. Not even during the overthrow of the republic of Florence which was four centuries back. Napoleon was the first to test our people under arms and was well satisfied with the results.”

Since I had made up my mind never to argue a point with him (for the object of my talks with him was not that we should convince each other, but merely that I should get to know him), I went back to the topic of trenches. I told him that I was surprised that he, of all people, found it possible to endure trench life. Dehmel, the poet, who went to the front as a volunteer, told me that the hardest thing to bear was that he was never alone.

“It was the same with me,” said Mussolini. “In compensation one learned, above all, the art of attack and defense.”

“Are you talking literally or metaphorically? Did you learn enough about strategy to turn the knowledge to account in your March on Rome?”

“Literally, I learned something at the front. Though I did not personally lead the March, the advance in three diagonals was decided upon by me in conversation with the generals.”

“You were lucky enough to rise to power without blood-

shed," said I. "But suppose that some day you were to become involved in a war, that one of your generals proved incompetent and suffered a defeat?"

Mussolini's face wrinkled ironically.

"Suppose? Well, what then?"

"Suppose that the upshot was the destruction of all this work you have been constructing for so many years."

"You know well enough," he replied, "that through all these years I have been careful to avoid anything of the kind."

Later, I asked him his opinion of generals who break the oath of allegiance to an established government in order to make a revolution and set up a new one—like the four generals who participated in his March on Rome.

"In certain historical crises that must happen."

"How do you account for the fact that there was no resistance to your coup?"

"The system," he said slowly, "was obsolete."

"How could you, as a soldier, be content during those last weeks to stay so far from the center of action?"

"I was in command at Milan."

"When you received the King's telegram asking you to take over the government, were you surprised, or had you expected it?"

"I had expected it."

"When on your way to Rome, were you in the mood of an artist who is about to begin his work, or in that of a prophet who is fulfilling a mission?"

"An artist."

He was too laconic for me. In the hope of bringing about a little relaxation, for he appeared worried and tense, I turned to an anecdote.

"Do you remember what Napoleon said to his brother when they had entered the Tuileries after his *coup d'etat*? He said: 'Well, here we are. Let's see to it that we stay here!'"

It was a palpable hit. Mussolini laughed. He spoke at length once again and in his usual voice. When I went on

to question him about his personal, his mental preparation, for the rôle of leadership, he thrust aside a thick balance sheet in front of him, laid his arms on the table, and became reminiscent.

"I was prepared, as far as broad lines were concerned, to take over, but not in matter of detail. To begin with, I was overburdened. Too much work. Within forty-eight hours, I had to get fifty-two thousand revolutionary soldiers out of the capital and to see to it that these excited young men were held in leash. During the first days the most important affair was to keep the machinery running. But I, who had to do this, lacked first-hand knowledge of the machinery of administration. I promptly dismissed some of the leading officials, but I left a great many where they were. It was incumbent upon me to convince the most important civil servants, during the very first weeks, that we were not to be trifled with. They were a danger to me but at the outset I had to trust them."

"That," I said, "was what took all the fire out of the German revolution. The old permanent officials were stronger than the new leaders, and humbugged them. But how does one begin a new regime? Is it like setting up a monument, or like building a house in the forest, when one begins by clearing a lot of trees to make room?"

"That is an interesting analogy," he said. "Most revolutions begin with a hundred per cent, but little by little the spirit evaporates, becomes diluted with the old. Concessions are made, now here, now there, and before long your revolution has declined to fifty per cent or less.

"We did it the reverse way. I began with fifty per cent. Why? Because history had taught me that the courage of most revolutionists begins to fail after the first alarms and excursions. I started with a coalition and it was six months before I dismissed the Catholics. In other countries, revolutionists have by degrees become more conservative and complaisant, but here in Italy, year by year, we have grown more stubborn, more radical. Not until last year (1931), for instance, did I insist upon the university professors swear-

ing allegiance. I took the democrats as I found them and I gave the Socialists the opportunity of participating in the government. Since I had planned a complete renovation of my country, I had to accustom it gradually to the new order of things and to make use of the outstanding forces of the old order. The Russians were in a different position. The old order had utterly collapsed and they had to clear the ground completely in order to build their house in the forest. But where should we have been today if I had set out by making a clean sweep?"

"In the army," I said, "in the course of the revolution you have made, did you find more good will and talent to begin with or later?"

"Later. Today people have faith in it!"

"Did you anticipate this? Did you expect to sit ten years or longer at this table?"

He made a whimsical grimace, rolling his eyes as if to inspire fear, but laughing at the same time as if to counteract the impression. Then he said in low tones, and assuming a playful air of mystery:

"I came here in order to stay as long as possible."

I had been to a first night at the Italian opera and had seen in the boxes more resplendent gowns and had noted the flashing of more jewels than had been visible in the opera houses of Paris and New York of late years. The numberless cars, only half of which could be parked in the square, the abundance of liveried servants, the whole setting, seemed to negate the notion that the world was sick and feverish. Rome, to all appearances, was resolved to deny that a social revolution was in progress. A few weeks earlier I had been in the great opera house of Moscow, where the singing and acting were just as good, where the dancing was better, and where the stage was no less resplendent. In Moscow, snow was falling on the boards (they were playing *Pique-Dame*), whereas in Rome, Don Pasquale's garden was bright with flowers.

The aspect of the Moscow theater, with its audience of five thousand men and women, had an effect akin to that of

the music of the scene with the Commander in *Don Giovanni*. When the audience emerged from the theater, there was no press of cars in waiting; merely two or three hack sledges hoping for a fare. It was by electric tramcars that the audience made their way home, when the immense reality of the contemporary situation in Russia had swiftly effaced the visions aroused by the opera.

Nevertheless, the resemblances between the Roman and the Muscovite system are so strong that I told Mussolini about these two operas in order to see what he would say. At first came some generalities.

"Differences! We have private property, whereas there is none in Russia. We have bitted and bridled capitalism, but the Russians have abolished it. Here, the Party is subordinate to the government; there, matters are the other way round."

"Still," I said, "in Italy the Party and the government are inextricably incorporated in your own person; and in Russia under Lenin similar conditions prevailed."

"I don't deny the similarities."

"Before the war," I went on, "you wrote in *Avanti*: 'Socialism is not an Arcadian and peaceful affair. We do not believe in the sacredness of human life.' Is that not Fascism?"

"Yes; it is the same thing."

"You have also written: 'Unless Fascism were a faith, how could it arouse the fire of enthusiasm?' Is not that Communism?"

He nodded assent, saying, "Such kinships do not trouble me."

"It follows then, does it not, that the faith which both you and the Russians demand and find, distinguishes your respective systems from all other?"

"Yes," he said, "and more than that. In negative matters as well, we are like each other; both we and the Russians are opposed to the liberals, to the democrats, to parliament."

"In 1919 you wrote that Lenin had freed Russia from the autocracy and you foretold that some day that country would become the most productive in the world."

"Is not my prophecy already on the way to being fulfilled?" asked Mussolini.

"Lenin must have known you personally. I have heard that he said to the Italians: 'Why did you lose Mussolini?'"

"Yes, it is true that Lenin said that. I can't remember whether I met him in Zurich with the others. You know that they were continually changing their names. We used all to argue a great deal with one another."

"I wonder that you, with your anti-Slav temperament, could get on with the Russians at all!"

"Well," he said, "the Russians certainly find it very hard to make themselves wholly comprehensible. In their eagerness to reach the bottom of things they are apt to tumble into confusion."

"In your youth," said I, "and when you were a journalist, you used to philosophize a great deal with your comrades. Don't you miss those discussions today?"

"I cannot 'philosophize' any longer. I have to act."

This answer was curt, low-toned, abrupt, and definite; as if tapped out in the Morse code.

"When I was in Moscow recently," I continued, "I was struck by two things in almost everyone I met—work and hope. Is it the same here?"

"Much the same, but here we cannot find work for everybody."

"You are building, improving, constructing, just like the Russians. You force the banks to support the factories and the factories to maintain the workers. I don't know whether that should be called state socialism. The name does not matter."

"This is something which it is desirable you should understand very clearly," said Mussolini. "The Fascist State directs and controls the industrialists, whether it be in our fisheries or in our heavy industry in the Val d'Aosta. There the State actually owns the mines and carries on transport, for the railways are state property. So are many of the factories. All the same, this is not state socialism, for we do not want to establish a monopoly in which the State does every-

thing. We term it state intervention. It is all specified and defined in the Carta del Lavoro. If anything fails to work properly, the State intervenes."

"Is this development on the increase?" I asked. "Will the capitalists continue to obey?"

"Everywhere it is on the increase. The capitalists will go on doing what they are told, down to the very end. They have no option and cannot put up any fight. Capital is not God; it is only a means to an end."

"The general impression I gather, is that you are returning, if not to your starting point, at least to the neighborhood of your earlier notions."

"Speaking generally, I am burning my boats," he replied. "I make a fresh start; but I do not hesitate to learn from my earlier experiences."

At the last of our talks, I asked Mussolini what part the desire for fame played in his life? Is not, I asked, such a desire the strongest motive for a ruler? Had not fame been his goal since he was a boy?

Mussolini was imperturbable.

"Fame did not loom before me in boyhood," he said; "and I do not agree with you that the desire for fame is the strongest of motives. In this respect you are right, that it is some consolation to feel that one will not wholly die. Never has my work been exclusively guided by the wish for fame. Immortality is the hall mark of fame." He made a sweeping gesture toward a remote and uncontrollable future, adding, "But that comes—afterward."

COUNT GALEAZZO CIANO

is Mussolini's son-in-law, and the Italian Foreign Minister. He is also reputed to be Mussolini's political heir. Events have yet to tell whether that means anything—or whether it is more of a liability than an asset. Besides being all these things, the Count is quite the darling of Rome high society. It was in Rome's high society that Clare Boothe met him. He slipped away toward the edge of a gay party to have a two-hour talk with her. The next day Rome knew all about it. Clare Boothe has set down her impressions in a sparkling account of the Count as a conversationalist and man of society—who knows how to sidestep awkward questions.

Some years ago Clare Boothe started out as a writer on Vanity Fair. In 1935 she wrote a play, Abide with Me, which was a flop. This did not dampen her spirits. She wrote two more plays—which were not flops. They were called The Women and Kiss the Boys Goodbye. She married Henry Luce, publisher of Time, Fortune, Life, and so on. Thereafter she started to become politically conscious. She was one of Wendell Willkie's most ardent admirers and supporters in the 1940 presidential election.

Returning from Europe in the first months of the war, Miss Boothe wrote a brilliant book, Europe in the Spring. She was in Belgium when the Germans marched in there. All through the French campaign she managed to keep one jump ahead of them.

She is not only a brilliant lady, but a beautiful one. It wasn't necessary for anyone to explain that to Count Ciano.

GALEAZZO CIANO

By Clare Boothe

THE only real "conversation" I had with an Italian in my five short days in Rome was in a private suite in the Rome Excelsior Hotel with the lovely half-American Donna Cora Caetani. When I arrived, the small sitting-room was already dense with smoke from twenty or thirty cigarettes, and through this haze came my hostess followed by a dinner coat and a black tie, surmounted by the familiar blond rotogravure features of Count Galeazzo Ciano. Past his shoulder I saw Countess Edda Ciano in a bold print evening gown leaning languorously against the mantelpiece. She was very pale and emaciated, and her red-gold hair and heavy-lidded green eyes slipped by my direct eager glance, like a green wave from the prow of a ship, impersonal, indifferent, curiously cruel and strong. You felt right away that Edda Ciano "met" nobody. In the course of events you came into contact with her, and then moved on, and she was there, sullen and ambiguous as a March sea, and *you* were gone.

The silliest description I ever heard one woman give of another was Donna Cora's description of Edda. She said: "She is a dear sweet little girl."

My feminine instincts told me right away that it would be futile to do anything else but ignore Edda. Count Ciano made that very easy for me. He retrieved me a warm *soi-disant* American cocktail from a slopped-over tray, lighted my cigarette with the other hand, and began to talk in a very pleasant voice, in a quick and flip and pleasant way. He spoke very good English. He asked me a number of questions about my stay in Rome, and whether I had seen the

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World's Fair Building, the "Olympiad of Civilization," scheduled to open in 1942.¹

I said yes, it was a swell job daringly and optimistically conceived. I said eagerly that I hoped with all my heart the Fair would open on schedule!

Ciano said there was no doubt of it, no possible shadow of a doubt. (This remark I quoted widely for several months after, to prove that Ciano certainly was not for going into the war; if Italy went to war, how could the Fair open by '42? I see now his statement was not inconsistent with his real policy; Ciano definitely was not for going into a *long* war.) Then he asked me if I'd seen the modern Mussolini Athletic Forum, and I answered yes, and thought it spankingly handsome, but that I felt that the forty or fifty heroic marble statues of nude young men all around it were, even for classical art, a little outsize. We both agreed that two thousand years from now they would give the tourists of that day a very exaggerated notion of the physical charms of Romans *circa* 1940.

Then I said, trying again to be very, very clever and trip him into a politically indiscreet remark: "Oh, wouldn't it be a pity if Italy got into this war, and all the wonderful things Mussolini has built became *prematurely* ruins? It

¹ I quote here a few sentences from the government's official invitation booklet to the *Olympiad of Civilization* in 1942: ". . . Rome in 1942. An endeavour to assemble all the creative forces in a noble and fruitful competition in the field of human activity. The significance of this appeal is twofold: desire for peace and faith in the future. . . . Italy has confidence in the beneficent and tranquillizing influence of civilization. . . . Of all kinds of collaboration, that which is accomplished under the auspices of the human intellect is undoubtedly the most beneficial to the common weal . . . the peoples of the world [will] take part in this vast and complete synthesis. . . . This Exhibition, created by the will of the Duce, will also show how great has been the contribution of Italy to universal progress. . . . Creations of art which the mind of man has conceived in order to render eternal his visions of beauty and fantasy. . . ." Now, what is so familiar to an American ear about such language? This: It is the super-duper-stupendous, colossal Romanized-double-talk of the Hollywood movie magnates. In Hollywood as in Rome the Emperor-complex boys peddling their escapist dope, their "greatest spectacles of all time," to the brute mass-mind, also try to conceal the cheapness and hollowness of their product and their own lust for wealth and power in astonishingly similar phraseology.

would be so much nicer to have the excavating done by the archæologists of 2042."

He laughed and replied: "The last thing to concern yourself about is the future of modern ruins. They have no future; the kind of ruins you get after a modern war wouldn't be worth excavating." (The truth is, Romans didn't really worry, the way the Parisians and Londoners did, about being bombed. They instinctively knew that no Christian country was going to drop bombs in the purlieus of St. Peter's and the Pope. That was another reason for getting in on Hitler's side: Hitler might not be so squeamish about blasting the Rock that God had founded His Church on.)

Then we went in to dinner, which was served at a series of nine or ten little tables, and I sat next to Ciano. But everybody else at the table was Italian, and as I spoke practically no Italian, I understood very little of what they were saying. Ciano did most of the talking, in a jolly, common, confident voice, always half smiling, and everybody at the table said: "*Si, si, si, Excellency!*" to practically everything he said. There was one word they used very often. That was *carbone*. I found out later that it meant "coal," and they were discussing the big news of that week—England's stopping of their coal shipments from Germany.

I said to the oil man afterwards: "If only I had known what Ciano was talking about, I might really have found out something." He answered: "Nothing you would have remembered a week later. This coal business is just one of those incidents that everybody thinks is crucial at the time, and six months later, historians of the period make a note to make a note of it in a footnote somewhere."

So the dinner itself was a great bore, because I couldn't understand or say anything. But I watched Ciano very carefully. I decided he was a nice-looking young fellow, though I didn't like his new crew hair-cut (which he said later he wore because his hair was getting prematurely grey at the temples), but all the time I had a definite feeling he was really quite slick underneath his cocky and casual attitude.

The moment the dinner was over, the waiters whipped

the cloths off the tables and brought out cards and chips, and after a little milling around and looking for ash-trays, everybody sat down again and began to gamble. Edda Ciano sat down first alone at a table. She stuck a long slim cigarette-holder into the corner of her great sullen red mouth at a very Rooseveltian angle, and jutted her wide thin jaw at a Mussolini angle, and, narrowing her eyes to two beautiful green tiger-cat slits, reached quickly for the cards and began to shuffle them expertly. You could see that everybody wanted to be at her table, but the guests waited until the hostess, fluttering, told them who could sit where. Edda Ciano paid no attention to the seating arrangements. She just smoked and riffled the cards. . . .

The hostess said to me: "Will you play?"

I replied: "Do they play deuces wild, and spit in the ocean?" and she asked:

"What's that?"

After I told her, she said: "Oh, Countess Ciano has quite a number of original things like that."

So I said: "Thank you, if you don't mind I think I won't play this evening."

Then Count Ciano said: "I don't like gambling either. Come talk to me."

We went into the little sitting-room, where we sat down alone, and where we were left alone, rather markedly I thought, the rest of the evening.

(The *Vogue* editor said afterwards: "Think nothing of it, darling! Everybody was just observing protocol.")

Ciano said: "Now what shall we talk about?"

I answered: "Oh, anything just so long as we are frank. I'm very, very tired of not being able freely to speak my mind in Rome. It's a democratic vice, of course, but it's the last one I would ever be able to rid myself of."

He said: "Well, now you can shoot the works to me." (Ciano was very proud of the amount of American slang he knew, and I taught him a lot more before the evening was over. I'm afraid he isn't going to find it very useful for a

number of years.) "Oh, come," he said, "what do you want to say that you cannot say freely in Rome?"

"I'd like to say," I said, "that the Germans are double-crossing *so-and-sos*, and I think Italy will make the mistake of its history to go in with them."

He said: "All right, say it."

So I made the remark again, and he said smoothly, "Now, you see nothing has happened to you!"

I answered: "Yes, but I've got no reaction out of you."

He said: "Demanding a reaction to what you say is supposed to be rather more Fascist than democratic, don't you think? But even in Italy a man can keep his *thoughts* to himself. . . . Now *I* should like to say something to you. Why should an artist like yourself be so interested in the ugly world of politics?"

"An artist?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "a successful playwright. I can understand," he said, "why an unsuccessful playwright might get involved in politics—that, for instance, is what happened to me." And then he told me that after he got his law degree at the University of Rome in 1921, his first ambition was to be a writer. He became a theatre and book reviewer on the *Nuovo Paese*, the first Fascist paper in Rome, and then decided to write a play. It was called, I believe, *The Golden Land*. It was, he said, a terrible flop. Reminiscing, he looked a little pale. "You don't know," he said, "what those critics did to me!" He gulped and closed his eyes. "You've never had a failure."

I said: "Oh, yes, I have." Then I told him about my first play, which had been the outstanding flop of its season.

"My God," he said, beaming at me like a long-lost sister, "you *do* know?"

We compared notes on theatrical critics, those snarling if sincere sentinels at the gates of art. After that I understood Count Ciano very well indeed, and why he was at once so indifferent and good-natured in the face of the bitterest personal attacks on him in the foreign press, and so adroit

and calm in his most difficult public relations. When your first play (which is as precious and personal and tender and tremulously sacred to a budding author as a boy's first declaration of love) has been greeted with the loud derisive whoops and hollers—the savage, blood-curdling Indian yells of those master scalpers, the critical fraternity—well, no poisoned shaft has ever after any power to penetrate or inflame.

Public life with all its attendant censure has no horrors for a man who—however grievous his theatrical sin—has once been taken naked over the live coals by a group of professional theatre critics. It is the quickest way I know to acquire a spiritual elephant-hide.

Ciano and I decided that all diplomats and politicians should be required by law to have written in their extreme youth one unsuccessful play.

It seems that Ciano had also written a second play, *The Luck of Hamlet*—which the title tells you was a failure, too. That was produced in Buenos Aires, where Ciano had been sent as a young Fascist diplomat. With his second theatrical failure the die was irrevocably cast. Politics, which inherits so many inferior talents, claimed Ciano for its own. . . .

And so the evening wore on, and we touched on many kindred topics—Ciano's passion for keeping a diary, his aversion to grand opera (he had refused to attend the fiftieth anniversary of Maestro Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana* at the Opera House earlier in the week), his taste in modern Italian sculptors, his liking for Chinese art, and so on. But if I ever so gently slipped in any question which might have an impersonal or political significance, he slid away from it twice as gently. So at the end of the evening, when Edda appeared in the doorway and flashed her green eyes at him once for a "go" signal, the Count had managed to leave me with the distinct impression that he was a highly peaceful, artistic soul, who had a great love of the theatre (particularly the American theatre), and who adored the American way of life (he had said how very happy he would be if circumstances were only such that he, with his great love for Amer-

ica, could be the Italian ambassador in Washington!). But about Italy and the war I thought I had learned nothing, nothing at all. As he left, I asked a little bitterly: "May I quote you on all these vital matters?" and he answered with his bland, handsome, even-toothed smile: "Oh, by all means, do. . . ."

The next morning everybody in Rome knew that I had sat in that room alone with Ciano for two hours. And although Italians are by nature—quite unlike the French and the English—the kindest and most hospitable people in the world, they were now twice as hospitable as before. A number of people telephoned and said:

"Do stay on in Rome. You'll be able to find out much more about what's going on in Europe right here than in France or England now."

Running over those two hours of conversation in my mind I replied thoughtfully: "Oh, I don't think so." And I felt as if I had let Mr. Welles's suite down badly. . . .

That night at dinner the Marchesa P— said: "Oh, when are you going to see him again?" But because the day and its events had passed since the conversation, I naturally asked:

"See whom?"

She said: "Oh, you know."

"Ciano?" I asked.

"Sssh! Please!"

That's when I found out you not only couldn't talk politics in Rome, but you hardly dared call a politician by name when he wasn't around, for fear, I suppose, something you said about him might be overheard and quoted against you. . . .

After that the *Vogue* editor and I always referred to Mussolini as the Big Apple and Ciano as the Little Apple, and all our Italian friends were quite relieved.

The next time I saw the handsome, amiable, and slippery Count was the following night at a movie that Ambassador and Mrs. Phillips showed to a number of guests after dinner at the Embassy. It was *Drums along the Mohawk*. The Phillipses, like the Kennedys in London, circumnavigated diplomatic after-dinner conversational difficulties by show-

ing American films. *Drums along the Mohawk* was enormously popular with their Italian guests. It was perfectly obvious why: Here were the young pioneers, the nation-builders, carving prosperity out of an untamed land, struggling heroically for their economic and political freedom, and constantly being obliged to slaughter the poor natives who had been sicked on them by the wicked British. The Ethiopian parallel was pleasantly clear.

After the movie Ciano excused himself quickly. As he said good-night to me, he added with a bland smile, "I have to meet His Excellency Herr Ribbentrop at the station tomorrow morning at seven or I would otherwise stay for another of our illuminating talks." Now, the arrival of Ribbentrop, announced the day before by Ciano, had been a diplomatic bombshell that had thrown everybody in all the embassies into a state of panic and fear. And indeed this arrival laid the groundwork for the historic meeting at the Brennero, which in turn sealed the fate of France.

But I think, in the end, I should have remembered how Ciano felt about dramatic critics long after I had forgotten what he might have said about Ribbentrop, because the truth is that in those days I cared almost as much about the theatre and the next play I was going to write as I did about the war. . . . All people, even journalists, have a way of focusing their minds on the things which personally seem most important to them at the time. And if someone inadvertently tells them a larger truth, they often do not recognize it because at the time it doesn't click with a prejudice, coincide with an interest, or square with a preconceived theory. I see now that that night Ciano had told me the truth about himself and Italy and the war. The very fact that he never indicated by word, gesture, innuendo, a flicker of an eyelash, or a half-smile how he as a free individual felt about peace or war—the only topics then worth the attention of an adult mind, which he certainly had—should have proved to me that his mind was hopelessly imprisoned in Fascist ideology, that he and with him all Italy were the creatures of Fascism's master, Mussolini, the one-man minority *who*

wanted war. Now I see that the real definition of a dictatorship is: a government in which the Dictator only says what suits him, and nobody else, not even the Crown Prince, dare propound an idea.

Ribbentrop arrived at seven the next morning. At the same hour I left on the Rome Express for Paris. I had talked art and literature and the theatre in Europe in the spring for the very last time. It is, as I say, a significant fact, which I was too dense at the time to see, that this irrelevant talk should have been with one of the few men who really knew what was going to happen.

Winston Churchill
Ernest Bevin
Herbert Morrison
Eamon de Valera

England, Eire

Lawrence Fernsworth
Ralph Ingersoll
Patricia Strauss
T. F. Healy

LAWRENCE FERNSWORTH

is a newspaperman of wide American and foreign experience. After working on New York newspapers he first went to Europe in 1924, becoming night editor of the Paris Herald. He has spent most of the time since then as a foreign correspondent, returning to America for brief periods. He became the staff correspondent of The Times, of London, and as such covered the life and death of the Spanish Republic. During the past twelve years or so his dispatches have also been widely published in the United States. His name is known on both sides of the Atlantic as a magazine writer and author.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

By Lawrence Fernsworth

I

THE first time I met Winston Spencer Churchill, England was facing her worst crisis since those fateful days when Churchill, as First Lord of the Admiralty, had the British fleet at its post, stripped for action, thirty-three hours before the war was declared—to the great surprise of the Kaiser.

The year was 1935, in the spring. The place was Barcelona, where I made my headquarters as the correspondent of *The Times*. I have never written a line of the various meetings I have had with Mr. Churchill since then. But I believe there was much in our conversations that now falls in the category of those reminiscences that come under the heading of "Now it can be told." There are things that can be spoken about now without violating a confidence or going beyond the bounds of discretion. I shall try to keep within these limitations.

At this time threats of war were once more resounding in Europe. The British fleet had been rushed secretly from London by night and was cruising the Mediterranean. The House of Commons was rocked with stormy debate over that "pathway for camels" to the sea which Hoare and Laval had so thoughtfully agreed to salvage for Haile Selassie as they handed the best part of the country to Mussolini, "that little accomplice" of Hitler, as Churchill has recently called him. In Rome Mussolini was strutting his stuff and hurling dire warnings at England. The squat, bull-necked dictator had learned all the tricks of making himself look like an ogre and was playing at it hard.

The reputed statesmen at London had not yet taken the measure of the creature, but Churchill had. He had also taken the measure of Hitler. These men knew it then, and feared him. No doubt that was why Germany's and Italy's spies, some of them well known to me, hung around wherever Churchill went. The reactionary Spanish government, then in power, was also having Mr. Churchill watched. I was tipped off that they would probably listen in on his telephone. I saw to it that Churchill, who was having numerous long-distance conferences with London, was placed on his guard.

The inept men who constituted "the Government" at London were actually backing into a corner before the menace of Mussolini. The shadows of war hung darkly over England. Churchill, only a private citizen now, had come to Spain almost in a spirit of whimsy, so it would seem on the surface of things. He had come, he announced, to write and to paint pictures.

Churchill had checked in at Barcelona's Ritz Hotel, the center of swank in the city's social life. Civil war had not yet descended on Spain, although its shadow already was hovering there. Barcelona was still its old self—bustling and gay. In honor of "Lor' Churchill," as the Spaniards persisted in calling him, though he was never a lord, the hotel had hung out an immense Union Jack which dropped over the main entrance beside the Spanish Republican banner—that banner since proscribed. An air of ceremony pervaded the place, all in honor of the "Lor' Inglés."

The "lor'" himself sat alone at his table by a window in the huge Ritz dining room, enjoying his coffee, his cigar, and his brandy. He has the best of taste in cigars; Piccadilly is his brand—used to be. I've often wondered what brand he smokes now.

He sat with his arm on the table, hunched sideways toward the window. With his broad, well-built figure, his bull neck and round ruddy face, I'm sure he looked very much the lord to the Spanish pressmen who hung hopefully around the

huge glass door which, Spanish-like, exposed to full view the dining room and all who dined there.

Churchill, wherever you meet him, is a human dynamo radiating energy. The dynamo was somewhat slowed down at this moment, but the batteries, I sensed, were still well stored. In the matter of stored energy, I can't imagine Churchill run down. Someone said of him once that he was "fiercely vital from the cradle." He was described by his dancing teacher as "a small red-headed boy who was cheeky and about the naughtiest boy in the world." We are told also that, besides his red hair, he had "freckles, pale blue eyes, a snub nose," and was rather "a jolly kid" although "the effect as a whole wanted toning down." You still glimpsed the schoolboy "red-head" in the wisps of hair that reflected Spanish sunlight through the side window. But the man had been toned down by the years. Red hair, freckles, even snub nose had gone, although you still saw reminders of them.

It was a placid elder statesman that greeted me now. But I thought that something of his old impishness still peered from behind that mask despite his sixty-odd years. (He is close to sixty-seven now.)

I noticed that he had a round, firm face, a somewhat pert countenance and a tight, firm smile that gave me the impression of self-confidence. He had the face of a cherub, I thought. It was a face that would be the perfect model for an old Italian master's cherub, except for one thing. This cherub—if he was such—would never be content just to fold his arms and gaze on celestial spaces while he sprouted a pair of wings in the process. The weathered face reminded me of seasoned hardwood, carefully polished. The ensemble effect of the man was that of a substantial piece of English furniture that had stood up under tests and was still useful and good. I could imagine a furniture auctioneer rapping his knuckles on it and proclaiming, "Solid hard rock maple—test it yourself."

Churchill still had those blue eyes, and they looked me over appraisingly as we talked—like the small boy looking over a new acquaintance, deciding whether he liked him or not. They were not penetrating eyes—rather placid and dreamy

and thoughtful—yet very alert. They did not bore through me. They threw out no challenge. They were reassuring and friendly. But I thought that they saw a great deal. And I flattered myself by believing that they found reassuring answers to the questions they were asking about me.

It wasn't the human dynamo quality of Churchill that impressed itself on me first. Rather it was the friendliness of him. I thought he was an extraordinarily warm-hearted and generous man. This estimate has since been strengthened by better acquaintance. My next impression was that of a mind tremendously alert, possessed of an insatiable thirst to find out about things.

I had hardly sat down, and accepted the brandy, the coffee and the cigar, before I perceived that I was in the hands of an expert interviewer. Having been a foreign correspondent himself in early life, and one of the aces among them, Churchill still knew his old trade. Now he charged vehemently to the attack.

What about the present political situation in Spain? What was the significance of those revolutions they had had in Spain a few months ago—the Catalan and the Asturias uprisings? These were his questions.

The whole Catalan government, led by President Luis Companys (since put to death by Franco) were now in Spanish prisons. Likewise many other Spanish Republican leaders.

What was the matter with this Spanish Republic—if anything? Could it weather the storm? Who were these men now running the government? Was the Fascist idea making any headway?

Mr. Churchill seemed to like the interview he was making me give him. He was an excellent interviewer, I thought. Although he had turned the tables and made me the victim, he had the knack of not making me feel victimized. He treated me as one person of importance meeting another, a highly civilized proceeding which certain Englishmen have developed to perfection.

Churchill next wanted to know something about the

Balearic Islands, and particularly about the main island of Mallorca. He had decided, he said, to go there and do a little writing. He had heard it was a rather tranquil corner of the world where one might write in peace. He was just finishing another volume of the life of his great ancestor, John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough.

What about the hotels? Were they comfortable? Was their food good?

Mr. Churchill was very particular about such matters.

Many of his questions seemed to me very shrewd. That one about the Fascists, for instance. The truth is that in Spain, in that day, the Fascists were making considerable headway under cover. Plottings were already afoot, although few Spaniards themselves knew anything about it. His interest in the Balearic Islands was also significant. I wondered whether he knew that in the previous year Italian naval squadrons had been hovering in and about these islands, visiting all its harbors, taking soundings, and sightings and other observations, even in the harbors which usually no vessel but fishing craft ever saw.

These islands, midway between Spain and Africa, stand across the British life line to the Mediterranean, from Gibraltar to Suez. When, at the time of these events, I had tried to impress certain persons in London with the significance of them, they weren't impressed. But I don't believe the fact had escaped Mr. Churchill.

It was characteristic of Churchill that he checked out of the Ritz the next day. There seemed to be too much pose about the place to suit him. I'm sure he didn't like the ostentatious way in which the hotel advertised his presence. They meant it all as a friendly gesture. A visiting Spanish dignitary would have been in a heaven of delight to be fussed over like that. But that was not the English way. Least of all, Churchill's.

Did Churchill have some uncanny knowledge of what the Fascists were at that moment plotting in Spain? Or of the re-

lation between their plotting and the mastery of the Mediterranean, of the plot to wrest Gibraltar from England? Of the impending civil war which the Spanish rebels and the Fascist powers were to wage, or of the Fascists' designs to make of the Mediterranean a private lake for themselves? I believe that he had.

Churchill had the reputation of being the best-informed man around Westminster. He has his own private sources of information and in those days they were usually more accurate than the reports to which the Foreign Office paid attention. It must have been Churchill's capacity for finding out things that had given him a kind of sixth sense in calling the turn about things to come. Even in the days preceding the World War he told Lloyd George that war was inevitable. Lloyd George wouldn't listen to him, and they had something of a quarrel about it. Churchill just went ahead with his own particular job as First Lord of the Admiralty and got his fleet ready.

Churchill browsed about Barcelona a bit and one day boarded a boat for Mallorca.

When he came back after a couple of days he said it wasn't a very good place to write anyhow, and besides he didn't like the hotel.

II

England was divided and troubled in September, 1939, when Neville Chamberlain returned from Munich with the agreement that spelt "peace in our time." Chamberlain was the idol of one part of England, which received him in triumph. Others shook their heads sadly and said, "This is not peace." Or if it should prove to be peace, then they thought it was peace for which the price was the honor of England.

The atmosphere in the House of Commons was tense when Mr. Chamberlain rose to report on his peace. Among those who did not view Chamberlain's agreement with Hitler as peace was Mr. Churchill who, ever since Parliament had assembled after its election in 1935, had presented to a some-

what bewildered England the spectacle of a man who in politics refused to play "Follow the Leader"; who had formed an "opposition" within his own party. This kind of thing was "not cricket." Mr. Churchill rose to speak for those who felt that this was not peace.

In a voice slightly nasal, slightly throaty, so familiar to his House audience, he poured scalding words on Mr. Chamberlain's agreement. "This," he said, "is an unmitigated defeat of Britain; yet it is only a foretaste of a bitter cup that will be offered to us year by year, unless by a supreme recovery of moral health and martial spirit we rise again to take our stand for freedom as in olden times."

I would just like to pause in my story to quote, by way of contrast, certain other words used by Mr. Churchill more recently in a speech which he addressed to defeated France. They, like the foregoing, reveal a capacity for deep feeling which stands out by contrast with the phrases of this day's opponent, glazed phrases, sharp and cold like the edges of ice. They reveal also what Mr. Churchill meant when he scornfully said some years ago of classmates who went in for classical languages: "They learned Latin and Greek—but I learned English."

"Good night, then. Sleep to gather strength in the morning, for the morning will come. Brightly will it shine on the brave and true; kindly on all who suffer for the cause; glorious upon the tombs of heroes—thus will shine the dawn."

So, on October 20, 1940, Mr. Churchill spoke to France.

Hot were the words which Mr. Churchill, in the Commons, poured out against the pact with Hitler, whom so long he had regarded as the human incarnation of evil.

Corrosive and bitter were the words of retort as Mr. Chamberlain turned against his tormenters. They were "befouling their own nest," he shrieked. Only a good Tory understood the real force of this blow. Everyone saw that the sting of it had landed on Churchill.

I kept thinking then of a luncheon at which I had been Mr.

Churchill's guest, some years before. The only other person with us was F. A. Lindemann, Professor of Physics at Oxford. Mussolini had issued a challenge to the power of England, and this we discussed.

Mr. Churchill turned to me and asked:

"And what do *you* think of it, Mr. Fernsworth?"

I replied:

"I think Mussolini is bluffing, and I believe that calling the other man's bluff is half the victory."

Mr. Churchill thumped the table with his fist so that his double-sized glass of beer danced on it.

"That's what I think," he exploded.

But Stanley Baldwin, then Premier, Sir John Simon, Sir Samuel Hoare, Lord Lothian, Lord Halifax and their kind were not thinking that way. Nor was Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Neither these men, nor Mr. Churchill, nor the dictators they either trafficked with or denounced, had created the forces which were tugging at Europe and threatening to tear it apart. None of these is or could be the final arbiter of them. Only the shrewd observers of the future, taking the long view toward the past, will be able to say whether Mr. Baldwin's and Mr. Chamberlain's way, or Mr. Churchill's, could have changed the final issue of them. That final issue projects itself farther into the future than this war. The forces that brought on the war cannot have their natures changed for them by what, in the long range of history, will be regarded as the incident of victory. Those who believe in the philosophy of democracy hope day and night for the victory of England. But those friends of democracy who are intelligent will realize that such a victory would be only the beginning of democracy's fight to live. Without such a victory there can be no such beginning. Democracy's chance to fight it out from new beginnings—that is the most fundamental issue which this war presents.

As I have watched Mr. Churchill's career these ten years or so I have felt that such also was the fundamental issue that separated him from the men of his own party. Mr. Churchill was neither born nor schooled in the democratic tradition.

But unlike most of those with whom he went to school, he had a prehensile and adaptable mind. You have already gathered that fact, perhaps, from his attitude toward the fellows who went in for Latin and Greek. At Harrow, one of the sacred nine among England's misnamed "public schools," in reality the world's most exclusive, he committed the sacrilege of organizing a revolt against too many sports which, he contended, were ruining scholarship. He won the rebellion. Scorning the traditions against things that "weren't done," he stomped about the place proclaiming loudly that there was "too much pose" around there, too much talk and too few persons to get things done. He has been stomping around England, and in far parts of the earth, proclaiming much the same thing, ever since.

As Churchill got about, he rubbed elbows with—and used, and worked with and placed himself on the level of—all sorts of people, even the lowliest. No man who does not have some common feeling with man, can do that. It is inevitable that, doing that, he shall get to know people and respect them. I believe that the difference between the attitude of Mr. Churchill, and the attitude of his "better class" colleagues, toward the people, is explained by precisely this fact. "Red Russia" has been as odious in his eyes as "black Germany." He may not go as far as Ernest Bevin in his estimate of what power shall be reposed in the people and what power shall not. But I believe he has a fundamental respect for the people and their rights, just as Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Samuel Hoare, Sir John Simon, Lord Halifax, have had (or have, as the case may be) a fundamental distrust of the people and, lip service aside, a fundamental doubt that they have any rights except such as are conceded to them "from above." This has been the traditional attitude of Britain's ruling classes since so far back that the beginnings of it are obscured by time's mists. The British people's efforts against it is one of the most heartrending struggles which history presents. I don't see how the men I have mentioned, and their kind, could ever champion the cause of democracy in England, even after a thousand victories over a thousand

Mussolinis and Hitlers. They are no more capable of doing so now than after the last war. It is not in their natures.

But I have a feeling that after this war England's fight for democracy will make great advances, and that the men of the type I have mentioned are on their last legs. It seems inevitable that new social forces will come out on the top. Mr. Churchill is not exactly of them. Perhaps they will not wish to ask for his friendship. But if they do, I feel sure they will find him a friend.

Mr. Churchill is a man who strongly believes in the destiny of England and her empire. He has been in most corners of that empire, and knows it well. For the time, at least, England is not governed by that Tory clique who, I always suspected, could not believe in England because they did not know England. They knew only their tight little world of class-interest, which is not England. When they were playing Hitler's game, and Mussolini's game, it was because they instinctively—and perhaps even consciously—felt it would further the interests of that tight little world which was not England. This clique has not lost its grip on things. It holds the parliamentary majority still and could turn Churchill out if it choose—which would be the signal for a revolution such as England has never yet seen. But this group lurks in the background, and there is much disquietude about it. Churchill is obliged to appease it. Perhaps that is why he sent Sir Samuel Hoare, of the Hoare-Laval agreement, to Madrid, and Lord Halifax, whom Englishmen have long been accustomed to calling "The Holy Fox," to Washington.

The news that has been coming out of England up to the time of the publication of this book has made it appear that there is a singular unity back of Churchill. I think this is true so far as England's intellectuals and liberals and her middle and lower classes are concerned. But there are other indications that this is not true with respect to the Tory class, sometimes known as the Cliveden set, and that in those subtle ways which it understands to perfection it continues to knife Churchill.

On November 26—as reported in a special dispatch to the

New York *Times*—Churchill's son Randolph made his maiden speech in Parliament, in the course of which he said:

"The government is being criticized from strange quarters. It was said that there should be no recriminations about the past. But what about these recriminations about the present from people whose conduct in the past largely led to the not altogether satisfactory position in which we find ourselves today?"

The "recriminations" about which Randolph spoke, could have come from only one source.

III

Churchill has been described as a man who makes blunders. But careful commentators have also found in him an extraordinary ability to profit by his blunders. One of the greatest "blunders" ascribed to him was the campaign in Gallipoli during the first World War. This is still a subject of debate. There are capable critics who do not agree in its being a blunder insofar as the success of it depended on Churchill. Anyhow, Churchill left the cabinet a while after the Gallipoli disaster, and went to the country, where he took up for the first time the painting of pictures. "Painting a picture," he said, "is like fighting a battle." It was perhaps a means of disengaging his mind while he fought out more important battles. It was not long before he was back in the cabinet.

As a boy he once jumped from a bridge to a tree, thinking it would hold him. It did not. He was laid up for six months from the injuries he received in the fall. "A trifling lack of judgment," he remarked. "A good idea not sufficiently worked out." And so he worked out his fall by the rules of ballistics and found out why he should not have jumped on the limb.

Let us glance at some of the failures that are laid at his door, and at the successes that counterbalance them.

The failures sometimes charged to him are these:

The Gallipoli campaign. One expert tells us that the same criticism made of Churchill's plan for forcing the Dardanelles

could be made "without a change of word" of Ludendorff's campaign of 1918, which failed also. The trouble in each case was that the value of the general plan was underrated and that it wasn't followed out as it should have been.

The present war gave us the not-so-disastrous failure at Dakar. The greatest hazard with which a man in Churchill's position must cope consists in the blundering of men in trusted positions. In explaining the failure at Dakar, Churchill was obliged to confess to the House, "Somebody blundered." It wouldn't be surprising if the blunder at Dakar had been engineered from the enemy camp.

Other "failures" sometimes laid to Churchill are:

His attempt to keep Edward VIII on the throne; his attempt to stop England's headlong plunge into the present war. These failures did not depend upon him.

One might also add that in earlier days he was twice beaten when he stood for election to Parliament.

When one comes to sift them down, Churchill's "failures" are singularly few.

Now let us look at Churchill's successes. They began early in life, and it is important to mention them because of their value in the formation of a character accustomed to successes.

As a boy he won his crusade for the reform of school athletics. He won the "public school" fencing championship. He became an ace war correspondent, the most idolized of his day. He outwitted the Boers when he escaped from their prison and through the wild veldt. In turn he has had success as author, lecturer, politician and as the architect of his personal finances, for he started out with little. The family estate came to him late in life.

His major successes come under the heading of political life. In the earlier part of his political career we find this:

The South African Union was primarily due to his leadership. He knew Africa. In 1909 he was one of the leaders against the veto power of the Lords, succeeding in depriving them of it. He knew his Lords. He was one of the leaders of the tariff fight and helped give England free trade, by which she built up her industry. On the Irish question he became

a "defender of the faith" and eventually got Home Rule for Ireland. He knew something of Ireland, for he had lived there too. As Chancellor of the Exchequer he achieved one of his great ambitions—to walk in the footsteps of his father.

Looking at the older statesman, we find:

He had the fleet ready in 1914. That same year he introduced tanks into modern warfare in the face of the opposition of such an expert as Lord Kitchener. Kitchener however thought so well of Churchill's military ability that he offered to make him a lieutenant general. He introduced fast battle-ships of the Elizabethan class into the navy. In the present war he accomplished the almost impossible feat of evacuating the British army from France and Dunkirk.

The early months of 1941 likewise brought successes of which any statesman might be proud.

Balance Churchill's successes against his failures and the odds will be found heavily on the side of his successes.

THE FOLLOWING INTER-
view with Winston Churchill by Ralph Ingersoll, editor of
the New York afternoon newspaper, PM, not only appeals to
the ordinary reader because of its lively presentation and
informative quality, but it has a technical interest to all who
are curious about the working parts of the pieces that are
put into the newspapers. Some interviews are essentially
news stories which at the same time ought to tell something
of the personality of the man who is interviewed. Others fall
into the category of the portrait, the profile, or the photo-
graph. The portrait suggests the static, the profile something
of caricature. The photograph, if it succeeds in conveying
the feeling of the photographer for his subject, is more
closely related to life. Yet in all of these forms certain di-
mensions are lacking.

I would like to suggest here that a report like Mr. Ingersoll's is an interview in all its dimensions, covering the habitat of the person who is interviewed, the atmosphere in which he moves, the kind of persons he has around him, what such persons think of him, his habits and tastes and what they reveal of his character, it introduces you to a human being breathing, moving and living, showing his reactions when placed in contact with other human beings. The main human contact is naturally that between him and his interviewer. The report is focused on this. Mr. Ingersoll, both in his Report on England, and in his report on England's War Prime Minister, revealed himself as a master of this type of reporting.

CHURCHILL IN WARTIME

By Ralph Ingersoll

TWO days before I left London to return to America, where I proposed to present my report on England to the readers of *PM*, my appointment with Mr. Churchill came through. He would see me at 11:30 A.M.

I was excited about the prospect of meeting the man on whom so much history depended. Since I had been in London I had come to feel quite definitely about what the English call the war effort—that it was less of a one-man show than I had believed. Before I flew to London I had felt that the weight of England was too precariously balanced on the health and success of a single man. Now I found it impossible to think of the English ceasing their effort to defeat Hitler, regardless of what happened to their Prime Minister, and notwithstanding his obvious dictatorial position in the government. But that did not make me any less curious about what he was like.

Ten Downing Street is on a short alley opening off Whitehall, which is a busy avenue along which buses run and in the center of which are lanes of parked taxis. There is no exact parallel in New York geography; although you might think of it as being on a side street just off Park Avenue in the Forties. The government of the British Empire is a compact little operation in the center of its largest city.

Now that this city is being bombed in the air, the Empire's government is being bombed, a central target to aviators from Berlin. Expanded war operations have taken over such modern skyscrapers (of eight and ten and fifteen stories) as the International Nickel Building, the tower that housed

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the College of London, and others. But 10 Downing Street remains 10 Downing Street in the middle of it all.

The entrance is barricaded with barbed wire and sandbags, and sentries are on guard. I walked down the alley and rang the bell at the side of the famous door. Its brass was neatly polished. A butler opened it. We crossed the hall and my friend Brendan Bracken, who used to publish financial journals in the City and is now one of the Prime Minister's top secretaries, was standing before a small desk. He is a medium-sized man with a large head on which sits a still larger halo of bright red hair, which appears to stand on end and wave. He looks a little like a red version of the *New Yorker's* Harold Ross.

He said, "I think the Prime Minister is waiting," and we went out of the room and down a deep stairway and to a girder-roofed cellar basement.

It had a Dutch-tiled fireplace on one side, and was fitted as a temporary secretarial office with typewriters on tables. A young lady was sitting at one, doing nothing. Mr. Bracken went into the room beyond, came back and said: "I thought he was going to see you down here, but he wants you up in the cabinet room." We went back upstairs.

The room in which the British Cabinet meets is a handsome room with big windows on two sides and a fireplace on the third. The big windows were covered with wire and a small pane in one was broken. There are bookcases between the windows. Each new member of the cabinet gives a book. Most of the room was taken up with a long mahogany table at which places were set for cabinet ministers. Each had his own desk equipment of an inkwell, blotter, pencils, and pens and paper. On the long side of the table, in the center, with its back to the fireplace, was a chair that was larger than the rest, which was obviously the Prime Minister's. On the wall space that was not filled with bookcases, portraits were hung. At the end of the room, on a table, rested an enormous picture projector which someone told me was called an epidiascope. It pointed toward the screen which had been hung over the bookshelves opposite. Bracken said it was there so

that aerial photographs of bomb damage in Germany could be enlarged and thrown up on a screen for the cabinet to see.

The Prime Minister came striding in. Brendan Bracken said: "I want to introduce Ralph Ingersoll. He's been a good friend of England's." We shook hands and Brendan left.

My first impression was that Winston Churchill was shorter, rounder, neater, and redder than I imagined from his pictures. His eyebrows, his rusty hair, are thin, and I am quite tall myself, so that people sometimes look short to me who do not look so to other people. The Prime Minister looked very small to me.

I found his voice and conversation milder than I had anticipated. He sat down with his back to the fire and I sat alongside him.

One of the things I wanted most to bring from England was a first-hand message from the Prime Minister to the American people. And, after all, I am a journalist and there would be news in such a statement. I wasn't to have my cake. As soon as I began asking him questions the Prime Minister said that this interview must be a "private conversation." I tried to argue with him. Prime Ministers don't argue with well.

He turned me down gracefully but definitely, remarking reasonably that expressing oneself accurately was difficult and that when he had something to say publicly he liked to think a great deal about it and work it out in his own way. So we talked as one must talk with the President of the U. S., "not for publication." We talked for half an hour.

I would like, of course, to give you as much of my conversation with Mr. Churchill as I ethically could. I don't think he would mind my passing on the strong feeling I had that I was talking to a sincere man and one who is entirely sure of his values—who knows exactly what life means to him, of what he approves or disapproves. I did not find him either a subtle or an intellectual man. Someone in London said he was at heart a cavalry officer with great courage. I wouldn't be surprised. He isn't a college professor.

When answering questions he has an odd trick of going on answering question 1 a long time after question 2 has been asked, then suddenly moving the conversation on, perhaps interrupting himself in the middle of a sentence, and then when I was thinking he would be through with question 2 and asked question 3, he would go right on with the answer to 2. I enjoyed my conversation with him, although I found I was anxious all the time I was talking to him. I kept wondering whether I was getting the most out of it because there were so many things I wanted to know from him.

He looked well, and nervously energetic. Several times during the conversation he got up, stood with his back to the fire, walked a step or two, came back and sat down—talking all the time. Finally he looked up at the clock on the mantel and said: "I'm afraid I have to go now." We walked out together to his secretary's office.

In the middle of our conversation an alert had been sounded. The sirens had gone off at the pertinent moment when I asked him: "What are you going to do with this war after you have won it?" When we got into the secretary's office Mr. Churchill said very firmly, "You are to stay here until we find out where those planes are. If they are near by this young man will take you down to the shelters."

I said, "Please don't bother. I don't mind at all." Mr. Churchill said, "No. No. You are not to go out until we've found out where that plane is. While you are here you are in my charge and you will do as I say."

He told the secretary to call up and get a report. He said to me, "They know very well where this house is and they keep trying to hit it. They put one not very far away once." The secretary and I stood awkwardly. He said, "Good-by," went to the door, turned and said, "I would like you to know that I appreciate the things you have written." And he left abruptly.

The planes turned out not to be near by. I waited some minutes, chatting with his secretary. He was a dark, slim young man in his middle thirties who said he had been sec-

retary to Mr. Chamberlain before he was secretary to Mr. Churchill. I said Mr. Chamberlain wasn't popular in the United States and he said: "Ah, that's a pity. I think he was very much misunderstood." When he said "was," I remembered that I had learned the day before that Mr. Chamberlain was dying.

He said: "I have never known a mind as brilliant as Mr. Chamberlain's. It was unbelievably quick and clear, incisive."

I turned the conversation back to Mr. Churchill. I asked the secretary if he would tell me Mr. Churchill's routine because I said I was interested in how a man ran a war. The secretary said, "He has an enormous amount of energy, you know. I think the thing about Mr. Churchill that has not been emphasized enough is his military knowledge and experience. It is very rare, you know, that a Prime Minister can talk to his generals on a basis of equality. Mr. Churchill has them in here and he knows what they are talking about."

I asked if they ever talked back and argued with him. He said: "Oh, my heavens, yes."

I talked to a lot of people about Mr. Churchill and I already knew much of his routine. He no longer sleeps in 10 Downing Street, although I understand he left under protest. The Cabinet thought it too dangerous. What he does do, or did while I was in London—is get up as early as seven o'clock in the morning, dress hurriedly, go to 10 Downing Street, go down to the basement cellar where his bedroom is arranged, get undressed, and get back into bed. There he has his breakfast, which is enormous, and apt to be built around the whole bird. There he reads the morning papers and selected mail and dispatches. And there he dictates to "two tame female secretaries" for several hours. So that when he met me at 11:30 he had just dressed again.

There is a cabinet meeting before luncheon every day. The generals, admirals and air marshals are apt to come in then.

Late in the afternoon he goes down into his cellar bed-

room and sleeps again before dinner. When he told me that he slept in the afternoon he laughed apologetically. After dinner he works on until twelve or one, sometimes until two or three in the morning. He has no thought for anything except winning the war.

Everywhere I went in London people admired his energy, his courage, his singleness of purpose. People said they "didn't know what Berlin would do without him." He was obviously respected. But no one felt he would be Prime Minister after the war. He was simply the right man in the right job at the right time. The time being the time of a desperate war with Britain's enemies. Everyone remarked that he loved his job and that he had risen to his terrific responsibilities brilliantly.

Two personal failings were criticized. The first one was that while he could be, and was, utterly ruthless in letting nothing come ahead of the war effort, he had a weakness toward people who were old friends and associates. He found it very difficult to bring himself to remove them even when he knew they were failing him. The second weakness was the one the secretary touched on, his penchant for playing general himself. It was felt that he might be too much of a cavalry officer and have too little of the technical knowledge so important in a technical war.

I have no opinion on either score myself, but simply pass these remarks on as the comments of intelligent men who know Mr. Churchill well and who admire and respect him despite these things.

Even his critics had to admit that his recent promotions in the air and the navy belie the first, and that whoever was responsible for it, at least some of the credit for the amazing technical accomplishments of the RAF must be passed on to the boss. I think I should also say that with all the talk there is in the world of Mr. Churchill as a dictator, I found a minimum of evidence in London to confirm it. Dictatorial powers he has. But much more typical than signs of their being imposed are demands from below that they be used for this, that or the other purpose.

After I talked with the Prime Minister's secretary a few minutes more we shook hands and I went out. I looked up. There were no signs of any raiders in the sky. I wondered whether Mr. Churchill had gone out into the streets himself after insisting that I stay close to the shelter. I suspect it would have been just like him.

TWO LABOR LEADERS WHO

are not merely labor politicians help guide the destinies of England today. One of them, Ernest Bevin, is so little the politician that he has never consented to "stand" for Parliament, preferring to devote all his attention to labor. By contrast with him, there have been in Parliament so many "labor" men who paid so much attention to politics that they had little time left for labor. In fact, the trouble with the Labor Party in recent years has been that it had too many politicians. As a consequence it has not been very effective.

Here are two sharply drawn portraits of these men by Patricia Strauss, an English writer who recently arrived in this country with her three children. Her husband, G. R. Strauss, is a member of Parliament. She is therefore in a position to know her labor politics well. She now sends news and comments to the British press from America.

BEVIN and MORRISON

By Patricia Strauss

IF A Nazi pilot should inadvertently drop a bomb on 10 Downing Street most people in Britain believe that their next Prime Minister would be either fifty-six-year-old Ernest Bevin or fifty-two-year-old Herbert Morrison.

Ernest Bevin, short, squat, and serious, is now Minister of Labor. He looks like a bull. He has many attributes of that animal, which is said to see so quickly through the matador's tricks that he learns the whole game in a few minutes, and even if he escapes death can never be put into the ring again. Ernest Bevin is a wily and shrewd tactician. He has the courage of a bull, and will face a disorderly conference, massive shoulders hunched, thick neck bulging, head down, eyes grim behind his glasses, and fight with a combination of strength and guile. They say he reacts to red more quickly than any bull in his antagonism to the Communist Party.

Chirpy, smiling Herbert Morrison is Home Secretary and Minister of Home Security. He swoops down on inefficiency as quickly as a sparrow on a crumb, and looks rather like one as he cocks his head on one side to see better out of his one eye. His Cockney wit makes him a lively debater rather than an orator. He has an enormous capacity for work. He sits at his desk with his sleeves rolled up, his tie unknotted, his hair standing on end. But his mind is as neat and orderly as a filing cabinet, and he can turn from matters of major policy to minor detail as quickly and completely as one opens a drawer and shuts another.

They are two of the seven Labor Party leaders who joined the Churchill Government in May, 1940. It is a strange thing

that they are in the Government at all, for the Conservatives still have a two-thirds majority in the House of Commons; so by all the rules, Britain should have a Conservative Government. But democracy has proved to be more than a cold count of seats in the House of Commons.

When it became apparent that this was a people's war, and not a war of government departments and the armed forces, the Government had to represent all the people, not just a small section. If the workers were to be asked to make sacrifices for democracy they had first to be convinced that they were part of that democracy. Britain found the only way to fight a total war was with total democracy. The workers, who had been anti-Fascist through all the years of appeasement, knew what had happened to their own kind in Germany, had recognized the Spanish war as the first round of this war, were only too anxious to fight Fascism; but it must be with a full share of responsibility and behind men they trusted. Not only the workers, but the middle-class also, realized that the policy of appeasement had failed, that, in spite of the vast sums voted by the House of Commons for armament expenditure, the country was unprepared. They read with increasing interest the speeches made by the Labor Party in the House of Commons, they saw men training with insufficient equipment, they knew of factories still not working full time. When the British failed in Norway their doubts became certainties.

The Chamberlain Government lost the confidence of the nation. Conscious of their loss of prestige and unpopularity, the Conservative Party had to invite Labor to share the responsibilities of government if the war was to be waged efficiently. The Labor members of the Churchill Government are not there solely as men of ability, but as representatives of a large and important section of the population. They are politically strong because they command the confidence of the workers. If Bevin and Morrison lose that confidence they become just two able men. Of their ability there is no question. When they first joined the Government neither was in the War Cabinet, and Ernest Bevin was not even a Member

of Parliament. Yet from the first day of taking office they overshadowed all members of the Government except the Prime Minister.

Ernest Bevin has never been a politician in the usual sense. Millions of people in England had never heard of him until he became Minister of Labor, yet as the unquestioned boss of the trade union movement he had been one of the most influential men in Britain for the past twenty years. He has an exaggerated dislike of politicians, which was increased to a contemptuous distrust in 1931 when Ramsay MacDonald, Philip Snowden, and J. H. Thomas deserted the Labor movement and went over to the Conservatives. Bevin never wanted to be a Member of Parliament. He could have been one any time in the past twenty years, but he preferred the comparative obscurity of his position as secretary of the Transport and General Workers Union. He avoids publicity. Even within the Labor movement he is an aloof figure, respected for his undoubted ability, powerful but not popular.

But the very qualities which made him unpopular before have become virtues in the Minister of Labor. His combativeness and intolerance have been turned against incompetence and inefficiency. Even his dour and forbidding appearance reflects the determined mood of the workers. His harsh voice and his brutal statement of unpleasant facts have made him one of the most effective radio speakers in the Government. Facing a desperate situation, the people are irritated by cozy platitudes and soft accents. They respond to the economy and astringency of Bevin's broadcasts, and he talks to the people in their own vernacular. When in a recent broadcast he told Mussolini to "remember our murdered comrade Matteotti" he showed the world that he is not fighting for the playing fields of Eton; he is fighting for the shipbuilders on the Clyde, the miners in South Wales, the dockers in East London, and the factory workers in the Midlands.

Ernest Bevin is working-class himself. He was born in 1884, in the village of Winsford in Somerset. Both his parents died while he was still a child. His only education was

at a village school which he left when he was ten to work on a farm, earning nine pence a week. He went on strike, and moved to another farm where he earned a shilling a week. He worked seven days a week; the only difference being that on Sundays he was given jam on his pudding. Tiring of this, he went to Bristol, hoping there to find jam on his pudding every day. His goal has always been "jam to-day." In Bristol he worked as a page boy in a restaurant, truck driver, tram conductor, and shop assistant. Then came five terrible years of unemployment. In those days there was no unemployment benefit. Describing those years he has said, "One had to get food, so I stole." When an unemployed movement was started in the city, twenty-six-year-old Bevin, as its secretary, had his first experience of organizing his fellow-workers.

Eventually he found work driving a milk cart, and joined the Carters' Section of the Dockers' Union. In 1910 the Dockers' Union elected him their delegate at Bristol, and soon he became their National Officer. Ever since then his work has been building up the trade-union movement.

When he first fought Winston Churchill in 1920 he was already a trade-union leader. That was when the Council of Action effectively prevented Churchill's proposed war of intervention against Russia. The men who now work together to save England from defeat have been lifelong political enemies.

In the same year Ernest Bevin established himself as the outstanding figure in the trade-union movement. A hundred thousand dockworkers were striking for a minimum wage of sixteen shillings a day and stable employment. The Shaw Committee was set up by the Government to conduct an inquiry into the dockers' claims. Burly, thick-set Bevin, afraid of no man, pleaded the dockers' case in an eleven-hour speech. Arthur I. Bowley, statistician of the University of London, had presented as evidence complicated charts and a maze of figures showing the cost of living for a dockworker's family. Bevin revealed a surprising understanding of the statistics presented to the Committee. He examined them, analyzed them, and refuted them. At the end of his speech

he dramatically opened a paper parcel on the Conference table. There lay two loaves of bread, a small packet of margarine, a small packet of tea—the average provision of a docker. Picking them up one by one, Bevin roared, "Bread? Margarine? Tea?" The dockers won their demands. Every working man in England heard the story, and Bevin won his place as the leading trade unionist.

Although Bevin would seem to have had little time for study his intellectual capacities are considerable. He was a member of the Macmillan Committee appointed by Philip Snowden, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, in November, 1929, to inquire into the relations of finance and industry. He astonished the experts by his swift and firm grasp of the essentials of the highly technical and difficult problems of finance and currency. He did invaluable work at the International Labor Conference of the League of Nations at Geneva. Since 1929 he has been vice-Chairman of the *Daily Herald*, the Labor paper, which has the second largest circulation of all the daily newspapers in Britain.

Although not a politician, Bevin has had great political influence, for the trade unions dominate the Labor Party, and Bevin dominates the trade unions. But even in the Labor movement, in which Bevin has spent his life, few people know him personally. He has a few close associates among the trade unionists, but in the Labor Party he is known of, but not known. Delegates meeting constantly at Labor conferences get to know one another and there is an atmosphere of easy friendship. Everyone talks to everyone else, and no one need be alone. Bevin is usually to be seen at such conferences walking rapidly to and from the Conference Hall with one or two trade union friends, but he never mixes with the political delegates. He does not bother to hide his prejudice against politicians, which arouses antagonism against him in the Labor Party. He has a dominating personality, which easily becomes domineering. With his forceful character, his control of the big trade-union vote, his ability to put a logical case and sway emotions, he is the most formidable figure at Labor conferences.

At the Labor Conference at Brighton in 1935 he used his talent for impromptu oratory to decide once and for all the Labor Party's attitude to foreign policy. Until 1934 the policy of a General Strike against a capitalist war appeared regularly on the Agenda, side by side with support of the League of Nations. When Hitler smashed the German trade unions and undeniably began to rearm, the pacifist part of the Labor movement was in a quandary. The problem appeared in concrete form when the Labor Party had to decide if it would support the policy of sanctions against Italy. The late George Lansbury, highly respected leader of the Labor movement, had resigned from the Executive Committee as a protest, and he put the pacifist case in an eloquent, sincere, and moving speech. Ernest Bevin was called upon to reply. In a terrific oration of passionate hatred of Fascism and contempt of the completely pacifist stand, and of those who, having supported the League of Nations, now ran away when faced with the clear issue, he swept the conference like a tornado, leaving only a few convinced pacifists shivering in their isolation. The Labor movement was committed to a strong anti-Fascist foreign policy. The trade unionist had used his political power to decide the most important point of policy since the advent of Hitler.

The Transport and General Workers Union, secretaryship of which gives Ernest Bevin such enormous power, is largely his own creation. With the Dockers' Union as a foundation, he amalgamated 36 small unions of kindred trades. With persistent patience he has built up the union until now the Transport and General Workers Union is the largest trade union in the world, with over 650,000 members.

Bevin is a trade-union leader who does not like strikes. He will negotiate tirelessly to reach a satisfactory settlement and prefers compromise to coercion. This may be partly due to the disastrous failure of the General Strike in 1926, for which, as leader of the largest trade union, he had a great share of responsibility. Having decided to use the coercive power of the General Strike, the trade-union leaders gave in when Stanley Baldwin, then Prime Minister, called their

bluff. The miners, who had had a worse deal than any workers since 1918, were left to carry on their long and bitter struggle alone, and the other workers were bewildered and indignant at being ordered back to work without victory. The possibility of calling a general strike had for years given the workers a sense of power in reserve. When this ultimate weapon was used and failed they felt like men whose stock has become worthless overnight. Stanley Baldwin, determined there should be no more general strikes, immediately passed the Trade Disputes Act which greatly reduced the funds and restricted the power of the trade unions, and made general strikes illegal. The workers found they had lost much and gained nothing, and Bevin saw a loss of heart in the movement he had helped to build.

The courageous young Bevin who pleaded the dockers' case in 1920 would scarcely have recognized the elderly Bevin of 1937 who, when the London busmen struck at the time of the Coronation for better working conditions, refused to recognize the strike and refused strike pay, charging that it was Communist-inspired. He fought his own workers with grim severity, and when the busmen were forced to abandon the strike after four weeks, he expelled the strike leaders from the union.

The man who was once looked on as a potential leader of the left wing of the Labor movement has now become its bitterest opponent. There has been much muttering in recent years that Bevin is dictator of the trade-union movement, dealing ruthlessly with any who disagree with him. Younger workers complain that his early ardor has yielded to a cautious respectability, and that having built up the largest union in the world and seen working conditions so greatly improved since his own youth, he is now satisfied with his life's work and will not help them fight for further gains. They say that, as in the bus strike of 1937, he tends to identify himself more with the employer with whom he negotiates than with the workers he represents.

But that he would fight to defend the movement he has done so much to build, they do not doubt. They know his

hatred of Fascism is passionate. They know he recognizes it as the greatest enemy of trade unionism. When he said recently, "If a working boy is good enough to handle a Spitfire he is good enough to govern the country," he showed that he is still aggressively conscious of his origin. So when in July, 1940, he was given powers never held before by any man in a democratic country he had the confidence of the workers. As Minister of Labor he has complete power over civilian jobs. He can decide which industries are essential to the war effort and which are superfluous. He can fix hours and wages. He has shifted thousands of workers from other industries into armament production. He has stated squarely to employers that there must be no cutting of wages. And he has stated squarely to the workers that they are as much part of the war effort as men in the army and must consider themselves soldiers of industry.

In defeating Nazism he resolves to win a better England. At Bristol in October he said, "The society that is established at the end shall be upon the broadest possible basis, and privilege that we have known hitherto must entirely disappear into the common pool." And in London in November he said, "Things can never be as they were. The old age has passed. A new age has to be built."

In contrast with heavy, grim Ernest Bevin is genial, smiling Herbert Morrison, the only man in the Labor movement universally known by his Christian name. Men and women in all parts of England who have never met him talk of him as "Herbert," and no one remotely connected with the Labor movement would ever ask "Herbert who?" The most obscure members of the Party feel that they know him personally. The workers of London look on him as a friend. Walk down any ordinary street in London with him, and policemen, newsboys, women shopping, and truckdrivers will shout, "Hullo, Herbert!" Hurrying along, usually hatless, carrying a briefcase, he waves back with a friendly grin, a twinkle in his only eye.

When London was bombed with a severity that made

Guernica look like a trial run, civilian morale became a factor of major military importance. Air-raid shelters could not be built by the wave of a magic wand. But civilian morale could be strengthened by putting at the head of the responsible ministry a man the very mention of whose name would convince Londoners that everything possible would be done in record time. Herbert Morrison, the Londoner, was removed from the Ministry of Supply and given the job which only he could do. He became Home Secretary and Minister of Home Security, one of the three most important positions in the Government. East Enders, huddling together in their pitiful makeshift shelters, said to one another, "It'll be all right. Herbert's there."

They all remember Waterloo Bridge. For ten years there had been wrangling over the old bridge, which was unsafe and closed to traffic. Should it be pulled down or not? Would Parliament give a grant toward the cost of building a new bridge? Year after year old gentlemen in clubs wrote letters to the *Times*. Londoners were sick and tired of the controversy. Ten weeks after the Labor Party won control of the London County Council and Herbert Morrison became virtually Prime Minister of London the controversy was over. Londoners woke up one morning to find workmen pulling down the old bridge. Morrison blandly told newspapermen that, whether Parliament gave a grant or not, he was determined London should have the new bridge. Parliament did give the grant eventually. London had its new bridge. Traffic in the Strand, which had been congested for years, moved once more and bus conductors said proudly to passengers, "Ten weeks, when the others had been talking about it for ten years. That's our 'Erbert, 'e don't arf get things done!" That London has stood up as well as it has to the continuous crisis of bombing is largely because Herbert Morrison has been strengthening its legs for years.

The man who is now responsible for the complex organization necessary to maintain the services of water, heat, gas, light, sewers, food; putting out fires from incendiary bombs, removing time bombs, demolishing damaged houses, shoring

up others, removing the dead, rescuing the injured, accommodating the homeless, and providing shelters for a city of eight million people, was born in Lambeth in January, 1888, the son of a policeman and a housemaid.

Morrison, who began work at fourteen as an errand boy, discovered early the fascination of local government. "Living in" as a shop-assistant, only allowed to leave the premises between 9.30 and 11 P.M., he spent his scanty free time in the public gallery of the Town Hall listening to the debates whenever the Borough Council was in session. He left the shop and worked on a telephone switchboard to get more time for reading. The boy who had won no prizes or distinction at school haunted the public library, borrowing books on history, economics, and philosophy. Already interested in politics, he joined the Labor Party as an active worker, and became an energetic member of the National Union of Clerks. He studied the theories of local government of Beatrice and Sidney Webb, Fabian Socialists, and in 1912 he became assistant manager of a new Labor paper, the *Daily Citizen*. After three years the paper closed down, and at the age of twenty-seven he became secretary of the London Labor Party.

It was not a very grand position. The London Labor Party was small, and his salary was one pound a week. Herbert Morrison is still secretary of the London Labor Party; and under his leadership Labor Members of Parliament for London have increased from 2 to 27, Borough Council majorities have increased from 5 to 17, and Labor representation on the London County Council has increased from one man to the present majority of 75 Councillors and 12 Aldermen.

Morrison never tires of urging his audiences at public meetings to take more interest in local government. Standing on the platform, head on one side, spectacles gleaming, he points at the audience and says, "How many of you have ever been in the public gallery of County Hall to see what the London County Council's doing? You elected us to represent you. It's your money we're spending. Come and see how we get on with the job."

In 1923 Morrison was elected Member of Parliament for the London division of Hackney. A year later he lost his seat, but he returned to the House of Commons in the General Election of 1929 and has been there ever since. In MacDonald's Labor Government as Minister of Transport he tackled the chaotic traffic problems with gusto. In January, 1931, his Road Traffic Act became law. He abolished the speed limit, formed the mobile police, made it illegal for an employee to drive continuously for more than five and one-half hours, and reorganized passenger bus services all over the country. He was made a Privy Councillor and two months later joined the Cabinet as its youngest member, and presented to the House his second major bill. This brought all London traffic under a public utility known as the London Passenger Transport Board, which on a normally busy day carries two and one-half times the population of Norway. There was some criticism at the time of the amount of compensation paid to shareholders of the companies superseded, and when the London busmen struck in 1937 the dividends still being paid to ex-shareholders were given as the reason for refusing the men's demands. But the increased efficiency of the reorganized services is of great benefit now that maintenance of transport is so essential to the war effort.

Morrison had only just presented his Bill to the House when the defection of Ramsay MacDonald in 1931 put the Government back into the hands of the Conservatives. Morrison, having publicly demonstrated his organizing ability, was immediately offered the post of Chairman of the Electrical Development Association at a reputed salary of £5,000 a year. He refused the offer, preferring to remain secretary of the London Labor Party at £500 a year, with another £400 a year as a Member of Parliament.

In 1934 came his opportunity to realize his dreams of twenty years before. Labor won control of the London County Council, the government of London. Backed by an enthusiastic team of Labor Councillors, Morrison began spring-cleaning London. The spectacular demolition of old Waterloo Bridge was only an *apéritif*. Four hundred years ago

William Shakespeare heard talk of limiting the size of London by a girdle of green acres. But nothing was done until Morrison announced his Green Belt scheme and began buying land on the outskirts of London for parks and open spaces.

So determined was he that there should be no graft that he even forbade Councillors to meet the permanent officials socially. No one may grant favors. No one may recommend a friend for a job. As the London County Council has 76,000 permanent employees, Councillors are constantly being asked "Can you get me a job?" and the answer is always "No, you can apply like everyone else, but no jobs are got by influence."

Employees were told that anyone taking a rake-off, however small, would be instantly dismissed. The Council has been spending 36 millions sterling annually, more than the national budget of Switzerland, mostly on goods. The purchases include such odd things as 43,000 doors, 10,000,000 eggs, 19,000,000 envelopes a year. All contracts are strictly competitive.

No one knew in 1934 that Morrison's work at County Hall would, six years later, be a factor of major importance in the second World War. At the time Londoners were gratified by the visible effects of their new administration. Buildings which had long obstructed traffic were demolished. Streets, through which now the ambulances and fire engines race to the bombed areas, were widened and improved. The ambulance service and fire brigade were overhauled and modernized, laying the foundation for the present A.R.P. services. The Council's seventy-two hospitals—three-quarters of the total hospital beds of London—were reequipped and reorganized, to the great joy of patients, doctors, and nurses then, and to the deep thankfulness of all London now. Acres of workers' houses, long condemned as unfit for human habitation, were pulled down and neat blocks of apartments at low rents took their place. The new apartments withstand the "blasts" of war. On the outskirts of London, tree-lined workers' housing estates were built. Their tenants came from

the most congested, and now most bombed, parts of London. The London schools, which cost £12 millions a year, were improved and enlarged, and many new schools were built. They are now used as centers for the A.R.P. and depots for the homeless. All the social services, sewage, main drainage, lunatic asylums, orphanages, public assistance, care of the blind, were overhauled. But when their three statutory years in office had expired the Labor Party had only had time to accomplish a few of the improvements they had hoped to make.

The London County Council election of 1937 coincided with the United Front campaign. Advocates of the United Front were urging joint action of all left parties, including the Communist Party, to oust the Chamberlain Government. Herbert Morrison is bitterly opposed to the Communist Party. Many London Labor Parties were supporters of the United Front. The Conservative press picked on this as an election issue, as Morrison had said they would. Headlines screamed that a Labor victory would mean Communist control at County Hall, although not a single Communist candidate was standing. A red scare was started. Morrison publicly declared that Communist help would lose the election for Labor. Feeling ran so high that many people who wanted to help were turned away. In Bethnal Green, in the East End, two young men came into the Committee rooms to offer their help. The Labor organizer asked who they were. They replied, "We're friends of the workers." The organizer shook his fist at them and roared, "Get out of here, we don't want you down here."

But in spite of the anti-red press scare, when the votes were counted Labor had increased its majority. When the Labor Councillors reassembled at County Hall, Morrison publicly degraded the leading United Fronter. And when, in the following year, Sir Stafford Cripps, M.P., Aneurin Bevan, M.P., and G. R. Strauss, M.P., were expelled from the Labor Party for Popular Front activities, Morrison approved their expulsion. Yet through all that bitter controversy he retained the respect of the left wing of the Labor

Party, because no one doubts his intellectual integrity. He opposed the Popular Front from a conviction that the Communist Party is politically untrustworthy. He still thinks so. "The Communists," he said in April, 1940, "are a contemptible body of servile instruments of a foreign Government. They now share with the Fascists the miserable task of finding explanations for the evil deeds of Hitler and company."

Soon after their reelection Morrison and his team had to plan for another and less happy social service. The Labor Party in the House of Commons badgered the Chamberlain Government to plan seriously and quickly for the defense of the civilian population in case of war. At County Hall every possible preparation was made. When war was declared every L.C.C. schoolteacher had explicit instructions, schoolchildren were collected, labelled, taken to suburban railway stations, each with gas mask and provisions for the journey. Morrison was in his office at County Hall day and night, snatching a few hours' sleep on a camp bed by his desk. Plans for the emergency had been prepared months before. They were carried out smoothly and efficiently. But the Council could deal only with those services legally within its powers.

As Home Secretary and Minister of Home Security, Morrison now has a gamut of responsibilities ranging from aliens to air-raid shelters. Both he and his Parliamentary Secretary, Ellen Wilkinson, M.P., know there are British Nazis and German anti-Nazis. Among the first of the aliens who had been interned without trial by the previous Home Secretary and were released by Morrison were F. G. Friedlander, the distinguished mathematician who was recently elected a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; Dr. Flehinger, who was for some time in the German concentration camp at Dachau; and Friedl Scheu, for years *Daily Herald* correspondent in Vienna.

Within three weeks of taking office Morrison had introduced a ticket system to obviate the necessity of queuing for shelters; ordered 1,750,000 bunks for shelters; opened private basement shelters to the public; provided first-aid

facilities in all rest centers, large air-raid shelters and subway stations; speeded up the care of the homeless; made arrangements for warming shelters during cold winter nights; started extending the tunneling of subways; and announced the continuation of daylight-saving time throughout the winter. He realizes that his job is wider than the top of his desk. When Coventry was unexpectedly bombed he left London immediately and directed the relief efforts at the height of the attack.

Not only has he an intimate knowledge of the existing services, and a fine disregard for red tape; he has the confidence of the workers. With no powerful trade union and "block" vote behind him, he is a leader of the Labor Party because he is trusted as a man who would never temper the wind to the shorn industrialist. Although very much a party man, he can take an independent line. He disagreed with the Labor Party's acceptance of non-intervention at the beginning of the Spanish war, and when the Soviet Union invaded Finland he again stood with the left in the Labor Party, midway between the hysterical anti-red ravings of the other Labor leaders and the eulogistic apologies of the Communist Party. He is a strict disciplinarian; for him rules are not for guidance, they are for obedience, and he will always defend the old rule against a suggested new one; but his bureaucratic strictness is tempered by a lively sense of pity. When he talks of one and one-half million unemployed it is not just figures; he speaks with a consciousness of the human tragedy of one and one-half million families. Yet he is not a sentimentalist. Social injustice arouses in him cold anger and a heated desire for immediate remedy. As long as there remains a human being ill housed, ill clothed, ill fed, or ill educated, Herbert Morrison will not be satisfied.

The late Lord Haldane said of him, "He has a cool head in a crisis, he knows his own mind. His administration is competent, clean, and effective. He won't let us down."

EAMON DE VALERA IS A man who believes that "the sword of the spirit" won the Irish rising of Easter Week, 1916. A British "act of aggression" 800 years old colors his thoughts. He believes in the cultural destiny of his people. He is ardently Irish in action and thought.

Here you have a picture of the Irish President by a man who knows him well and who shares his views and convictions. He takes you on an excursion into the De Valera mind, as it were. He points out to you what you there may discover; yourself may pass your own critical judgment on it. This is a fiercely vital portrait of de Valera, the statesman and philosopher, of the very first order of value to those who are interested in seeing the Irish problem from the Irish President's viewpoint.

T. F. Healy speaks from an intimate knowledge. Born in Limerick, Eire, he completed his university studies in America and went back to Ireland to identify himself with the cultural renaissance of his people under the native government. For a number of years before returning to Ireland, Mr. Healy was a journalist in the United States, working chiefly in the mid-West. He now lives in the United States, where he is engaged in writing a play and a novel about his people. His name is known as a contributor to such American magazines as the American Mercury, Esquire, the Forum, the Saturday Evening Post, and others.

EAMON DE VALERA

By Thomas Fingal Healy

THE world knew little of Eamon de Valera until he was sentenced to death with other leaders of the Easter Week rising who were shot by firing squads. At the last moment they commuted his sentence to penal servitude for life because he had been born in the United States and they were fearful of American reaction.

That was in 1916, when Eamon de Valera was a young professor of higher mathematics. He put up his books to become a Commandant in the revolt against the British in Eire. They took him away, gave him a striped prison garb with a number. They had their first surprise from the quiet scholar, when he refused to get up to salute the British governor of the prison; and they dragged him forcibly to his feet. "I have more contempt for you now, standing up, you tyrants, than I had when I was sitting down," he said.

The rising was written down as a defeat; to de Valera it was not a defeat. To him the sword of the spirit won, and Eire was touched with the flame again. Britain thought it was over, with Eamon de Valera put away. It was not over. De Valera again jumped into the world's spotlight in May, 1919, with his daring escape from prison. They scoured Britain and Eire for him, but de Valera had stowed away in the hold of a freighter outbound from Liverpool for America, and landed in New York. From coast to coast he toured to enlist American support for the All-Eire Republic established in peaceful ballot by the Irish people in December, 1918, a plebiscite which Britain, however, refused to recognize. He felt at home in America, for he had been born in New

York City, the son of a Spanish father and an Irish mother.

When two years old de Valera had been taken back to Eire and there sent to school. He was studious and he became fluent in Latin, Greek, German, French, Italian, Spanish and Irish. He had a bent for mathematical science; not long ago Einstein named him as "one of the nine men in the world who understands my theory of relativity." He is married and the father of six children.

De Valera's fame as a statesman has gone beyond his own country. It was a red-letter day in Geneva history, when on September 26, 1932, he spoke as President of the Council of the League of Nations. He was supposed to give the accepted string of polite platitudes in his opening address; he disdained the formula, to give a speech so candid, forthright and biting in its precise analysis of the defects and failures of the League that he shocked his august audience. He got no applause, but he made an impression; and in 1938 he was made President of the Assembly of the League. He is remembered as the man who virtually alone spoke for admission of Russia as a League member and who, seeing Europe menaced by coming storm, in vain called for a conference of Continental countries to avert a second World War.

Today as Premier of Eire, he is a world figure. His own people still call him "Dev" and "Good Old Dev," much as Americans used to call Lincoln "Abe" and "Honest Abe." He has been compared with Lincoln. He is a gaunt, sad-faced figure, and every crisis through which his country has passed since 1916 is graven on his countenance. What forms perhaps the greatest crisis in the long history of his country faces him this year, with the declared neutrality of Eire in peril, and Armageddon looming over the Irish shores.

It remains a puzzling question to outsiders, and particularly to Americans, why Eamon de Valera refuses to yield bases on Irish soil to Britain. Why does he yet have it in for Britain when she fights for democracy? Why not let the dead past bury its dead?

The Irish are very much concerned with the present and

the future. Their Premier's unequivocal stand on neutrality is a logical one. He rules what still may be called "the most distressful country that ever yet was seen." He was the most shocked statesman of Europe when Britain declared war on Germany, because, as he saw it, part of his own country was simultaneously dragged into the conflict, to be exploited of men and resources to bolster Britain's war aims. His stand explicitly is that "the act of aggression" committed by Britain against Eire 800 years ago still continues with the holding of the northeast by armed force. It colors his thoughts, as it colors the thoughts of multitudes of Irishmen at home and abroad. And the strange spiritual kinship that binds Irishmen everywhere when their motherland faces a crisis binds them today more than ever before.

This is the pith of the Anglo-Irish impasse in its latest aspect. De Valera is firm in his refusal to recognize what he calls "the usurpation by Britain of part of the country." He wants a free government for All-Eire, the government for which, he holds, his people voted in December, 1918. At present he is Premier of what Irishmen have come to call Free Eire, or unoccupied Eire, in contradistinction to occupied Eire or "Northern Ireland." This brings up the Ulster question, perhaps in America the most misunderstood question of any Continental issue. "Relations between Eire and Britain," the Premier says, "can never have a basis of peace or be truly friendly until the reunion of Eire has been accomplished by removal of the boundary, which under British control, separates northeast Eire from the parent country."

"Northern Ireland" is de Valera's *bête noire*. In 1920 by an Act of Parliament, Britain formally took over and annexed one-sixth of Eire and three-tenths of the country's population, literally tearing it from the motherland, mutilating its living body and perverting its national destiny. It was done, the Premier says, against the expressed wishes of over four-fifths of the Irish people; and it split not only the nation itself, but split the historic province of Ulster. What the Irish call "a puppet government" then was set up in Belfast over an area that was neither nation, state nor prov-

ince, and that was not a unit for any purpose—topographical, historical, social, economic, traditional, constitutional, or administrative. The Irish call it a “local Versailles Treaty.”

De Valera calls the annexation “amoral.” He holds that “Northern Ireland” is a purely parasitic growth not only on the Irish system but also on the British system; that it can never develop into an independent organism; that it is a glaring constitutional anomaly. He holds that it has neither tradition, history, nor consciousness as a separate unit of any sort; and since its resources are not enough to form a second bicameral legislature in the land its financial arrangements have broken down from the start. London must subsidize it to keep it going. The circumstance offers the Premier a rather simple solution. He asks that the British government withdraw such subsidies; within a year, he says, the issue would solve itself, and Belfast would come knocking on Dublin’s door for admission to, and fusion with, the national being.

The split, as the Irish call it, has deprived Eire of her two largest industrial centers, Belfast and Derry, for although the northeast is predominantly agrarian like the rest of the country, the Irish industries are as phenomenally concentrated there as they are in Northern England, Northern France or Northern Italy. Americans are accustomed wrongly to believe that the industrial superiority of the northeast is due to a “Scotch-Irish” strain, but there is no such strain. The northerner is by no means *sui generis*, and the sole difference between him and his southern compatriot is a difference of accent.

The isolation of her northeast imposes an immeasurable economic handicap on Eire. “Neither North nor South has benefited,” says Mr. de Valera, “by the capricious imposition of an artificial division of a land intended by God and nature to be uniquely coherent in its economic and social aspects.” Too, there are sentimental aspects, he says. From Ulster came Cuhullin, “the Irish Achilles,” and Deirdre of the Sorrows, “the Irish Brunhilda”; and thence too came the epic Ultonian cycle of Irish saga tales. Moreover, the ancient metropolis of Eire, Armagh, lies in the truncated northeast; and

Armagh, according to the savant, Professor Darmestetter, "once was the educational capital of the Christian world and the metropolis of civilization, where the Renaissance began fully 700 years before it was known in Italy." And the Cardinal Archbishop of Armagh, Prince Primate of the Church in Eire, sitting in direct succession from St. Patrick, is himself geographically excluded from the area of the country over which he is supposed to have spiritual jurisdiction. And the famous shrines of Patrick, Brighid and Columbcille, Eire's three greatest saints, who are entombed at Downpatrick, are cut off from the national entity that venerates their memory.

"Britain is morally responsible in the international sphere for this evil situation," says de Valera. He denies the alleged religious reasons for the segregation of the northeast, and terms them "absurd." He points to the fact that the President of Eire, Dr. Douglas Hyde, is a non-Catholic, elected by unanimous vote of the Catholic south, as an example of tolerance to be found in no other land. America, for example, he says, would show a similar tolerance in unanimously declaring for a Catholic in the White House. He points to the happy position of Protestants under his own government, and to the fact that virtually all the great Irish leaders who have roused the Irish people against British tutelage in Eire in the past have been Protestants. Among them are Isaac Butt, Wolfe Tone, John Mitchel, Michael Davitt, Thomas Davis, Robert Emmet, Charles Stewart Parnell, "the uncrowned king of Eire,"—and every name is beloved of the Irish people today. De Valera was pleased recently when in a vote of the Protestant students of Queens University in Belfast, they voted two to one on unity with the rest of Eire and on upholding the Premier's decision not to yield Irish bases to Britain.

"How can we have real peace until our lost territory is restored to us?" he says. "We see our beloved homeland, ethnologically with Greece the oldest nation in Europe, now split in the interests of the British Empire into two separate states, with three administrations (Dublin's, London's and Belfast's), and absolutely prohibited from being allowed

fully and naturally to function as a collective unit. There is no liberty of the subject in 'Northern Ireland,' and the Bill of Rights seems permanently to have been abolished there. Homes are raided and men thrown in jail without trial by officers of the 'B. Specials,' a local Gestapo, which has been functioning since 1920."

It irks him that there are thousands of Irishmen now being held "in British concentration camps and many held in prison ships, the latter surely a medieval touch." He stresses the fact that twice the Irish people asked the British government for the right of a vote on the northeast issue, the first time for an All-Eire plebiscite, and the second time (granting Britain a nice point in the amenities) for a vote in the isolated territory. Each request was refused. "Either would mean unity."

De Valera will cooperate with Britain on what he calls "the only basis of any effective and productive historical action and progress—the basis of reality." That basis is for him full and absolute coequality with Britain as the only way of true and permanent moral relationship between the two countries. He takes the premise here that Eire, as well as being a sister-nation, is also a motherland, having had an organized political and social entity long before Britain and the Empire. Eire therefore is *ipso facto* to be differentiated from such states, say, as Canada and Australia, which owe their political existence to the Empire, while such is not the case with Eire.

The Premier declines the status of dominionhood, though Americans in general wrongly regard Eire as a dominion. It is Dublin, however, which primarily was responsible at the Ottawa Imperial Conference for passage of the famous Statute of Westminster, which prevents the Imperial Government from legislating for any dominion without the latter's consent, and which did away with the loose and general formula applicable to the political units of the Commonwealth as mere colonial dependencies. The Empire then begot a new organic character, mainly due to the forward-thrusting faculty of the race which had given an Edmund Burke to the

ages; and it is ironical that the Irish delegates after this organic change in the *status quo* left the Conference with the status of their own land hanging in the air and undefined. De Valera's present goal for his country as regards the Dominions is to have what he terms "a voluntary external association with Britain and the Commonwealth." Eire, however, he holds, first must be united and independent.

The Premier says: "We must not merely be free, but we must be Irish as well." To this end he has continued to raze the entire structure of English rule in Eire as a system never adapted to the vital needs of national development. He stands for what he calls the Irish-Irish way of life, the Gaelic way, as different from the Anglo-Irish way. He is jealous, too, of Eire's position in an Anglo-Saxon world. And to the frequent argument that, after all, Eire lies next to Britain, he replies that apart from being geographically proximate, above the principle of place (for him a static principle) Eire is separated from Britain by a wide abyss of an older culture, and it is an Irish culture. He wants the Irish way of life for his people.

He proudly points to the precedent set by the Irish, alone of the nations of Western Europe, in staying out of the Roman Empire and in jealously guarding their native civilization, with the result that when the Graeco-Latin culture broke down over Europe it was Eire that saved the Continent from lapsing into the chaos of barbarism. He points to such figures in Eire's Golden Age—the fifth to the tenth centuries—as Dungal, Sedulius, Diuchuil, Dun Scotus, Columbanus, and Scotus Eriugena, a galaxy of men whose like the world has not seen since.

What moves the Irish leader today is the need to create a new community in Eire based on the heritage of the Irish past. This heritage is the culture and civilization of the people, the totality of the social and spiritual manifestations of Irish life, as that of a distinct and specific human group with its own unique gifts to posit to the content of the world's cultural values. To save that way of life, to give it a new lease, to rearticulate its meaning in terms of the modern

time, Eamon de Valera sees as essential for its future functioning the social framework of a national unity in which the creativity of the race in all its phases may find its natural expression in the native forms, because it is not otherwise capable of true development. That is a right of every people, a right in any brave new world; and for de Valera it is not a unity planned to set up to compete with some other. It is not for him the alternative to a wider and more comprehensive synthesis of humanity in the Isles; it is one of its first conditions.

De Valera is reviving the Irish language, which went into virtual eclipse under brunt of long-continued assault. "The revival of our mother tongue," he says, "will reknit the broken thread of continuity in our national life; it will substantiate our national soul." He has made the revival of the Irish language the cornerstone of the country's cultural renaissance; and he holds that it is only through the Irish language that his people can give the world a real statement of the race ethic.

Eire, he holds, is a seed plot for the creation and dissemination of democratic ideals; and it can help immeasurably toward realization of the dream of democratic man. Unity first is essential, since unity in the Isles presupposes the unity of Eire, whereby his people may fully develop their nationhood. He holds it a truism, a maxim indisputably proved by history, that a people of historic background, when allowed fully and freely to develop, will voluntarily and from an inner necessity transcend itself, and with the flowering of its own national being will attain a supra-national outlook, as well as give the world a beautiful statement of its own race ethic. De Valera holds that a nation is more than a local habitation and a name, that it is a spiritual order as well as a biological necessity; and it is natural that any heritage of ideals and traditions held in common by a specific human group and accumulated through the centuries becomes in time the unique creation of the people to whom it is confined. He holds that no one yet has discovered or determined

penetrate that *arcanum* in the light of modern mechanical or scientific interpretations break down before the test of experience. He denies the materialistic approach toward the secret of his own people.

On the other hand, to him there is no such thing as internationalism *per se*; that is a political theorem which reveals no content of constructive political thought, and it is built on a void. For him the only internationalism worth the name is that which arises and evolves from a group of nations functioning in comity together. The world, he holds, is large enough for a diversity of national cultures and humanity is the richer for them. He visualizes the future ideal, the victory of a nation over itself, like that of a man over himself, the new invisible warfare without blare of guns or trumpets; toward such a peaceful desideration a nation may justify itself before the world. Flags and armaments are not in themselves ignoble things, but the peril lies in mankind's kindergarten concept of them, like to that of children playing with their miniature replicas. Man, he holds, must grow to a more adult and civilized concept of patriotism.

I have given here a clue to part of the vision de Valera holds for his people, who seek no material empire. He is the visionary leader when beholding the long cavalcade of his people and where their tents will be pitched in the years to come. Which is not to say he is impractical; he is the mathematical precisionist when it comes to the immediate matters of Eire's external relations with other countries.

The Irish leader today is left with but a remnant of the race on which to rebuild the nation; and it is admitted by economists that Eire, if allowed to function in full freedom and to exploit all her own resources, could hold 20,000,000 people.

De Valera asks for his people the right to live as a unified nation; he wants no more, he asks no less. At the next peace table the Irish will raise their voice again to ask for some of President Roosevelt's "four freedoms," since they have themselves ever fought for the democratic way of life.

Of course, their reluctance to have anything to do as a race

with the British Empire springs from a deep-rooted native instinct. They have in their age-old history seen dynasties pass away. They have never taken to the imperialistic concept of life, because, first of all, it is opposed to the Gaelic way of life, and because it means lack of individual thought and the slow eventual stifling of individualism itself; and the Irish are a race of individuals. Here they point to the sad plight and inbred historic misery of the British masses, who get no benefits from the exploitation of submerged peoples in the empire, and of whose native soil almost a fourth is owned by a baker's dozen of peers-of-the-realm, some holding more than any Spanish grandee of modern times.

"We owe the English nothing, though the reverse is not the case," says the Irish Premier, adding that the Irish people hold nothing against their neighbors. The Irish have been hoping against hope for some sort of a gesture on Britain's part, a *beau geste*, simply to let Eire alone, to let it unite. Then the unbounded Quixotism of the rich Irish nature and its unreserved response when trusted and treated decently would bring the two countries into a close friendship; and the drum-and-trumpet narrative would forever be ended.

These are days when no man may foretell the future, and the lips of prophecy are dumb. Particularly in Eire, land of mists and miracles, the magical island, the one country on earth where the inevitable never happens, only the unexpected. Today the Irish people put their faith in "Dev"; they stand behind him in his concern for the neutrality of the nation. Many of them even think he would be the best man to sit at the head of a peace table when this war is over, this rebel become ruler. It is to him they look for their own unity, a genuine Irish unity, internal, definitive and logical, and an inspiration toward the future, which it is foretold in the Prophecies of Eirinn holds so much for the country. For Eire then it again may be that:

"The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return."

**Pétain
Briand
Lyautey
Masaryk
Alexander**

France, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia

**Jay Allen
Clarence K. Streit
Pierre van Paassen
Edgar Ansel Mowrer
Louis Adamic**

FRANCE WENT INTO THE

war as a divided country. There was no "Union Sacrée," as there had been in 1914, when all parties and factions put their differences aside in defense of "La Patrie." Observers who, like the editor of this book, were in France during the first months of the war saw this division and saw it growing ever wider until it split the country apart and opened the way for the invader. France in its day of defeat is still a divided country. Marshal Petain explains that his new revolution, which has abolished "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité," is a revolt against "an obsolete and outworn order." Frenchmen who still believe that liberty, equality, and fraternity are not outworn, see in Petain and in Marshal Weygand the chief exponents of the enemies of democracy as Frenchmen have always understood it, and in their triumph the triumph of another member of the Fascist family in Europe. But it is fair to hear what the French Chief of State has to say about this. England and America are full of French refugees who are bitter about the new order of things in France. Many of them are writers—journalists, authors, scholars. But in their writings there is a strange absence of comment concerning the men who hold power. If you ferret out the answer for this you will find it in the one word: "Fear." That fact should make this impartial contribution particularly valuable.

Jay Allen, who writes it, is one of America's foremost foreign correspondents. And one of the most daring. His work has been characterized by a tireless activity in going to places himself and finding out about things at first hand. He has got some big scoops by tirelessly tracking down a slender clue which many another correspondent would pass up. Often great risk has been involved. It was while bound on such a newsgathering mission that he was arrested in the German occupied zone of France in March of this year—1941.

HENRI PHILIPPE PETAIN

By Jay Allen

MARSHAL Henri Philippe Pétain received this correspondent today and for more than an hour talked for America of the condition of his country.

He talked of the great decisions taken in the midst of the catastrophe last June and of the mammoth effort of reconstruction accomplished in the last six months.

Of the future he spoke with restraint and confidence—of the “national revolution” that is in the making and of the organization of the Continent of Europe that will come “unavoidably” after the war. And at the end of the talk, with quiet dignity, he appealed to the United States to do what it can to send food supplies to France.

The 84-year-old Chief of State (Chief of L’Etat Francais that issued in July from the ruins of the Third Republic) answered in detail four questions submitted in advance and then in conversation elaborated on his written replies, and on much else. It was the only interview he has given to any foreign newspaper man since he took the helm seven months ago and the only interview of such scope that he has given to anyone in these months.

Of all that has been accomplished in the way of material and moral reconstruction, he spoke with quiet satisfaction bordering on pride.

“We find ourselves having stood the trial,” he said. “France has survived. She has recovered her unity.”

He defined for me the “national revolution” that one sees proclaimed from every wall by blue, white and red posters, bearing his visage under the red and gold cap of a

marshal of France, and he told me how it differs from another French revolution. It is a revolt not against political oppression, he said, but against "an obsolete and outworn order."

In L'Etat Français the historical ideals of the French Revolution—"Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité" (Liberty, Equality, Fraternity)—are to be pruned down, as materially they have been scratched from many a public building already. But the great heritage of the French Revolution France does not actually repudiate, the Marshal said. And he took the occasion to point out that really the nation which has the primordial right to claim the paternity of the abstract ideal of political liberty is the United States, which won it with French help—but with the help of a France still ruled by Louis XVI.

He talked then with sorrow for the past, satisfaction for what has been done and is being done, and with serenity for the future. But when he spoke of the moment, of the suffering that a cruel Winter has ground down still further into his people, his profound distress and his apprehensions showed through his calm.

There will be empty cradles (2,000,000 Frenchmen, half of the men between the ages of 20 and 40, are in German prison camps) and now, "our race, already endangered by the absence of its prisoners, faces the prospects of cradles with sick babies alongside of the cradles that are empty.

"France," the Marshal said, "is reluctant to cry out her apprehensions and her distress. She is not in the habit of begging . . . but to the traditional, never-failing generosity of America, she addresses a sober yet urgent appeal. Her food, her life, is in your hands."

We talked of the defeat and the decision not to carry on the war from Africa. This correspondent, remembering how it had looked from across the Atlantic, said that he had run on to a series of articles in the *Temps* presenting aspects of the military situation in June to show things in a somewhat different light. Their author made what to a layman seemed

an impressive case to the effect that had there been resistance in Africa at that time it could have led to disaster. The Marshal was asked to comment on this view, which one assumes to have been his at the time, and he replied:

"Discussion at this stage as to whether resistance in North Africa should or could have been attempted can surely have no more than historical interest. This is a problem of the past on which opinion abroad wastes no passionate interest any more.

"Anyway, there is none who can say with authority what that resistance might have been worth. But what can be proved is that had there been resistance it would have been paid for very dearly in the first weeks—by the invasion of all of France, by a complete break between the motherland and the empire, and by the definitive postponement of the whole task of material and spiritual reconstruction.

"Today we find ourselves having stood the trial. France has survived. She has recovered her unity. And those who, in the worst days, sought refuge on foreign soil are beginning to regret their departure and already to solicit pardons.

"A nation vanquished cannot, without presumption, cherish too many hopes. But a nation vanquished has nevertheless the right not to regret what would have been an act of despair."

We came to the second question on the meaning of the "Revolution Nationale" compared to the "Revolution Française." It reads:

"No French revolution in the past has ever occurred without profoundly affecting the political systems of other nations. In what way does the national revolution of 1940-41 differ from the others, and particularly the one known as the French Revolution? Are any of the ideals of the French Revolution of 1789 to be found lurking in these new conceptions of labor, family and patrie (country)?"

Together we went over the Marshal's reply, stopping here and there while he clarified a point. This was his reply:

"The French Revolution of 1789 was made against certain

privileges before the law and certain exemptions from obligations, against administrative disorganization and against excessive taxation.

"The revolution of 1830 was made against the arbitrary use of royal prerogatives and the revolution of 1848 against the blindness in social matters of the *haute bourgeoisie*, then in power.

"These various revolutions, of which the only one that really counted was the first, did indeed have tremendous repercussions in all of Europe. This was largely because there existed in most European nations at the time political systems similar to the French regime. The revolutionary example of France proved contagious and the flame spread to comparable classes in other countries: to the intellectuals, the petty bourgeoisie and the lower clergy.

"There was this repercussion also because of the existence in certain countries of strong national minorities among whom there was not only the appetite for liberty, but also for national emancipation. This was always quick to appear, as in the German States in 1796 against the Holy Roman Empire, in 1830 in Belgium and Poland and, in 1848, in the Italian principalities.

"The European revolutions in the nineteenth century which took place in synchronization with revolutions in France had, as their objectives, either the removal of some monarch or the destruction of the system itself or the achievement of political independence. The same urge for liberty was behind them all. But it was a conception of liberty which does not meet with general agreement.

"The national revolution of 1940 has set itself objectives which are both more definite and less extensive.

"The beautiful tree of liberty of 1789—replanted in 1848—has borne its crop; its fruits have fallen to earth. What we have to do now is create a new orchard within lesser bounds.

"Moreover it is not against political oppression that our national revolution is being made, but against an obsolete and outworn order, and it is taking place in the aftermath of defeat, seven years after the German revolution and eighteen

years after the Italian revolution, but in a spirit entirely different from both of these historic revolutions.

"It aims—by breaking with the past—to restore community disciplines, to restore quality in labor, fecundity in family life and a more compelling, pervasive sense of 'La Patrie.'

"This revolution calls for equality, but for equality of sacrifice. It rejects demagogy.

"This revolution calls on the spirit of fraternity, but this spirit of fraternity it will organize to save the said revolution from temptations to deviate and from falling into a caricature of itself."

The Marshal was asked to explain what administrative and police measures are applied to ensure that orders given as paternal precepts will be enforced, the atmosphere of calm discipline being impressive. He replied:

"Preparation for such a high task (the National Revolution) can only take place in the midst of meditation and discipline. Any agitation, any improvisation would most gravely hinder its realization.

"The most acute observers have remarked in France the atmosphere of which you speak. There is not the usual troubled, bloody background of street riots and palace plots which is the usual thing in 'revolutions.' To safeguard the interests of the national revolution, civil war had first to be avoided and then factional rivalries done away with.

"The new order has obtained these results less by administrative and police measures than by the spontaneous adhesion of the French people to their Chief and by the decision arrived at—freely and constitutionally—on July 10 by the National Assembly."

In his last question, this correspondent said that the Marshal's position had come to be better understood in America and that there was growing sympathy for his personal effort. Would he not then personally review what he himself considered to be the principal achievements of his seven months in power? And would he himself say how Americans could most effectively demonstrate their sympathy for the French people?

"France has lost neither her personality nor her soul. She has not gone back on her history. Situated as she is at the western end of Europe, she aspires to serve as a bridge between American currents of civilization and developments in European thought—to become the link between the two continents.

"After this war there will come—unavoidably—an organization of the continent of Europe. In this organization France intends to be an associate and to collaborate loyally therein with the hope of establishing a lasting and solid peace both in Europe and the world. The better to prepare herself for this role, France must first of all devote her efforts to her own reconstruction.

"Evidence of her will to accomplish this can be seen in the rapidity and the order with which she has managed—with the cooperation of the Authorities of Occupation—to repatriate her demobilized soldiers and her refugees; to rebuild her bridges and her roads; to organize under the aegis of 'Secours National' effective relief on a nationwide scale; to reopen to her youth the universities and the playing fields; to restore abandoned mines to operation and to revive her older types of cultivation. It is a far-reaching program."

THE GREAT PEACE STRUCTURE of Geneva is wrecked. The treaty of Locarno is torn to shreds. Aristide Briand is dead. But his spirit still hovers over Geneva, over Locarno, over France—that France of which he had been Premier more times than any other Frenchman. No correspondent knew Briand better, or admired him more, than Clarence K. Streit who, as correspondent of the New York Times at Geneva, saw much of him. Briand, he tells us, “incarnated the American peace policy better than America did.” Once he believed in organizing peace on the basis of unlimited international sovereignty. But there came a time when he saw that was merely international anarchy—as it has so tragically proved to be in these last years. One day at a luncheon of statesmen, as Monsieur Briand told Mr. Streit immediately thereafter, “Between the pears and the cheese we laid the cornerstone of the United States of Europe.”

No American correspondent, therefore, could be more fitted to write of Briand than Mr. Streit. He is the chairman of “Federal Union,” which has as its slogan, “Union Now,” which draws its inspiration from Briand. Its object is a “Union now of the U.S.A. and the six British democracies as the nucleus of a world government.” Harper and Brothers have just published his book, Union Now with Britain.

ARISTIDE BRIAND

By Clarence K. Streit

THIS is a labor of love. I do not have the time now to write the chapter that should be written about Aristide Briand. I do not have the time needed for research, or for weighing this, balancing that, and pondering it all anew. I must depend mainly on memory and give only the net impression that Briand formed on me by many things, great and small, which I observed at first hand through a number of years, chiefly at Geneva, and weighed and balanced then—and since his death in 1932. But I do want to give that personal impression for what it is worth. This is a labor of love because Aristide Briand—in my considered judgment—was not merely the world's greatest democrat of the 1920's, but the most lovable statesman of his rank and time that I encountered.

Surely there is some significance in the thoughts about a man or statesman that leap forward first when one thinks of him long afterward. And the adjectives that crowd to my mind as I think now of Briand are these: lovable, kindly, humorous, patient, tenacious, gentle, indulgent, tolerant, mellow, wise. How much they each connote a democrat, how far removed are all these traits from any dictator!

No doubt Briand could be angry, but I cannot recall ever having seen him appear even irritated. I can recall cause for vexation, indignation and anger. Briand suffered perhaps more than the usual degree of bitter and hurting attack in the press, particularly in France. Many of his plans were wrecked. But the twinkle never seemed to leave his eye.

Clemenceau, who was as far removed in temperament from

Briand as he was from Poincaré, painted both men in two bold strokes in his immortal *boutade*: *Poincaré, il sait tout, mais il ne comprend rien; Briand, il ne sait rien, mais il comprend tout*. "Poincaré knows everything but understands nothing; Briand knows nothing but understands everything."

Among the many things Briand understood, the press stands high. He had the Roosevelt flair with correspondents, and his frequent press conferences had much the same free and easy atmosphere as those of the President. Briand did much to improve the status of the press, particularly at the League of Nations. Newspapermen achieved a standing there that was not only far above that which they enjoyed elsewhere in Europe then, but even better in some respects than their position in Washington, D. C.

When the League began, international affairs were considered so delicate that all sessions of the Council were secret except one. This was a ceremonial meeting at the end of each session when the Council rubber-stamped the resolutions it had already approved behind closed doors. In a few years this practice was completely reversed. It became the rule for every Council and conference meeting to be public—with the best seats for the press—and with private and secret meetings the exception. To attain this had been the aim of the International Association of Journalists Accredited to the League of Nations, which was founded when the League began.

The outstanding friends of publicity and the press that the Association found among the statesmen were Lord Robert Cecil, Arthur Henderson, and Aristide Briand.

Another of the Association's aims was to break open the practice whereby the Prime Ministers and Foreign Ministers and ambassadors of the powers received only the correspondents of their own country in their press conferences at Geneva. In this Briand was most helpful. He set the best example; one that left, indeed, nothing to be desired. He mingled freely with the correspondents in the corridors, he held press conferences practically every day, and he admitted

us foreign correspondents to them on the same basis as the French. No other statesman went so far, either in his time or since then, in equalizing the position of the national and the foreign press—certainly not the American delegates to League and international conferences in Europe. Briand was also the most liberal head of a government I have ever encountered, as regards talking frankly, permitting quotation and trusting to the discretion of the correspondents.

I covered many of his press conferences, but I do not recall ever having heard him complain when he was misquoted or misrepresented in the press, or when his trust in some one of the crowd that packed these conferences had otherwise proved mistaken. He took it all in his stride, appearing to have made up his mind that he would gain more in the long run from his liberal policy toward the press than he lost. The nearer he came to any reproach the more he spoke in a bantering or humorous mood. Never did we get from him one of those lectures on the press, or on how we should do our work, that Ramsay MacDonald was so fond of giving when he was Prime Minister, and that President Roosevelt sometimes indulges in.

Nor do I recall more delightful press conferences than those of Briand at his best. The one that stands out in my memory was at London, one critical night during the Naval Conference in 1930. Briand sought at that conference to get the United States to agree to consult with the other naval powers should there be threat of war, and to get the British to agree to back up the Locarno treaty automatically if it were violated. He had been holding long conferences that day with Premier MacDonald and Foreign Minister Henderson. When he saw us afterward in a room in the Hotel Carlton it soon became clear that he had practically failed to achieve either of these aims. But it became clear through his words, not his manner.

A humorous anecdote he used to clarify some point in the day's news led him to tell another. Soon he was in a reminiscent mood. He sat there smoking cigarettes, his bulky shoulders and head deep in his armchair, his remarkably small feet stretched out before him, with us correspondents all around,

sitting on tables, chairs, the floor. He told story after story of the days before the war when he was first Premier of France, the time of the great flood of the Seine in Paris, and of the general railway strike that threatened revolt and that he ended by calling the strikers to the colors. I cannot now remember any of those anecdotes, but I cannot forget how Briand held us all smiling, laughing, listening to stories that had nothing whatever to do with the day's news, fascinated for I don't know how long. Only when he rose to go did we suddenly remember that we, too, had a story to tell—and not so much time left to get it on the wire.

When that Naval Conference began in London, the Foreign Press Association there had held a luncheon at which the delegates of the United States, Britain, Japan, France and Italy were asked to rise in turn. Four of them were applauded, and one received an ovation, an extraordinary ovation from the assembled correspondents. After the lunch I happened to be near Briand as we walked out. I told him I was very pleased by the way my colleagues had singled him out by their ovation. He smiled deprecatingly under his drooping mustaches:

"Oh, I must have had lots of my friends from Geneva here."

As a matter of fact, there were not so many of them there. But he could count far more newspaper friends in Geneva than any other statesman, before or since his time. In those great years of the League, our International Association of Journalists gave a luncheon at every Assembly to the Members of the Council, and Briand helped make that luncheon as much a Geneva institution as the Gridiron Dinner in Washington. He was always one of the speakers, and every one of his speeches there was an extemporaneous gem—which at the same time gave us a good deal of light on the trend of events.

And Briand was the only one of our many guests, I believe, who ever thought to return our hospitality as they would that of another delegate. He not only invited our Executive

Committee to lunch with him in Geneva, but he invited the members of the committee to Paris once and entertained us at the Quai d'Orsay, where he lived while Premier or Foreign Minister. Briand put newspaper correspondents on the same basis as the delegates, and he did it quietly, as if everybody had always done so.

Even in death Briand, as one French journalist put it, was thoughtful of the press—*vraiment un chic type*. He did not die suddenly, catching all the papers unawares. Nor did his last illness drag on and on, forcing on the press one of the most unpleasant of assignments—the interminable, twenty-four-hour nerve-wearing deathwatch.

Briand was the only statesman to whose funeral our Association sent its President. I then had that office. The Republic gave a formal military funeral—of all things—to its greatest peacemaker and democrat. To keep that protocol I bought my first silk hat, ironically enough, to wear at the funeral of the most informal of statesmen, whom I had never seen wearing one himself. It struck me then, and while I listened to the funeral eulogy delivered (as I recall) by Briand's successor and antithesis, André Tardieu, how impersonal are the ceremonies by which we bury our great personalities.

It seemed to me a privilege to walk, according to the French custom, the slow miles the cortège took from the Quai d'Orsay up the Champs Elysées to the Arc de Triomphe and on out to the Passy cemetery. There at the vault I remember vividly one of the mourners standing, as French tradition requires, to shake the hands of sympathizers who had come that far. He had been Briand's righthand man, and he rose afterward to become the highest permanent official in the Quai d'Orsay, its powerful *Secrétaire Générale*, until the collapse of France in 1940 brought him to New York as a refugee.

I had always thought this man, Alexis Léger, unusually cold and reserved even for a diplomat. I had wondered how so warm-hearted a man as Briand could have chosen him for closest collaborator. At Passy cemetery I saw why. M. Léger

had been standing there long before I arrived, but the tears were still running freely down his face. On it was stained the grief felt by those who knew best this lovable man.

With Briand was buried the hope of organizing peace on the League basis of unlimited national sovereignty, which, for the maintenance of international agreements, depended on international friendliness rather than an international force. Not that Briand himself believed that peace could be had by the grace of Pollyanna. This conception of peace was forced on France, Europe and the world primarily by us Americans, and secondarily by the British.

We Americans got the world organized on the League basis, and then we refused to enter the League and sought to justify our refusal on the ground that the world did not need even so weak an organization as that of Geneva. Time and again I have had to report the speeches of American delegates to the effect that all peace required was limitation of armaments, that there was no need for the slightest guarantee that treaties would be executed loyally by all parties, and that peaceful nations would combine at once to defend any country that was attacked. With complete disregard for the teachings of American history and Washington's dictum that "influence is not government," the United States government promised the world through the 1920's that "public opinion could be relied on to prevent war."

The British government did not go quite that far. Its pet peace idea in those days was that peace could be guaranteed by an unwritten way dear to the British heart—by precedent, by the League establishing among such small nations as Greece and Bulgaria the precedent of peaceful settlement of disputes, and then counting on the Great Powers to accept and follow this themselves.

The record shows that the French were the ones who saw best the fallacies in these American and British policies. In the drafting of the Covenant and thereafter, France was the only great power that championed the idea of giving the League an international force with which to enforce its law. The French never proposed to go so far as to reorganize the

world or Europe on a Federal Union basis—Briand's proposed European Federation was really a European League. But throughout the League's history they were always the ones who offered to go the farthest in renouncing national sovereignty and giving more effective powers to international organization. It was this realistic policy that Briand himself believed in. But while he vainly plugged away at it, he also helped give his American and British opponents the best opportunities they could hope to get to prove him wrong.

Perhaps nothing gives better the measure of Briand, the statesman and the man, than this: When he saw (and he saw this almost from the start) that he could not get America and Britain to adopt his own basic peace policy, he put behind their peace policies—like Alexander Hamilton with the United States Constitution—his own incomparable personal talents as an orator, a negotiator, a handler of men individually and in masses, a leader. He made himself the strongest champion that these American and British policies had, not simply in France, but in America and Britain. He practiced their principles of peace better than they did themselves.

The American policy was one of peace through international friendliness. What chance did it have with Secretary of State Hughes refusing at first even to acknowledge communications from the infant League; with the "they-hired-the-money" philosophy of the cold and calculating Coolidge; with the stiff, self-conscious Lord Bountifulism of Hoover? It was Briand, leader of the people who had suffered most from German invasion, who was the embodiment of international friendliness, genial, jovial and sympathetic, both in public and in private.

The American policy made peace depend upon public opinion. And it was Briand who worked day in, day out, to make public opinion a force for peace in the world. He did this by building up the power of the press in international affairs and giving the world at Geneva a point where its opinion could be focused. He did this, too, by the speeches he himself delivered from that Geneva platform.

I have heard Lloyd George, Churchill, Ramsay MacDon-

ald, Baldwin, Simon, Bryan, Wilson, Franklin Roosevelt, Clemenceau, Viviani, Barthou, Herriot, Stresemann, Hitler, Goebbels, Mussolini, and many others. But I have never heard an orator who could compare with Aristide Briand. He was always excellent. When Briand began to speak, even when seated at the Council table, the word seemed to spread through the corridors by magic and a half-empty hall would fill.

Beginning quietly and warming himself first of all with his own eloquence—those who would move others must first move themselves—Briand always held his audience, cosmopolitan though it was, in his spell. He did it partly by what he said, partly by his inimitable way of saying it, and partly by his extraordinarily pleasing, persuasive, glowingly vibrant voice. The “‘cello voice,” many called it in their attempt to describe what cannot be described, because it was unique.

I do not recall ever hearing Briand read a speech or speak even from notes. His extemporaneous speaking kept his staff on tenterhooks, for they never knew beforehand exactly what he would say. And it forced the press to listen to him, for he was about the only important delegate the text of whose speech we could not get in advance. But I do not remember any correspondents—except his bitter opponents in the French nationalistic and royalist press—who complained of having to listen to Briand. His speeches sounded better than they read, and lost much of their flavor when translated from the French.

Briand not only incarnated the American peace policy better than any American did; he led more than the British did in establishing the helpful precedents on which they relied for peace. Only one British Prime Minister—Ramsay MacDonald—ever honored the League of Nations with his presence at any session. (Though Sir Austen Chamberlain did start a custom, as Foreign Secretary, of attending every Council meeting, and all his successors followed this.) Baldwin used to spend his vacations at Aix-les-Bains, only some fifty miles from Geneva, but he never bothered to come that short distance to help the prestige of the League by paying it a

visit, seeing it in action, speaking from its platform. Briand never missed a session of the Council or Assembly when he was either Prime Minister or Foreign Minister of France—and after the war he occupied one or the other office, or both, most of the time, off and on until his death. (No one, I believe, was ever Premier of France so many times as Briand.) He established a precedent which brought every Premier of France to Geneva, if in office during an important League session—Tardieu, Laval, Daladier, Herriot, Barthou, Blum.

Briand was the one statesman whose person linked all the great constructive peace efforts of the post-war period in which he lived. It was he who helped make the Washington Naval Conference a success by conceding to Italy naval parity with France. Next we find him salvaging the Locarno treaty from the ruins of the Anglo-American guarantee of France and the Geneva "Protocol." This treaty was the keystone of European peace for the next ten years. With it in place, Briand set about bringing into the peace organization the two great absentees—Germany and America.

At Thoiry—a little French village a few miles from Geneva—Briand met Stresemann in their famous tête-à-tête luncheon. That was in the Hotel Léger, unpretentious in looks but known then to Briand's gastronomic scouts—as it has since become known to many thousands—for its *canard à l'orange*, its *poulet de Bresse*, its *écrevisses à la nage*, its *gratin de queues d'écrevisses*. The hotel set apart as a museum piece thereafter the room where the two talked alone together. I wonder what Madame Léger (no relation of Alexis Léger) thinks now when she dusts the historic room that paved the way for the next great event of that happier decade—Germany's entry into the League. Briand by common agreement outdid himself in the speech he delivered to the Assembly on that occasion.

Then came the overture to America that soon led to the signing of the Briand-Kellogg Pact. In this treaty the High Contracting Parties speak "in the name of their respective peoples." That was, I think, the first time that the principle

of popular sovereignty was recognized in an international treaty. Briand was responsible for this great precedent. This reference to the people was in the text of the first draft he sent to the U. S. government.

The treaty served to mark the high-water mark of democracy, for only one government on earth made any difficulty about this innovation in it. The exception was Japan, which long balked at signing the Peace Pact on the ground that this recognition of popular sovereignty conflicted with the divine right of the Emperor. But even the Japanese government could not then stand out against the democratic tide. It finally found a formula to reconcile to its own satisfaction the conflicting principles of popular and royal sovereignty. Significantly, Japan was the first to violate this pact.

But meanwhile Briand was making hay in the brief sunshine of this pact. It was signed in 1928, and at the Assembly of the League in September, 1929, Briand invited all the foreign ministers of Europe to a private luncheon at the Hotel des Bergues. Another American correspondent and I had the good luck to meet him just as he came downstairs from that luncheon. He told us what had happened, and with twinkling eye then announced the beginning of his greatest project in these words:

"And so, between the pear and the cheese (*entre la poire et le fromage*) we laid a little cornerstone—the cornerstone of a United States of Europe."

What halcyon days! No shadow of war in Asia, no shadow of war in Europe, no one supporting Briand more in his great plan than Stresemann, with whom he was fast liquidating the Versailles barriers to Franco-German cooperation. Hitler's diatribes against the treaty and the Jews had then brought him only 12 deputies in the Reichstag. . . .

A few weeks later came the news from Wall Street, the crash of the prosperity that we Americans had based on isolationism. There, I believe, was the turning point in the post-war world. The tide began to ebb away from peace and democracy, to flow back toward dictatorship and war.

But Briand kept on. Soon Stresemann died. The United

States refused at the London Naval Conference in 1930 to implement the Peace Pact with an agreement to consult with the League powers if peace were threatened. The British refused thereupon to back up their Locarno pledge and strengthen Briand against the French and German nationalists. There running fire on his conciliatory policy increased sharply with the depression.

The Committee of Inquiry for European Union, with Briand at its head, sought to stave off the depression by getting the nations to end their economic warfare in a "tariff truce." The United States of America meanwhile was throwing its tremendous weight the other way round, and doing nothing whatever to help Briand organize his United States of Europe. Setting the example in narrow self-centered nationalism, the United States of America raised its tariff still higher, reducing sharply its imports from Europe, closing factories over there, raising unemployment everywhere, especially in Germany, which was operating on the closest margin. Not the vices of Versailles but this wave of unemployment brought Hitler up to power. In the Reichstag election of 1930 he jumped from 12 to 107 deputies.

Briand kept on. At the League Assembly that year he made one of his most memorable pleas for peace. It was in this speech, on September 11, 1930, that he made his famous pledge and prophecy:

"I for one am firmly resolved to hold to this vow: So long as I am where I am there shall not be war." (*Tant que je serai où je suis, il n'y aura pas de guerre.*)

The brave words still ring in my ears as when I heard them in the press gallery that day. No one else took this vow of Briand. It was as with his European Federation plan. The other statesmen all applauded, said the plan was noble, but would Monsieur Briand please say how he would meet this difficulty, and that danger, and the other one? Blind to all the difficulties and dangers they were piling up for the world by their non-constructive attitude, they left it to Briand to work everything out for them, as if their nations would not be affected if he failed. Briand kept on.

"The work of practical organization to which this is a prelude excludes no loyal help or good will," he told the Committee for European Union on January 16, as the black year of 1931—his last on earth—began. "It is the guarantee of all, against all the forms of disunion that lead to chaos, anarchy and war. The road is henceforth open before us and nothing shall stop our collective march.

". . . Equally attentive neither to disappoint the expectation of the peoples nor to compromise our chances of success, we must go methodically forward step by step with clear-sighted and firm decision, and without ever forgetting our sense of what is possible or ever turning either from the final goal we seek."

For a few months this practical idealist seemed to be winning. Italy and France initialed the naval agreement they had failed to make at London. Banks began again to buy German long-term bonds. Then, that spring, Germany moved toward *anschluss* with Austria by a surprise agreement with it for a customs union cutting across the projected all-European one at which Briand was aiming. That gave the French nationalists the lever they needed, and down went the Italian naval agreement. With the floodgates of suspicion and fear open again, there came in quick succession the failure of the Rothschild bank in Vienna, the international run on the Austrian schilling and then on the German mark, with the ill-considered and worse-handled Hoover moratorium proposal coming in between.

With Europe and America in a state of political and economic confusion and disintegration, Japan that September jumped off in Manchuria. The League Council sought to apply the precedents it had established in 1925—when Briand, characteristically, was its President—in ending peacefully the threat of war between Greece and Bulgaria. Under Anglo-French leadership the Council proposed to dispatch to Mukden immediately a committee made up of military attachés of the Great Powers to report to it whether the Japanese or Chinese version of that incident was correct—and by their presence keep both sides in leash. It informally asked the

United States as a signatory of the Peace Pact to cooperate in this preliminary move.

I can still see the face of one of Briand's close collaborators when he got Washington's answer—a refusal, to the effect that the Kellogg Pact did not apply. The man's jaw dropped in consternation. As the word passed round the corridors of the League one got the impression that the ground suddenly had been taken out from under many a supporter of Briand and the League. They—and their opponents—reasoned that if the United States would not even join in a fact-finding committee to ascertain whether the Kellogg-Briand Pact had been violated, it certainly could not be counted on to help enforce it against Japan.

Sometimes one can see in an illuminating momentary flash how a young girl will look when she is an old woman. One day two months before, at the World Bank in Basle during the peak of the attempt to stop the run on the mark, I had seen suddenly written on the faces of Bank of England men a horrified conviction that their world was caught in cogs that led inevitably to doom—and soon afterward a run began on the pound sterling. This day I felt the same peculiar sensation at Geneva: The sensation of insiders seeing in a fearful flash the beginning of the end of what they held dear. Afterward in both cases those concerned shook it off as a bad dream, rationalized it away.

But those two intuitive flashes—unique in my personal experience—were too sharp to be forgotten. And so I call the year that produced them, the Black Year of 1931, when our post-war economic and political world, rocked from its moorings in 1929, definitely began to crash. The Manchurian fact-finding committee died a-borning. And hard on the heels of the bad news from Washington came news from London that made everyone stand aghast. Britain had suddenly quit gold.

Briand kept on. A run began on the American dollar. France and other countries rushed to protect themselves from the depreciated British money by raising quota barriers to trade. The last hopes of a tariff truce were swept away. Unemployment and Hitler reached new highs. Life left the

European Union Committee. While the Western World reeled, Japan spread swiftly through Manchuria.

Washington decided then to cooperate more with the League, and agreed to send to the Council meeting in October our Geneva consul, Prentiss Gilbert, to deal with Premier Briand and the British Foreign Secretary, Lord Reading. Briand took the Council helm as emergency President. He got Japan, after a week's work, to withdraw its veto against admitting a non-League member to the Council table. Then he found the American consul's tongue had been carefully tied by his government before he reached the table. The Council adjourned and the Japanese went spreading on through Manchuria.

Failing in health as in hope, Briand kept on, tenaciously, smilingly. As the year neared its end he called the Council into special session in Paris at the Quai d'Orsay. This time Washington, waking still more to the gravity of the situation, no longer sent a consul to deal with premiers and foreign ministers. Ambassador Charles G. Dawes came as the American delegate . . . and carefully kept the Seine river between him and Briand and the Council. While Briand sought to bring the Japanese Ambassador to terms at the Quai d'Orsay, Dawes sat in the Hotel Ritz, carrying on his own private, separate negotiations with the Japanese and China Ambassadors. With Europe and America thus divided, the Japanese army swept on. Briand's great prestige could stand no more reverses. His government fell.

"As long as I am where I am there shall be no war." He had kept his vow. So far, there had been no war even in the Far East, for the government of China then was following a policy of non-resistance. But now the situation rapidly worsened. And now Washington, thoroughly awakened at last, came out on the white horse early in 1932 . . . three months too late, after having convinced both Japan and Europe that nothing serious need be feared or hoped from it, after having waited till the friends of the League had been replaced by nationalists both in Britain and in France. And now, with Briand gone, it was the turn of the United States

to take the lead for peace in the Far East, and to feel let down by the others. The long-awaited World Disarmament Conference was scheduled to open a little later. When the day came, the ceremony had to be postponed while many of the chief delegates sat, in sudden session of the Council of the League, facing war in China. Within a year Hitler was in power in Germany, and the Committee for European Union was a hollow shell. Briand was spared that. Early in 1932, while the flames of war were just beginning to crackle around Shanghai, Briand died.

In 1915 the fate of France and of freedom hung in the balance at Verdun. A leader of rare faith and tenacity carried France and freedom through that ghastly onslaught and so made possible the League, Locarno and European Federation experiments—those indispensable forerunners of the strong world government that peace and freedom need. The glory for the sublime defense of Verdun has gone to the officer who commanded the French army then . . . and surrendered it in 1940. It may now be remembered that behind and above Marshal Pétain at Verdun—but not at Bordeaux—stood, as Premier of France, another man. A great and lovable man, Aristide Briand.

FRANCE STANDS IN THE

shadow of her great dead. One was Briand; another, Marshal Hubert Lyautey, builder of the vast French Moroccan empire. The "occupier" is in France. The empire that Lyautey built in Africa remains intact. What rôle will this empire, built by Lyautey, be destined to play in World War Two. Will it remain neutral? Will it throw its weight to the Axis powers, or will England win it over? These are questions of such weight that the answers to them may also be the answers to the war.

Pierre van Paassen quite by chance caught this interview from a marshal of France whom he met in a library on a rainy day. As they stood watching the storm, the Marshal spoke his mind because he had nothing else to do. It is, in a sense, a lost interview—an interview rescued from oblivion. Had Pierre van Paassen not been there, it would never have been put into print.

Van Paassen, long a world traveler and reporter of world events in peacetime and in war, has set down his experiences in a remarkable book, Days of Our Years.

MARSHAL LYAUTEY

By Pierre van Paassen

THERE was but one visitor in the reference room of the Musée de la Guerre that sultry afternoon in the late summer of 1930. He was a man well past middle age, with a grizzled mustache and a remarkably broad forehead. He was dressed in a tightly-buttoned frock coat, and sported a pair of horn-rimmed glasses. When I entered the room he scarcely looked up from the table at which he was sitting, nervously turning the pages of a large illustrated volume, and merely mumbled something incomprehensible in answer to my word of greeting. An attendant, a man with a cork leg, who bore the ribbons of a World War veteran on his breast, stamped in and out of the room, lugging in piles of books that he placed at the visitor's elbow, bowing each time he deposited a load. The attendant's obsequiousness, coupled with the fact that the visitor had been permitted to keep his umbrella with him in the library, something which is contrary to the rules in vogue in all institutions classed as "historic monuments" in France, made it clear that the gentleman was a person of distinction, some higher functionary, perhaps, or a politician. Moreover, he looked the part every inch, from the rosette of the Legion of Honor in the lapel of his coat to his striped trousers and flowing black tie.

I had scarcely settled down to read and scribble a few notes, when the sky suddenly darkened, and I heard the rumble of an approaching thunderstorm. It soon became necessary to switch on the lights in the room. From where I sat I could see the lightning throw bolts of steel-blue around the delicate spire of the chapel. The wind began to howl through

From *Days of Our Years*. Published by The Dial Press. Copyright in the name of Pierre van Paassen.

the chimney, and the first large drops of rain splashed hesitatingly on the windowpanes. The electric lights dipped warningly several times, and then went out altogether. The rain was now coming down in sheets, and I rose to walk over to the window as reading had become impossible. The elderly gentleman soon followed me.

Just as he reached the window, a crepitating crash of thunder shook the walls of the castle, and we saw the lightning strike a mason's scaffold around the donjon tower across the square. With a deafening rattle, the boards and boxes of tools clattered to the flagstones below. The wind ripped apart what remained of the scaffold and flung it to the ground. Before our eyes the square was turned into a seething pool of water.

"*C'est formidable*," I said to the gentleman by my side. "I have never seen a rain like this in my life."

"*Oui, c'est une bonne petite pluie*," he replied, nodding his head, "but I have seen worse; I once saw a road, which it had taken fifty thousand men half a year to build, washed out in a quarter of an hour—completely obliterated—like that!" He held up the flat palm of his hand by way of illustration. "Nothing remained of it. That was in Morocco. Yes, I have seen many of these sudden summer squalls. Once in Jerusalem, too, about forty years ago, I saw the streets turned into raging torrents in less time than that square was covered. I was marooned in my hotel. For several days I could not go out. The hotel was like an island in the midst of a lake."

"I thought it never rained in Jerusalem," I said.

"No rain in Jerusalem? *Mais oui*, there is a heavy rainfall in Jerusalem," he answered. "Unfortunately it comes all at once, in the spring. The rest of the year the land is parched. This is what makes colonization work so difficult over there. It is the same in southern Morocco."

"I have brought you some light, *monsieur le maréchal*," interrupted the attendant as he walked into the room carrying two large brass candlesticks.

Monsieur le maréchal, I said mentally, not a little taken aback and looking in amazement from the attendant to the frock-coated gentleman by my side. I have been talking to a

Marshal of France? Heavens above! But who was he? It wasn't Foch, Joffre, or Pétain. Who could he be? That hair combed in pompadour style, that upturned mustache, where, who? Ah, I had it: the old gentleman had spoken of Morocco; he could therefore be no one else but Lyautey, the builder of the Moroccan empire, one of the great colonizers of our time. Lyautey Africanus, the newspapers called him occasionally, bestowing upon him the title the old Romans gave to their conquering consuls: Scipio Africanus, Drusus Germanicus. . . .

Quickly I apologized for not having recognized His Excellency.

The storm was growing to tornado proportions, and since the Marshal showed no inclination of trusting his eyesight to the uncertain flicker of candles, we remained standing by the window and talked of the political situation in Morocco, and of the colonization work both there and in Tripoli and Palestine. M. Lyautey thought the Jewish reclamation scheme in the Holy Land an amazing performance and well worth watching. "Strange," he said, "how that old civilization of the Jews seems to be coming to life again. . . . There has been nothing in Palestine since the days of Christ. . . . What the Crusaders built, the Arabs and Turks destroyed. . . . Yes, the Turks especially," he went on. "Once they poured westward and came near overrunning Europe, then they started to play checkers in Granada and Cairo and Baghdad and Jerusalem, and they forgot about the world. . . . They didn't deserve anything else but to be booted back into the hills of Anatolia. . . . *Et pourtant*, the Turk, too, driven back to his native habitat, seems to be getting a grip on himself once more. . . . *C'est un grand homme*, Kemal Pasha. . . . He has put the Turks to work. . . . It's amazing when you come to think of it, all these nations coming back to life in Asia Minor! That whole area in the Hither East is in process of reconstruction: the Turks in Ankara, we in Syria, the Egyptians, the Jews in Palestine. . . . The Turks have even cast out the Arabic script and replaced it with an alphabet of their own, and the Jews, I am told, are speaking Hebrew once more. . . . Those are signs of life. . . . A language that

was consigned to the petrification of liturgy coming back to life. . . . I wonder if Signor Mussolini will try to revive Latin. . . . That would be *épatant*. He should, to keep Rome abreast of Jerusalem. The Jews have taken up where they were interrupted by Titus in the beginning of the Christian era. . . . An amazing phenomenon!"

He was speaking calmly, but in crisp, unfinished sentences in the manner frequently affected by many military men. I noticed that the corner of his mouth was twitching nervously, and that he would suddenly draw up his left shoulder in a quick spasmodic gesture. Both these afflictions were remnants, no doubt, of an attack of infantile paralysis which also caused the Marshal's spine to grow crooked, so that he was obliged to wear a steel corset all his life. We stood in silence for a few moments. But the Marshal's reference to the days of Christ had given me an idea. I hesitated a moment, debating in my mind whether to put the question, and then I suddenly blurted it out:

"*Monsieur le maréchal*," I said, "you were the proconsul of the French Republic in Morocco as Pontius Pilate was the proconsul of Rome in Judea. How would Your Excellency, if I may ask, have dealt with a man like Jesus?"

"Ah," he chuckled, "that's an interesting question! I have thought of it myself sometimes. There is indeed a certain analogy in our positions, and I can tell you at once that Pilate, to my way of thinking, acted correctly as Roman proconsul, when he apprehended the Galilean. His task was to maintain the *Pax Romana*. What else could he do but put Jesus out of the way, the man who threatened law and order? It has always seemed strange to me that Pilate waited three full years before he had Him arrested. There must have been something wrong with the proconsul's intelligence service, or else the Gospels must have greatly exaggerated the stir Jesus created in the country. . . . Jesus had gone up and down the country talking and preaching and agitating. . . . Any man who can gather a crowd in the East should be watched—that has always been my view. During my term as *résident-général* in Morocco I was always kept informed of what those itinerant mullahs and ulemas and holy men were telling the

people. Most of the time they were harmless individuals, perfectly innocuous, some of them are mere doddering idiots. . . . But look you, there is a little mullah born every minute. One of them may have the fire of a Mohammed and become the prophet of an idea. Such a one was Jesus. Unquestionably, a Roman governor in Judea could not tolerate a man who told the people things like this: 'Ye know that in this world the princes and mighty ones have authority, but in the Kingdom which I bring it shall not be so.' That's dangerous speech. . . . That's inflammatory, especially in the inflammatory East. . . . A fellow who talks like that should be watched carefully!"

"But Jesus also urged," I ventured to interrupt, "that the people give unto Caesar what was Caesar's."

"Did He?" snorted the Marshal. "Did He now, *parbleu*? Are you sure of that? I tell you I do not interpret that text as do the theologians. Jesus asked to be shown a coin, and, pointing to the imperial effigy, he said, 'Whose likeness is that?' 'That's Caesar's likeness,' they told Him. 'Well then, give it to him! Let Caesar have his coin. And be done with it!' *A mon avis*, Jesus replied contemptuously to that question as if he wanted to say, 'Leave me alone with your bosh about Caesar.' No, you may be sure of it: in that Kingdom of which Jesus dreamed and spoke there was no room for Caesar, or for Pilate, or for the princes and mighty ones. The whole Roman Empire was anathema to Him. What did the first Christians say when the Empire collapsed? 'She is fallen!' they shouted. 'She is fallen, the great whore, Babylon!' That's what they called Rome, those Galileans and their spiritual descendants. To them Rome was *la grande putain* with whom the kings of the earth had fornicated and who had fed on the blood of the saints. . . . The Christians rejoiced. They were happy about it. . . . They saw the reality of a destruction of which Jesus had only dreamed. . . . For He was first and foremost a nationalist Jew, this Jesus, a nationalist Jew with a religious idea, the archetype of a revolutionary, far more dangerous than a mere agitator of sedition. If Jesus' ideas had been translated into reality, not only in Judea, but in the world at large, there would be an entirely different

story to tell, I dare say," chuckled the Marshal. "I do not think *nous autres Français*, we would be in Morocco now, or the British in India. That is, if Jesus had realized His dreams. . . . Fortunately Saint Paul came along later and effectively destroyed the revolutionary ferment in Christianity. Saint Paul made Christianity respectable and acceptable to decent people instead of a call to slaves and rabble. . . . But Jesus, ah, He, I believe, He was just removed in time. . . .

"Imagine the situation in Judea in Pilate's days. It had been a bad province for Rome ever since the conquest by Pompey. Little Judea gave Rome more trouble than Gaul. The empire had to keep its best legions in garrison there, legions that were sorely needed elsewhere: Batavi, Nervi, and Celts. The Jews were a restless crowd. They had never, you might say—never, you hear—disarmed morally. They had flown into the face of Assyria and Babylon and Egypt, pitched themselves insanely against those mighty empires. They had watched these colossi topple into the abyss of history . . . They were waiting now for a chance to throw off the Roman yoke. They were fanatical patriots. We sometimes talk of the Jews as a people without a country, a people of Nomadic wanderers, but we forget that the Jews defended their land with a heroism and desperation seldom witnessed anywhere else. They never resigned themselves as the Greeks did, for instance, to the loss of their national independence. Why, the very presence of Pilate in their holy city was a provocation to them. They had made him keep the emblems and banners of the empire outside the city. Think of it, keeping the sacred eagles of Rome from a conquered city! They would have thrown themselves against Pilate's legions with their bare hands, had the governor dared to set up an altar to Caesar in the temple courts, or in the gardens around the Jahvistic sanctuary. . . . They were always on the verge of revolt. . . .

"Passover was the critical time of the year. That was the feast when the Jews commemorated their liberation from the slavery in Egypt. The city was filled with pilgrims, shepherds, peasants, fishermen, all of them burning with a mortal hatred for the Roman overlord and imbued with an expecta-

tion of a Messianic deliverer to restore their national freedom and independence. They awaited some descendant of the House of David who would shatter the bonds of foreign tutelage and crush the foes of Israel. Do you think Pilate did not know all this? Believe me, he did. He had come specially to the Holy City from some resort on the Mediterranean to be on hand if trouble should start. . . . He knew what was up. . . . The taverns in Jerusalem were filled with crowds of men who would have needed but one signal to storm the Antonia Citadel and massacre the Roman garrison. . . . Jewish women were out in the streets, shopping for the holy days. . . . Black-eyed damsels, powdered and perfumed, who swayed their hips sensuously under their thin linen garments as they walked through the bazaar. Can you see them? *Ah, mon Dieu*, what a show! *Quel cadre!* Can you imagine what would have happened if one of these Germanic legionaries idling there in the sunshine near David's Tower, had suddenly made a suggestive gesture to one of these daughters of Zion in sight of those fierce Galilean fishermen? Can you? I can! There would have been a general assault! That is the way revolts start. An incident, *une bagatelle*, was needed in Jerusalem, a spark to set off a powder magazine. Believe me, Pontius Pilate was in an unenviable position. The peace of Judea—what do I say?—the peace of the world was at the mercy of an incident. Jerusalem was a seething cauldron. Judas Maccabaeus was dead, but his spirit lived on in a hundred thousand determined men. The mountains of Moab swarmed with bands of patriotic exiles. Ordinarily, these men roamed about in the desert regions, out of reach of the Roman patrols. But on the high holy day they filtered into the national capital to mix with the festive crowds, as the outlaws do to this very day in Morocco, when they come to the fairs of Marrakech and Fez and Meknes. These partisans met in the back rooms of caravanserais. They drank. They sang songs. Fists were clenched as the red wine mounted to their heads. They stamped their staffs on the floor. They were ready. They were willing to go out and fight. Now or never! Deliver the blow that would shake the imperial authority. But a few years ago we saw how such things are done,

when the chiefs of the Djebel Druses sneaked into the city of Damascus to meet with the leaders of all the subversive anti-French secret societies in the metropolis. In one day we had a first-class revolt on our hands which cost us tens of thousands of men. Fortunately, a certain group of Syrian patriots cooperated with us by warning the authorities of the storm that was brewing, else we would have been taken entirely unaware and the disaster would have been incalculable.

"Such a group was the aristocratic sacerdotal party in Jerusalem. They wanted peace and quiet. They had a more realistic view of the position of their country than the over-excited revolutionary enthusiasts of the open spaces. They knew that the Roman imperium would not tolerate chaos because it could not afford a continual center of disturbance on the main highway between Persia and Egypt, and that, in the event of a major disturbance, Rome was determined to wipe out the Jewish state, be done with the Jewish people once and for all. I doubt not," went on the Marshal, "that Pontius Pilate was awaiting an opportunity to strike that blow for the peace of the world which history reserved for Titus Vespasianus. Here and there in the Gospel narrative, a sentence or two shows us what was really going on in that period of tension between the Jewish nation and the Roman imperium. The priests, it is reported, argued that it were better that one man should die than that the whole nation perish. Those priests knew what was in the air. They realized that Pilate would show no mercy if a revolt broke out. The memory of the Babylonian exile was very vivid. The members of the sacerdotal party saw the danger of a repetition—and worse.

"If it was they who quietly informed Pilate of the arrival in Jerusalem of the party of Galilean fishermen with that fanatic visionary at their head, they performed an act of the highest patriotism. Jesus had come to Jerusalem to make trouble. His own words can be cited in support of that. He had permitted His followers to stage a sumptuous reception in which He rode into the city seated on an ass, an honor that was reserved for the ancient kings of Israel. There was

no mistaking His intention. He was confident that the trick could be turned. He believed God was on His side. They always do, these would-be deliverers. A few days later, when He paid for His foolhardiness on the cross, He reproached God for abandoning Him in the supreme hour. . . .

"Ah, no question, Jesus was a dangerous character. He had picked His friends amongst the plebeians. . . . He was always in the company of publicans, slaves and loose women; in short, He recruited His followers, like Spartacus in Rome, amongst an element that has been most prone to revolt at all times of history. When Pilate's spies brought him news of the presence of the itinerant exhorter, who talked of founding a new kingdom, the governor had no other course but to arrest Jesus. *Raisons d'état* demanded that short shrift be made with an agitator of that sort. 'Are you a king?' asked Pilate when he questioned Jesus. And what was the answer? Did he deny it? No, the Galilean carpenter replied in the affirmative. *C'était un peu ridicule tout de même*, but it was sufficient. Pilate sent Him away to be crucified. What else could he do?"

"But the Gospels say that the Jews demanded his crucifixion," I ventured.

"The Gospels? *Ah, mon cher monsieur*, did you ever consider who wrote those books? Were they not composed by missionaries, *c'est-à-dire* by propagandists, who sought to win the sympathy of the Roman populace for their creed of a man-god? Would it have been politic to put the blame for the death of a god on the shoulders of the prospective converts' compatriot? Was it not infinitely more expedient to fix the guilt on the Jews, who had always been enemies of Rome?"

"Then Your Excellency is of the opinion that Pilate was justified in putting Jesus to death?" I asked.

"Positively," came back Marshal Lyautey.

"Your Excellency would have acted in the same way under the circumstances?"

"*Parbleu*, no! I would not have waited till He had infected the crowds in the capital with His seditious poison. I would have had Him put before the firing squad in His home province, up north in Galilee."

"THERE WAS ONCE UPON
a time a bondsman of the emperor, whose son learned wisdom,
and who in the high places was not unmindful of the op-
pression of his people. And when he had become an old man
and his strength had begun to fail him, without weapons
and almost without friends, he traveled around the world,
overthrew kings on the field of battle, overturned the Em-
peror's kingdom, and founded a nation for his people, one
that he for many years, and until he was heavy with age, con-
tinued to rule over and to guide."

So wrote Emil Ludwig* of Thomas Garrigue Masaryk, founder and first President of Czechoslovakia.

Masaryk was the son of a coachman and a maid who were servants on one of the estates of the Austrian emperor. They were "freemen" in the sense that they could not be put to death or sold like slaves, but they could not change their place of residence without their masters' consent. Their masters transferred them every two years to different estates to prevent conspiracies against the political regimes. As a boy Masaryk learned to be a blacksmith. Better placed and observing friends induced him, somewhat against his will, to return to his studies so that he might become a teacher. So he became a teacher, a private tutor, a university student at Vienna, a great scholar, and finally a great statesman. He drove an Apostolic Emperor—the last of his kind in Europe—off his throne.

* *Nine Etched from Life*, copyright 1934 by Robert M. McBride & Co.

It was a miracle of democracy that this boy, from such lowly beginnings, should attain such a high pinnacle, and should be Europe's most brilliant example of a statesman whose "democracy" did not consist in platitudes and lip service, but was pure homespun wool, full length and full width. When we asked Edgar A. Mowrer, one of "the great Mowrers" of the Chicago Daily News, to suggest his best interview, he immediately said, "Masaryk, who was Europe's greatest living statesman."

Ludwig, a shrewd commentator not given to platitudes, said of Masaryk, "The one person to whom I could compare him is Abraham Lincoln. Both come from the people and both rise to the Presidency, both early enter politics, but only later as their chief business in life; both are endowed with a moral sense that comes from the people and which no enemy can doubt; both are friends of mankind and full of a tolerant humor; both are gaunt and bony, strong-faring men, with the breadth of the great out of doors upon them."

Nothing could be more appropriate than that Masaryk should have been notified of his election as first President of Czechoslovakia while attending a dinner in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, on November 14, 1918. It was the approving nod of President Wilson which had decided that Czechoslovakia should take its place among the world's republics. Simply, without pomp, he was inaugurated in Vienna in December, 1918. Twenty years later, in September, 1938, the clock was turned back at Munich.

Did Masaryk have a premonition of the fate—a passing fate, all lovers of Democracy hope—that awaited Czechoslovakia? The only threat to its peace, he told Robert McBride, lay in the machinations of autocratic and democratic governments. But that threat proved a real one.

Ludwig, telling of Masaryk's career as a professor at Prague, said: "Penniless youth were free to come and the professor would give them an article to do or a book to translate. One

of these, but a schoolboy at the time, was destined to become one of Europe's leading statesmen. His name was Eduard Benes. Benes succeeded Masaryk as the Czech President. For him was reserved the tragic experience of seeing Czechoslovakia's birthright signed away by others for a supposed mess of pottage—which was not even pottage."

Mr. Mowrer, who tells us about Masaryk, was for a number of years in charge of the Berlin office of the Chicago Daily News, and president of the foreign correspondents. He later became head of the Paris office of his newspaper and, as such, was the chief foreign correspondent of his newspaper. You were likely to bump into him in any part of Europe. I met him one day looking like a "sweep" who had just crawled through a chimney. That was almost literally true. He had got into a hermetically sealed Spain, plunged into chaos in 1936, by crawling through Spain's chimney—the tunnel that separates it from France at the Pyrenees. He was the first correspondent from the outside to get into that war-torn country.

THOMAS GARRIGUE MASARYK

By Edgar Ansel Mowrer

THERE is no short cut to democracy, but in the end its advent is sure, because nothing else can satisfy the deepest desire of human beings.

So ran the answer of Thomas Garrigue Masaryk, President of the Czechoslovak Republic since its inception in 1918 and the most representative democrat of Europe, to the combined Communist and Fascist challenge of the present day.

For the past fourteen years he had sat in the President's room in the castle in Prague—the famous Hradschin—looking out over the beautiful city with its flowing river. . . . You enter the great castle on the hill, where so many Holy Roman emperors once lived, without seeing a single policeman or soldier. . . . President Masaryk received me in his study, a large room crammed with books and snugly furnished. He led me to his desk beside the window and took his place behind it, flashing a sort of twinkle from his deep-set brown eyes behind his scholar's spectacles, and laid those strong thin hands of his, which had so often swung a blacksmith's hammer, on the desk.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, in slow, chosen English. Then began the following dialogue. "You have had much experience both as a thinker and as a patriot, you are old, and with advancing years intelligence often develops into wisdom," I said. "Furthermore, many people consider you the greatest living democrat. For all these reasons I would wish to learn your opinion concerning the most striking symptom of our times. I refer to the revolt against civilization."

"What do you call civilization?"

"Put it this way: From time to time down the ages there has regularly appeared a sprinkling of human beings who, against the society around them, strove for the recognition of better things. Among these were beauty and intelligence: also such eminently civilized qualities as reason, tolerance, mercy, personal liberty and social justice. Do you accept this definition?"

"Suppose I do? Go on."

"In the West," I continued, "in the most recent centuries, society has gone some distance toward trying to realize these things. Suddenly, today, we are faced with a world-wide movement which denies their value. What ought those who still hold to the old-fashioned idea of civilization, do to combat the new trend? Ought they to fight violence with violence, meet intolerance with its own weapons, accept combat with the partisans of naked force on their own chosen field? Might not such a paradox turn out to be fatal to the very ideals they thought to preserve? But how to avoid it?"

"I see what you mean. Are you asking for a formula?" said the President.

"Perhaps."

"There is no formula. There never has been and never will be. The situation is never twice the same."

Here the President turned away and looked out the window on the city of Prague, spread below.

"Then," I said, "you feel, perhaps, that the apparent danger to this democratic ideal is not serious?"

"I did not say that. But if democracy is in danger, that only proves that its leaders were tried in the balance and found wanting. The cards were favorable. The leaders had their chance. For the time, the democratic ideal seems moribund. But that such is not really the case is proved by two facts: first, the new leaders all need popular support; and, second, they one and all come from the people. Chancellor Adolf Hitler of Germany, Premier Benito Mussolini of Italy, Dictator Josef V. Stalin of Soviet Russia—the accent remains that of the commoner. This, too, is democracy of a sort.

"You must realize that democracy is only developing; it is in its beginnings, imperfect, but better than the old regime. Do not forget that not democracy, but the old regime, brought about the war that the new democracy has now to pay for—a war caused by monarchies!"

"It seems to me," I said, "less important where leaders come from than where they are going. Perhaps into a new war. Certainly they are leading the people into a very dangerous frame of mind, a personal condition which sometimes seems hardly better than slavery."

"I do not believe in new wars just now," was the response. "That is the one good result of the general bankruptcy which is responsible for a good deal of our troubles. The war squandered the savings of generations. Still population increases and increases. There is no elbow room."

"Of course jobless men and women become nervous and listen to words of violence. And because the middle class, who have known better days, resent this penury the most, the reaction against civilization, as you call it, is their work."

"But, after all, perhaps this temporary period was necessary to call the people back to the beauty of freedom, to abandon violence in favor of collaboration."

I asked: "Need this entail the denial of intelligence and the deification of passion in the name of so-called nature?"

"No, but some of the fault lies with the intellectuals. They became one-sided. The mass of the people could not keep up with them."

"Democracy needs leaders, like everything else. Millions of people cannot meet, discuss or debate. Society needs a common faith, and the intellectuals had none. People wanted truth. The intellectuals said one thing today and another tomorrow. They apparently had no truth, or they had a hundred different truths. Therefore the people deserted them for the propounders of dogma, which, however primitive, had at least the virtue of simplicity."

"Educational methods have been inadequate. Young people cannot sit on a school bench from the age of six to twenty-six without losing contact with common, real life."

How can one expect to be followed by common men if one has ceased to understand their needs, material and spiritual?"

"Not in the long run. It only proves there is no short cut," I commented. "But to many, it seems that these new leaders simply caught simpletons by impossible promises and preposterous democracy. They used methods first applied by high-powered commercial advertisers for political purposes—their success showed that it was as easy to sell a third-rate political philosophy as a third-rate tooth paste. Is there not a deadly danger for democracy in this demonstration?"

"Not in the long run. It only proves there is no short cut," said Masaryk.

"To what?"

"To democracy." Here the President half chuckled, as though talking to himself.

"How do you define democracy?" I asked.

This was his answer: "A state wherein human beings do not use one another as a means of personal gratification. Each man or woman or child is recognized as something intrinsically valuable. That is democracy. It is the ultimate ideal of political organization of society, the aim of humanity. Democracy requires, however, from democrats a little patience."

I objected: "But to the new dictators such an ideal is a matter of humor or contempt. Even when they claim to be idealistic, they always try to subordinate living human beings not only to their desire for power, but also to a patriotism that justifies war and justifies social injustice, intolerance and tyranny as necessary for the common good. Anything less like democracy would be hard to imagine. But people follow them in a kind of hypnotic dream."

"What of it?" asked the President.

"All your life you stood for something else," I reminded him.

"If the new rulers can satisfy the fundamental human needs, they will remain in power," he explained. "If not, they will be driven out. It is very simple."

Once more he became silent and his fingers drummed on his desk. He adjusted his spectacles.

I said: "In the meantime years, and perhaps decades, may pass."

"Quite so."

"But can such a possibility leave you indifferent?"

"By no means," he annotated. "But if I am right, democracy will come because in the end it must come. Human beings will ultimately demand it. It is their deepest wish. If, on the other hand, they continue to prefer tyranny, oppression and intolerance, then I am wrong."

"But what is the prospect for those who cannot stomach these things?"

"It has always been so," said the President. "Or rather, most of the time. Think of history. How short the periods of liberty, how limited the geographical area covered! But in the end it will be different. There will be democracy."

"How can it be most speedily brought about?"

"Follow your convictions. Do not merely talk your politics. Live them. Tell the truth and do not steal. And, above all, do not be afraid to die."

KING ALEXANDER OF

Yugoslavia was assassinated in 1934, but he is still remarkable as the twentieth-century model of the king-dictator that has flourished in the Balkans for centuries. Alexander ruled with the proverbial iron, and everyone knew that one day his enemies would reach him and shoot him dead. Alexander, perhaps, knew this best of all—but he either did not care or could not figure out a solution to the political nightmare of which he was the center—a nightmare which is pointed up for contemporary readers by the uprising of April 1941.

Louis Adamic returned to his native Yugoslavia after his first success as an American literary figure. Everywhere he heard whispers of Alexander, of plots to murder him. He determined to see this much-hated man, and finally, on the eve of his return to America, the interview was granted.

ALEXANDER OF YUGOSLAVIA

By Louis Adamic

IN THE spring of 1932, a Guggenheim Fellowship enabled me to visit Yugoslavia, which includes my native Slovenia or Carniola, whence I had emigrated to the United States nineteen years earlier, when that tiny land was still a part of Austria. My visit, which lasted ten months, was filled with emotional and intellectual experiences, both pleasant and unpleasant—though mostly the first. Subsequently, back in America, I tried to describe those experiences in a book, *The Native's Return*.

As an American writer of Yugoslav origin, I was, to my amusement, punctuated by occasional mild embarrassment and annoyance, regarded generally in Yugoslavia as somewhat of a phenomenon. This, plus the fact that I was not allied with any political or literary faction and was ready to listen to anybody who wanted to tell me something, swung open to me all doors among the high and the lowly, among intellectuals and government officials, and gave me a rare opportunity to see the country's conditions from various angles. The last door to open to me was that of the private office of King Alexander in his fortress-palace at Dedinyé, a few miles outside the city of Belgrade. This occurred in mid-March, 1933, when, after I had visited every part of the new state and heard of would-be assassins who had "condemned" him to death and schemed to get within shooting distance of him, I was beginning to develop a feeling—a "hunch"—that he was living and ruling Yugoslavia on borrowed time.

In 1933 Alexander was forty-five, one of the youngest crowned heads and the only absolute ruler in Europe. There

were almost no restraints on his supremacy from any quarter in Yugoslavia. I met people who maintained that he was virtually a prisoner of a group of Serbian generals and high-powered Belgrade capitalists (all of them in cahoots with the imperialistic interests of France and England), who compelled him to serve as executive officer of their diverse purposes. But the best-informed persons in Yugoslavia put no credence in this theory. I didn't, myself. Alexander held complete and conscious authority over all important and many of the less important phases of his country's life because he wanted to hold it, and was able to seize it; and, having seized it, was supported by individuals and groups in Yugoslavia, France and England, to whose advantage it was that they support him. He was accountable to no one but history, and as such was in line with the tradition of the king business in the Balkans and the current dictatorial trends of Europe.

Alexander's career up to 1933 was one of the most amazing "success stories" of postwar Europe. In 1915, when tiny old Serbia, of which he was Crown Prince and Regent, had just been occupied by the Austro-German forces, he arrived at Scutari, Albania, after a ten days' ride over mountain passes, with nothing he could call his own but a weary, hungry horse, a saddle, a soiled uniform, a sword and a pistol belted around his waist, and a tooth-brush, a cake of soap, a towel and a comb in his saddle-bag. Eighteen years later he was the head of a state nearly four times the size of former Serbia and the richest man in the Balkans. His civil list allowance was over \$1,000,000 a year—or thirteen times higher than the salary of the President of the United States; in fact, higher than the pay of any other ruler in the world, crowned or not, except the Mikado—and that was only part of his income. When he reached Scutari in 1915, only one staff officer and an orderly were with him. In 1933 his bodyguard, paid by the state and garrisoned on the ridges beneath his little palace at Dedinyé, consisted of 40,000 officers and men; a full division with infantry, cavalry, light artillery and aviation.

Aside from military training, which he received mostly in Russia, Alexander's formal education was incomplete, but he was extremely clever in many branches of knowledge and endeavor. Already as a very young man he showed marks of genius at Balkanic political intrigue, and by his mid-twenties developed into a resourceful military commander, with considerable record in the field. He was consistently a person of much force and physical courage. Toward his active antagonists he was ruthless. When I saw him, he had over 2,000 of them in prisons, where many of them were tortured by professional sadists; hundreds of others were in exile.

In 1923 he married a daughter of Queen Marie of Rumania, who, unlike her mother, was from the beginning a simple, rather ordinary woman. She bore three sons. Her life as Alexander's queen was no enviable one. I heard whispers she was "afraid." A generation before, a king and queen were murdered in the royal palace in Belgrade, and by 1933 two attempts had been made on her husband's life.

During my first two months in Yugoslavia I was chiefly impressed by the beauty of the land and the kindness, vividness, and hospitality of the people. Then, gradually, it began to appear that politically things were extremely rotten in this part of the Balkans. I sat in restaurants with people who were afraid to talk above a whisper. In the street they turned every few minutes to see if anyone was close behind. I learned that in some cities there was a political secret agent, a gendarme, or a soldier for every fifty or one hundred persons. I saw political meetings disbanded with bayonets. There were rumors (some of which I later verified) of recent peasant uprisings that had been suppressed by the military with fire and sword. Men were found shot in alleyways and everyone whispered, "Secret police." I saw the armpits of former political prisoners burned out with live coals. . . . "All the sadism and brutality of the country," I was told, "are organized to uphold the regime."

Early in March, 1933, I was in Zagreb, the capital of Croatia, the center of opposition to the dictatorship.

I had indirectly been offered a large sum of money, intended to influence the writing of my book when I returned to America; then I was offered the decoration of the Order of the White Eagle. Declining them as gracefully as I could, I developed a feeling of discomfort. Also, traveling, meeting new people at every turn, listening to their troubles and tales of horror, and growing more and more indignant over the social and political situation as it had come to my cognizance—all these things were physically exhausting. I wanted to leave Yugoslavia as soon as possible and was grateful that I could return to the United States. . . . However, a few months before, in Belgrade, I had expressed desire to meet the King, and now I received word from an official of the Government Press Bureau, who had been interesting himself in me, that His Majesty would give me an audience toward the middle of the month. Could I come to the capital then?

My momentary attitude was "To the devil with the so-and-so!" I hated him; or rather, I hated everything he stood for, except his idea of Yugoslav unity, in which he was sincere. I hated the methods he employed to realize that idea; the methods of an absolutist, a tyrant, a military man used to giving orders and having them obeyed—or else. But my Croatian friends, who had more reason than I to hate him, urged me to return to Belgrade. "After all, you would go to see Mussolini or Stalin or Hitler, wouldn't you, if you had a chance? . . . Whatever anyone may think of him, Alexander is a considerable figure. . . . Remember this is the Balkans and we are living in an era when anything is possible. Almost anything may happen to him within the next few years. Nicholas of Russia—Wilhelm of Germany—Charles of Austria—Alfonso of Spain—who knows, Alexander may be next. . . . You owe it to yourself as a writer to see him. . . ."

So I returned to Belgrade and announced myself to the Minister of the Court, who received me coldly and, almost without looking at me, said I would be received in two or three days. I left his office without shaking hands. Subsequently I learned that not everybody in the Press Bureau and the Royal Chancellery was eager to give me the audience,

but the group maintaining that I would be impressed by the royal charm finally prevailed. . . .

A former minister of the government, now in passive opposition to the *diktatura*, visited me in my hotel room. "You will meet an interesting man," he said; "a man of great ability and capacity for work. He probably is the hardest-working ruler in Europe today. When in Belgrade, he is at his desk from eight in the morning till ten in the evening. He even supervises the housework both in the town palace and at the Dedinyé. Often he makes the menu for the day. The Queen can't move, can't receive anyone, without his permission. . . . He revels in all the license of sovereign power. Everything goes through his hands. No instructor in any secondary school can be transferred or elevated to a higher grade without the royal signature. It's a disease with him, this craving for direct personal authority. . . . He is ambitious for fame. The fame of another person within Yugoslavia he considers an insolent invasion of the royal prerogative. As soon as a man achieves eminence in politics, he finds ways and means to do away with him. He likes only what you in America call yes-men, who know how to keep themselves subdued, in the background. He is spiteful, ungrateful.

"He uses a man, then tosses him aside. That was his practice before he made himself dictator. He makes promises when it is necessary for him to make them, but seldom keeps them. He trusts few people, and those not always or in everything. He has a staff of personal spies. Some of these are important officials in the government and the army who confidentially report to him on other officials. Besides them, there is, of course, the regular espionage organization—15,000 secret agents whose sole or principal duties are to spy on and terrorize the political opposition. All of them are on the state payroll.

"He is a stranger to real wisdom, but possesses a profound cunning. Long before he became dictator, he prevailed on industrialists—or, rather, I should say, fellow industrialists—to build no factories in Belgrade. He wants no industrial

proletariat in the capital. Too dangerous. He told the capitalists to build their plants and mills *across the river*, in Zemun and Panchevo, which now are our largest industrial centers. The only proletariat allowed in Belgrade is connected with railway and river transportation. . . . Some say that the 'White Guard' Russians, who came here with Wrangel, gave him that idea, but I think he was quite capable of thinking of it himself.

"You have heard the rumor that he is a sick man, with serious organic disorder in his digestive system which now and then causes him great agony and, with overwork, brings him to the verge of collapse. Actually, his illness is only an acute nervous condition, which, however, greatly affects his moods and thus interferes or influences his work, including some of his most important decisions.

"This nervous condition perhaps is the weakest spot in his make-up. His moods, frequent enough to make them important, are apt to be extreme. One day he rages against some particular opponent to his rule, or against the people, because they do not appreciate what he is trying to do; for now and then he is sure that everything he does is for the benefit of the country. Two months later he is apt to weep hysterically before some person, who later tells about it, and insists he is trying to do well by the country and can't understand why people don't like his efforts. Most of the time, however, he has excellent control of himself.

"Another of Alexander's weaknesses, much discussed in Belgrade, is superstition. He frequently consults clairvoyants. Shortly after the war, an old woman in Macedonia is said to have told him he would be assassinated when he opened the new Parliament building; which no end of people in Yugoslavia insist is the chief reason why the new Parliament building, immediately behind the royal palace, is still unfinished, although it was started twenty years ago. This old woman's prophecy is widely considered also as one of the causes of Alexander's violent anti-parliamentarism.

"He is in constant fear of assassination. Every few months, it is said, usually in connection with the nervous spasms in his intestines, he becomes extremely panicky, trusts no one,

and sometimes for weeks at a time sleeps in a different room or a different palace each night. He remembers the 1903 regicide. He knows his fear of assassination is discussed everywhere; so every once in a while, to show he is not afraid, he suddenly appears on the main thoroughfare of Belgrade, pale and rigid, accompanied only by one of his adjutants, apparently unguarded; but it is becoming generally known that for hours before, hundreds of secret agents in various disguises have been scattered up and down the avenue."

I spoke with an official of one of the ministries in Belgrade who said to me, "There is no doubt that the king believes his kind of rule, with him as ruler, is the best rule Yugoslavia could have. He thinks the friendship of France and England is valuable to Yugoslavia. But for them, Italy would have attacked us long ago; which is true, of course. . . . He is against communist Russia and is only too glad to serve the anti-communist power of western Europe; but at the same time that he serves them he uses them, just as they use him. It works both ways. They know they could have no better man in charge of their military, diplomatic and economic interest in Yugoslavia. . . . I am against him (secretly, of course!), but I am willing to admit that since becoming dictator, he has done things that are good. For instance, he put efficiency into government offices. . . . I believe that most of the time he considers himself a patriot in the good old Balkan traditions of his forebears, Kara George and Nikita. Everything that is wrong with the country and his regime he blames on the perverseness of the people, the demagogues, and outside influences, such as the present world-wide economic crisis. I understand he hates the United States, blaming the severity of the depression on Herbert Hoover; whom he holds also responsible for the fact that Germany ceased paying Yugoslavia reparations. . . . I believe that in some departments he sincerely strives to do good according to his lights; only he is very egotistical and bull-headed; thinks too much of himself and of money, too little of the rest of us."

A soldier brought me a formal letter from the Marshal of the Court, informing me His Majesty would receive me at

eleven A.M. on March 17. A court automobile would convey me to Dedinyé.

At a quarter to eleven on the appointed date I found myself in a vast, shining limousine, speeding through Belgrade. It was Alexander's personal car. At the sight of it, every soldier and gendarme along the way snapped to attention. If I did not laugh, it was because I was worried some would-be regicide might mistake me for Alexander. I wondered if the glass on the limousine was bullet-proof. Very probably it was.

In less than ten minutes we were at Dedinyé, which reminded me, both inside and out, of the late Rudolph Valentino's "Hawk's Nest" estate in Hollywood, where I had been years before. Two handsome soldiers stood rigid at the entrance. An adjutant in a foppish uniform received me and, bowing me into a small waiting room, begged me to wait till I was summoned.

Promptly at eleven another adjutant, full of stripes, medals and whatnots, appeared, bowed, and begged me to follow him. I did so—down a short, handsomely carpeted corridor; through a large room, rather too elaborately furnished; through a smaller room, where another army officer stood near a door and knocked.

"Unutra!" (Inside!)

The officer opened the door and I walked in.

The man I saw was neither handsome nor ugly. He was five feet nine and slight of build. His carriage was military, his movements and gestures were easy and agile. His sloping brow, heavy dark eyebrows, slightly hooked nose and prominent chin were typically middle-Balkanite. He was dark-complexioned and had a short mustache. His dark hair, parted on the side, was graying at the temples. His mouth was rather sizable; his lips were pale, thin, tense. His dark brown eyes, deep in the sockets and with slight shadows under them, had a look which might have meant almost anything.

In civilian clothes, Alexander cut a poor figure, so he never wore them except on rare occasions when he went

hunting. He looked well on horseback. When he received me he had on a simple, much-worn officer's uniform, the royal insignia on his shoulders, and a small decoration under his chin. He wore glasses and smoked one cigarette after another.

For the first few minutes of my audience, I was disposed to believe most of the favorable things I had heard of him. He was charming when he greeted me and asked me to sit down with him. His smile seemed genuine.

He asked me how I liked Yugoslavia; where had I been? I ventured to remark that the country was beautiful. Which section had impressed me most? I said that, as a native of Slovenia, I was naturally partial to Slovenia, but Dalmatia was lovely, too; Montenegro was startling; Bosnia and Herzegovina were impressive in their own ways; South Serbia was the most interesting; Shumadia and parts of Croatia reminded me of certain regions in America. He listened and seemed interested. "Slovenia is very lovely," he said. "We look forward every year to spending a few weeks at Bled."

I said that the people of Yugoslavia were a fine, proud race, and he nodded. Then there was a long, and to me very awkward, pause in our conversation. I sensed his unfriendliness, his eagerness to be rid of me.

I began to feel that his charm had little, if any, depth or sincerity; that it was all a very dexterous act. For moments now and then, as he exhaled tobacco smoke, his face took on an unpleasant mask-like look. There was something dead in the man. He knew I had declined his Order of the White Eagle. He doubtless had received conflicting memoranda on what I might write about Yugoslavia. He had been urged to see me. It was a nuisance, a waste of his time.

I remarked that, going about the country, I had observed poverty. He winced a little and said, unsmiling, "Yes, it is this world-wide depression. It began outside our borders and now is affecting us rather severely. It is true the peasant cannot sell his product as readily as a few years ago, and he hasn't much money—a *sit yé, sit yé!*—but he's full, he's full!"

—meaning he is not hungry, which was not true, for I had been to villages where people barely existed.

Another pause. We eyed one another.

He apologized for not receiving me earlier, and said he was very busy. It was a hint, but I stayed perhaps ten minutes longer, about twenty minutes in all. I felt a perverse satisfaction in keeping him from his work. Just at this time, as I had been told by a reporter an hour before, he was personally directing the debate on the budget in the sham Parliament of his yes-men he had established in 1931 in response to pressure brought upon him by France and England. He was ordering some of his puppets to orate, lamely and stupidly, of course, against the regime, and others to reply brilliantly for the regime.

Finally, still very charming, Alexander Karageorgevitch rose. It was his regal custom to ask visitors whom he considered friendly if they had a wish he could grant, or to give them of his own accord an autographed photograph or a package of specially made court cigarettes. He did not ask me if I had a wish, nor did he give me anything.

It probably was fortunate he did not ask me if I had a wish. The day before, browsing in a musty second-hand bookshop, I had bought for three dinars (five cents) an old paper-bound copy of King Peter's translation of Mill's *On Liberty*. The book was all dog-eared and soiled, and as such symbolical of liberty in Yugoslavia. Before leaving my hotel to go to Dedinyé, I had put it in my inside coat pocket, playing with the idea of saying to Alexander, if opportunity offered, that I was a collector of rare and curious publications and desired to have his autograph on his father's best-known translation. When I saw he was not going to ask me if I wished for something (which I had been told he might do, even though I had refused the Order), I thought for a moment of asking him for the autograph anyhow; then I changed my mind. I planned to be in Yugoslavia another week and wanted to have as few annoyances as possible. Also, I wanted to cross the Yugoslav border with all my notes for my book.

We chatted awhile longer, standing. Alexander asked me

when I expected to publish my book on Yugoslavia. I said, "About this time next year." I could not bring myself to call him "Your Majesty." He said he read things printed about Yugoslavia in foreign prints, but none of the writers showed the least understanding of what they were writing about. I said I had noticed that, too, and would try to remedy that situation so far as it was in my power.

He looked at me. I looked at him.

When was I leaving Yugoslavia? I said in about a week. From what port? Trieste. . . . Then he shook my hand, said he was glad to have met me, and, expressing no hope to see me again, hurried back to his telephone to continue his budget debate.

On my part, although, as I say, the audience was no pleasant experience, I was glad to have met him. Riding back to Belgrade in the royal limousine, I had a very strong feeling about him. He was a figure in the dreadful European nightmare that seemed rapidly and inevitably approaching its climax—another great war, to be followed, as nearly everyone with whom I talked appeared to believe, by general upheavals of the masses. At the moment he had the whole country "on the spot"; he might stay in power one, two, five or ten more years; but the long-range future was clearly and definitely against him and his kind.

Back in America, I wrote an article about Alexander which contained most of the material included here and a suggestion of my "hunch" that he was to be, eventually, assassinated. Nine magazines declined it; finally the *Yale Review* published it in condensed form. One day, late in 1933, I met the editor of one of the better magazines who had rejected it. I said Alexander was a unique, important figure; he might be assassinated one of these days, which conceivably might precipitate a crisis, even a war. The editor looked at me as though he thought I was a little foolish, then said, "But who gives a damn about your Yugoslavia and King What's-his-name? Yugoslavia—Syria—all the same. Has Syria a king? I don't know. . . ."

Less than a year later, on October 9, 1934, I was at lunch

in the Hotel Shelton in Manhattan when a reporter of the New York *World-Telegram* got me on the telephone. A "flash" had just come from Marseille, France, that King Alexander had been assassinated on his arrival there about a half-hour before. He was dead. I was asked for a statement, an explanation. There was as yet no reliable information as to who the assassin might be, or might have been; but the reporter thought the "flash" said he was a Yugoslav. *The Native's Return*, in which I had a chapter on Alexander, was a so-called best-seller just then, and in the next half-hour requests for statements or explanations began to pour in on me from all over America. The news was not yet in the streets. What could, what should, I say?

I was horrified. But, also, I knew that for the next few days the press would be full of sentimental pity for the slain king, mixed with all manner of misinformation; which, all together, would imply that he had been perfect, and that Yugoslavia—my old country—was a land producing people who went about irrelevantly shooting their rulers. So, in a hasty effort to balance the effect of that publicity, I wrote a statement that Alexander's horrible death was as much his own fault as anyone else's.

A few days later I saw the amazing news-films of the assassination. My heart beat violently. I was terribly sorry for Alexander, as I was for his assassin, a young Yugoslav Macedonian, whom the police had cut down with sabers immediately after the act; and who, as a Yugoslav Macedonian, with his violent Balkan background and with serious grievances against the Belgrade regime, whose agents had butchered scores and hundreds of his people, no doubt considered his killing Alexander perfectly logical and patriotic. He must have known that he would die immediately afterward, just as Alexander—this was obvious in the film—must have known that there were men in those crowds along the streets who, as fearless as he, were willing to die to kill him. Products of their time and place; figures in a nightmare, both—a nightmare which is the dismal post-war history of Europe and most of the rest of the world.

Stalin
Trotsky
Ataturk

Russia, Turkey

Eugene Lyons
Julius H. Klyman
Isaac F. Marcossou

THE PRESIDENT OF THE

Union of Socialist Soviet Republics is Michael Kalinin. Most persons in America would hardly recognize his name; but everyone has heard of Stalin. Yet Stalin is not even in the government; he is merely the secretary of the Communist party. Notwithstanding, he has so much to say about the Soviet state that in most persons' minds he is identified with the state.

"Stalin" means "man of steel." In his conduct of Russian affairs he has shown himself to be just that. He is often looked upon as a kind of super-robot, devoid of feeling. That may be because he is not a showman like some other notorious men now running governments in Europe. He seldom presents himself to the public gaze, seldom makes public statements. Yet he has an intensely human side. Eugene Lyons is the man who tells us about his interview with Stalin. At the time he got it he was Moscow correspondent for the United Press. He has written about his Russian experiences in a book, Assignment in Utopia. Mr. Lyons just about covered the world in the course of his newspaper experience, and he is now editor of the American Mercury.

JOSEF V. STALIN

By Eugene Lyons

THE image of Stalin, immense, vague, sinister, had been expanding rapidly upon men's minds in the three years since I first came to Moscow in 1928. More than ever, an interview with him was the world's most coveted and apparently most hopeless newspaper prize. For the fifth or sixth time I ventured to remind him of his "promise" to receive me.

The provocation this time was more than ample. Giddy headlines throughout the world were announcing Stalin's assassination. Rumors from Riga and Bucharest were reenforced by rumors from Helsingfors and Kaunas and confirmed by Warsaw and Berlin. I asked for no more than a minute or two in his presence, just time enough to obtain his personal denial and to attest that he was indubitably alive.

Every other correspondent in Moscow saw and seized the same opportunity, so that Stalin's secretariat was besieged by reporters of many nations, but most insistently by the go-getting Americans. Letters, telephone calls, cablegrams from the home offices of newspapers and agencies poured in upon Stalin's staff urging that it was his duty—nay, his great opportunity—to emerge at last from behind the barriers and smite the rumor-mongers.

The "assassination" had come as the inevitable climax to a flood of sensational reports out of neighboring capitals which none of our denials could stem. It was the Soviet Union's periodical dividend on censorship, but a lot more gory and circumstantial than usual.

There was probably no Moscow correspondent, however "friendly" and "loyal," who would have hesitated to flash

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news of the sort now spread by Riga and other capitals, especially the alleged murder of Stalin.

An interview with Stalin was the one thing that would smother rumor-mongering and restore law and order in the USSR for a doubting world. We pleaded, but without real hope of success.

On the afternoon of November 23, my telephone rang. A man's voice said in good English:

"Mr. Lyons? This is Comrade Stalin's office."

A frayed old gag—I was equal to the occasion. "You don't say! How very interesting! Give him my kindest regards, and Mrs. Stalin too."

"But this is Comrade Stalin's secretary." The voice was embarrassed. "Comrade Stalin has received your letter and wished me to tell you that he will be glad to talk to you in an hour, at five o'clock that is, in his offices at the Central Committee of the Party."

"Thank you, I shall be there."

No tocsins were sounded, no flags were hoisted, no skies crashed, but the impossible had come to pass! A simple telephone call—and the unthinkable was suddenly as matter of fact as a cocktail party or train schedule. Stalin was about to give the first interview since he had achieved his pinnacle of power.

Every minute brought the appointment nearer, nearer, like an approaching locomotive, and suddenly it was right upon me, huge, loud, puffing and formidable. I was in the anteroom to Stalin's office on Staraya Ploshchad (Old Square), with Charles Malamuth of California University's Slavonic Department; he was with me when the thrilling telephone summons came through and I mobilized him as emergency interpreter.

The headquarters of the Central Committee were just inside the ancient Chinese Wall, a six-story building, plain and businesslike. The GPU guards at the door were expecting me and passed us through immediately; another guard led us to the antechamber of the most powerful, most feared, least known human being on the face of the globe. An amiable

woman secretary asked us to wait; Comrade Stalin would be free in a few minutes.

The building and this office were as unlike the usual, littered, chaotic Soviet institution as possible: it was quiet, orderly, unhurried, and efficient. It was, above all, stamped with an unmistakable simplicity: the hall mark, I was to learn in the next hour or two, of Stalin himself. I sensed a concentrated authority, the more impressive because it was devoid of the trappings of power, curiously austere and self-assured, without elegance of gold braid or shrieking symbols: power naked, clean, and serene in its strength.

Half a dozen or so people were waiting in this room, some for Stalin, some for other leaders with offices on the same floor. A tall, unshaven fellow, with matted black hair and dirty boots; an elderly woman in a leather jacket, red kerchief on her head.

"Provincial party secretaries, come to report or complain," Charlie guessed.

"Probably," I said. "Imagine what the antechambers of the former rulers were like, the pomp and grandeur, the courtiers and generals, and look how simple all of this is! Stalin may be inaccessible to reporters and diplomats, but I should judge from these folks that he is accessible enough to his own Party people."

We could not pursue this line of thought. The woman secretary said Comrade Stalin was waiting, and an office boy led the way.

One cannot live in the shadow of Stalin's legend without coming under its spell. My pulse, I am sure, was high. No sooner, however, had I stepped across the threshold than diffidence and nervousness fell away. Stalin met me at the door and shook hands, smiling. There was a certain shyness in his smile, and the handshake was not perfunctory. He was remarkably unlike the scowling, self-important dictator of popular imagination. His every gesture was a rebuke to the thousand little bureaucrats who had inflicted their puny greatness upon me in these Russian years.

We followed him to the extreme end of a long conference

table, where he motioned us affably to chairs and sat down himself. His personal interpreter, a young man with bushy black hair, was there. Stalin pushed over a box of cigarettes, took one himself, and we all lighted up. The standardized photographs of Stalin show him smoking a pipe and I had a feeling of faint disappointment that he was not measuring up to the clichés, even in this regard.

In my letter the previous day, I had specifically asked for "only two minutes" and I had assumed that the interview was to be no more than a brief formality to enable at least one reporter to testify that Stalin was still fully alive. But I saw him stretch out his feet and lean back in leisurely fashion as though we had hours ahead of us. With that natural gesture of relaxing in his chair, Stalin turned a straitjacketed interview into an unhurried social call. I realized that there would be no time limitations.

And here was I, unprepared for this generosity, with only one question ready—the superfluous question whether he was alive or not! I cursed myself inwardly for a bungler not to have mapped out an organized campaign of interrogation that would probe to the very center of the Soviet situation.

"Tell Mr. Lyons," Stalin addressed his interpreter, "that I am sorry I could not receive him before. I saw his letters, but I cannot easily find the opportunity for interviews."

There was no need for translation. My Russian would probably be adequate to the occasion, and if I got stuck, these gentlemen would come to my rescue. Several times in the next hour Stalin harked back to my letters. To this day I do not know precisely why, among the score of permanent correspondents in his capital—many of them less outspoken in their criticism of the regime and more amenable to the discipline of the Press Department—he had selected me for this first interview since his rise to supreme power. Any one of a dozen other correspondents would have served Moscow's purpose just as well. But unquestionably my letters over more than a year played a part in the selection.

"Comrade Stalin," I began the interview, "may I quote you to the effect that you have not been assassinated?"

He laughed. At such close range, there was not a trace of the Napoleonic quality one sees in his self-conscious camera or oil portraits. The shaggy mustache, framing a sensual mouth and a smile nearly as full of teeth as Teddy Roosevelt's, gave his swarthy face a friendly, almost benignant look.

"Yes, you may," he said, "except that I hate to take the bread out of the mouths of the Riga correspondents."

The room in which we sat was large, high-ceilinged, and furnished simply almost to bareness. Its only decorations were framed pictures of Karl Marx, Lenin, and Engels. There was no portrait of Stalin—it was probably the only office in all his vast country without one. Stalin wore the familiar olive-drab jacket with stand-up collar, belted at the waist, and his trousers were tucked into high black boots. The negligent austerity of his attire was of a piece with that room. Though of vigorous physique, he seemed to me older than his fifty-one years; his face was large-featured and fleshy, darker in tinge than I had expected and faintly pock-marked, his shock of black hair thick, unruly, and touched with gray.

For over an hour I asked questions and answered them. Again and again the talk debouched into argument; I was aware afterward, though not at the time, that I did not hesitate to interrupt him; another proof of the essential simplicity of a powerful ruler who could put a reporter so completely at his ease. The "ethics of bourgeois journalism" came in for considerable discussion; though at the moment he had sufficient cause to be indignant with that journalism, there was no bitterness in Stalin's comments.

I asked him about Soviet-American relations, about the chances for world revolution, the progress of the Piatiletka, and such other obvious matters as came to my mind. He listened without the slightest sign of impatience to my labored Russian, and repeated sentences slowly when he thought I might not have grasped the meaning. Often I reached a linguistic impasse from which Charlie and the other interpreter retrieved me. Stalin never once spoke impetuously, never once resorted to mere cleverness or evasion. Sometimes he thought for many seconds before he replied, his forehead fur-

rowed in lines of concentration, and the answers came in strangely schematized array: "firstly, secondly . . . and finally . . ." I recalled that note he had sent me the previous year with its "Motives: (a) . . . and (b) . . ." There had been no affectation in it: that was how his mind worked. It had been conditioned, perhaps, by long years devoted to driving elementary predigested ideas into simple minds, in simple a-and-b formulations.

"It seems to me," I said at one point in the rambling conversation, "that the American press has been making a more determined effort to obtain fair, objective news about the Soviet Union than any other country. We have the largest group of correspondents here and all of them, I think, trying to tell the truth as they see it."

"That's right," Stalin agreed thoughtfully. "Economic classes in the United States are not yet quite as rigidly differentiated as in Europe—you have no deeply rooted landed aristocracy."

The economic interpretation of journalism! To Stalin, as to all Bolsheviks, there are no "good" men and "bad" men, but only men reacting to their social environment and economic compulsions.

In the midst of the interview, someone opened the door and, noting that Stalin was occupied, was about to withdraw. It was Klementi Voroshilov, the Commissar of War.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he smiled apologetically.

"No, no, do come in and join us, Comrade Voroshilov," I said boldly. As though cornering Stalin were not triumph enough for one day, my luck was corralling the War Lord for me as well.

Stalin smiled his assent and Voroshilov, having shaken hands with Charlie and myself, joined the group at the table. Later I wondered whether his arrival was quite as accidental as it seemed. The sensational reports abroad had been full of supposed trouble between Stalin and his military chief. But Voroshilov himself, having heard of my doubts, declared that his intrusion had indeed been entirely fortuitous; a piece of

luck which heightened greatly the dramatic value of the interview.

Voroshilov plunged warmly into the conversation. He was brimming with questions and opinions, slapped his thigh vigorously to express satisfaction. His is a warm, high-mettled nature with something impetuously boyish about it, a startling contrast to the deliberate, methodical, very earnest Stalin. Voroshilov's vitality seemed effervescent against the immense, highly disciplined power in reserve which characterized Stalin. Once or twice I thought I detected a shadow of annoyance on Stalin's face at Voroshilov's ebullience, but I may have been mistaken.

I felt that I was taking more of Stalin's time than I had any right to do, and that the talk would go on and on interminably if I did not call it off myself. Outside this office the tides of revolution rose and fell, hammered at people's lives and shivered the certainties of the world. But here, with Stalin, there was no suggestion of this violence and hectic urgency: he was enveloped in his own atmosphere of calm assurance.

"Comrade Stalin, the press of the world is by this time in the habit of calling you dictator," I said. "Are you a dictator?"

I could see that Voroshilov waited with interest for the answer. Stalin smiled.

"No, I am no dictator. Those who use the word do not understand the Soviet system of government and the methods of the Communist party. No one man or group of men can dictate. Decisions are made by the Party and acted upon by its chosen organs, the Central Committee and the Politburo."

"And now," I said, my embarrassment all too evident, "may I ask you some personal questions? Not that I myself care to pry into your private life, but the American press happens to be interested."

"All right," Stalin consented. His tone implied amused astonishment, as though the curiosity of bourgeois barbarians were beyond communist comprehension.

Voroshilov chuckled, like a little boy at a circus. "Sure, that's what the world wants to know!" he said.

Under my questioning, Stalin thereupon admitted that he had one wife, three children—one of them working, the other two youngsters still in school. Voroshilov was not concealing his enjoyment of the situation. When Stalin reached his five-year-old daughter, his War Lord added in mock earnest: "And she has as yet no well-defined political program." And then: Didn't I also have a young daughter, he wanted to know. I told them that she was in school in Berlin.

And thus it was, of all things, on an intimate domestic note that the party broke up.

"I don't want in any way to interfere with what you may write," Stalin said, "but I would be interested to see what you make of this interview."

"On the contrary," I said, "I am anxious that you read my dispatch before I send it. Above all things I should hate to misrepresent anything you have said. The only trouble is that this is Saturday night and the Sunday papers go to press early. Getting the story to you and back again may make me miss the early editions."

"Well, then, never mind." He waved the matter aside. I thought quickly.

"But if I could get a Latin-script typewriter," I said, "I could write my story right here and now and show it to you immediately."

Stalin thought that was a good idea. With Charlie and myself at his heels, he walked into the adjoining room, where several secretaries were standing around chatting and asked whether they couldn't dig up a Latin typewriter. The relation between Stalin and his immediate employees was entirely human, without so much as a touch of restraint. To them, obviously, he was not the formidable dictator of one-sixth of the earth's surface, but a friendly comradely boss. They were deferential without being obsequious.

The typewriter was found and I was installed in a small room to do my stuff. I could hear Stalin suggesting that they send in tea and sandwiches as he returned to the conference

room. I was nearly an hour in writing the dispatch. Several times Stalin looked in, and inquired whether we were comfortable and had everything we needed.

I interrupted myself only once, to telephone Billy.

"Where are you, dear?" she asked. "Have you forgotten that we have a party tonight? The whole gang will be here."

"I hope you will forgive me," I teased her. "You see, I am very busy at the moment, and may be tied up another hour or two."

"But where are you?"

"Oh, in Stalin's office . . . just had a chat with him and with Voroshilov."

"Stop your kidding! Where are you?"

"No joke, in Stalin's office. All right, you don't have to believe it. Tell you all about it when I get home."

Voroshilov was still with Stalin when I took in the typewritten sheets. Both leaders smiled as the dispatch was translated, particularly at my detailed description of Stalin's looks and manner, Voroshilov's boyish exuberance and the references to Stalin's family. Four or five times Stalin interjected minor corrections and suggestions, none of them of a political character. That finished, I said:

"Would you be good enough to sign this copy for me? It may simplify matters in getting the story by the censors. You know, there is a censorship on news here."

He wrote: "More or less correct, J. Stalin." That autographed copy is still in my possession.

Then I wrote a few words of thanks for his patience on one of the carbon copies, signed it, and left it with him. The unthinkable interview was over. The two minutes had stretched to nearly two hours. I sought out the censor, Podolsky, in his home and handed him the dispatch. He collapsed into a chair, literally, with the Russian equivalent of "I'll be damned!"

When I reached home, the party guests had arrived, practically all the American correspondents among them.

"A nice host you are!" one of them exclaimed. "Inviting a lot of people and then walking out on them."

"Yes, where have you been?" another said. "Scooping us all, I suppose."

"Well, where do you suppose I've been?" I answered, as nonchalantly as I could manage. "With Comrade Stalin, of course!"

That didn't even evoke a laugh. The joke was worn too thin to be funny. No one guessed that I was telling them a literal truth. But I was too full of the excitement to bottle it up indefinitely. Before the evening was over, I convinced them that it was no wisecrack, and the congratulations were tinged with chagrin.

The interview was "kept on the ice" by the New York office for Monday morning, when it would get a better break, journalistically speaking. It was front-paged throughout the world, quoted, editorialized, put on the radio by the "March of Time" as one of the ranking "scoops" in recent newspaper history. My description of Stalin as a likable human being seemed to touch the world's imagination. "Congratulations to the United Press," said an editorial in the *New York Daily News*, "on the most distinguished piece of reporting of this year, if not of the last four or five years."

The flood of rumor from neighboring capitals was stemmed. An amusing commentary on the Riga news mentality came to my knowledge. Donald Day, one of the Riga veterans, in a letter to Junius B. Wood of the *Chicago Daily News*, inquired confidentially whether Gene Lyons had really obtained that personal interview, or had it all been imaginary!

In the next days I was deluged with congratulatory telegrams from all over the world—from editors, foreign correspondents, acquaintances. Outwardly I preened myself on the achievement (though ninety-five per cent of it was luck) and took all the laurels without demur. But only a few of my friends knew that inwardly I was far from exultant.

I thought of all the searching questions which I might have asked but had been too idiotic and too timid and too grateful to ask, and I was overwhelmed with a conviction of failure. . . . It would have been not merely more enterprising but more honest to probe deeper, to question less politely. I must

have left an impression with both Stalin and Voroshilov that I was closer to them in my views of Soviet life than I was in actuality. For this I was to reproach myself often in years to come.

But in the years that followed, with ample time to reassay my impressions, I did not change my mind about my essential reaction to Stalin's personality. Even at moments when the behavior of his regime seemed to me most hateful, I retained that liking for Stalin as a human being. I could understand thereafter the devotion to the man held by certain writers of my acquaintance who had come to know him personally. There was little in common between the infallible, deified Stalin fostered as a political myth and the Stalin I had met. In the simplicity which impressed me more than any other element in his make-up, there was nothing of make-believe, nowhere a note of falseness or affectation. His friendliness was not the back-slapping good-fellow type of the politician, but something innate, something that rang true. In his unpretentiousness there was nothing pretentious.

IT WAS A GREAT FEAT of journalism, worthy of the Pulitzer tradition, when the St. Louis Post-Dispatch sent one of its first-line reporters, Julius H. Klyman, to Mexico to interview Leon Trotsky. Mr. Klyman saw Trotsky first in January, 1937, seventy-two hours after he had reached Mexico's shores from Norway. He saw him again in March, 1940. In the following report upon his interviews he tells you about it in his own words.

It is a report so complete in every detail that it needs little comment. A few brief biographical notes on Trotsky may round it out. Twice he was sent to Siberia, and twice he escaped. He became a wanderer over the earth before returning to Russia in 1917 to join forces with Lenin and others in the new revolution. He opposed the Brest-Litovsk treaty, but was forced to capitulate. He became the commander-in-chief of the new Red army and showed extraordinary military talent. In 1924 Lenin died and Stalin took power. An irreconcilable conflict arose between them. In 1928 Stalin, having placed himself in full control, exiled Trotsky to Turkey. Later Trotsky found refuge in France, then in Norway. In 1936 Norway refused him further residence, and President Cardenas offered him refuge in Mexico.

Mr. Klyman completed his university studies at Lafayette College more than a score of years ago and then went to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Since that time he has grown up with it. To say that a newspaperman has grown up with the Post-Dispatch is a "maximum cum laude" of journalism.

LEON TROTSKY

By Julius H. Klyman

LEON TROTSKY, the nonconformist, left this life as unexpectedly and in as strange a fashion as he had lived. On August 20, 1940, in his Mexican retreat, a pickax wielded by a supposed "friend" and sympathizer crashed his skull and laid him low. The next day he died. It was the second attempt within a few months, for on the preceding May 24 a band of armed men, invading Trotsky's fortress-like home, were frustrated in an attempt on his life.

Trotsky lived and died a dissenter. He never was orthodox, not even an orthodox revolutionist. His first straying away occurred in his teens when he gave up the relatively lush life of a middle-class Russian youth to become the friend of the miserable factory workers of Czarist Russia.

Twice I went to Mexico to interview Trotsky for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. The first time was in January, 1937. At that first interview he made grave accusations against the Moscow regime, headed by Stalin. From Moscow, charges had just been hurled against him accusing him of participation in the supposed plot which resulted in the "Moscow trials" and the "purging" of generals and political leaders. Trotsky denied these charges and accused the Moscow leaders of having constituted themselves into a bureaucratic clique who had forgotten the teachings of Lenin.

The next time I saw him was in March, 1940. I had a series of lengthy conversations with him which were incorporated in two interviews for my newspaper. I believe those were the last interviews he gave—or at least, the last which expounded his thought at any great length.

In those interviews he took the world between his thumb and forefinger, twirled it around and considered the battered aspect of our planet and its amazing contradictions. He gave also a shrewd analysis of the war and its causes and its probable *dénouement*. He foresaw the defeat of Finland, which has since come about. He did not see how the United States could keep out of the war. He felt that the fatal sequel of World War Two would be a World War Three in which the contest would be a death struggle between capital and labor.

But before I proceed to the substance of those interviews, let me tell something of the conditions under which Trotsky was living.

This extract is from one of my three copyrighted dispatches in the *Post-Dispatch*.

Leon Trotsky lived in a home converted into a fortress. Its high, wired, flood-lighted gray walls appeared a little grim in complacent, leisurely Coyoacan. It was all a little unexpected, a little contradictory in this domestic suburb of the Mexican capital where the motorist proceeds with caution lest he bump a drowsy goat cropping the grass that shoulders the cobblestones of dusty streets.

If there were doubt in the visitor's mind that the home's prevailing grimness reflected anything but stark reality, that doubt was effectively dissipated as one's machine pulled up before the Trotsky walls. Your first greeting came from two Mexican policemen who tumbled out of a small fortress especially built for them, and their salutation might be conveyed by pistols coming out of holsters. They were not alone. Two or three more gendarmes, the second line of defense, peered through the windows of their blockhouse. In that abode were long rifles.

Granted you convinced the sergeant of the propriety of your visit, you were escorted to heavy wooden doors which, if open, would lead into the green patio of the Trotsky dwelling. You rang a bell. That business was a little superficial, for the police house and the house proper were joined by wires. Your arrival already had been signaled.

Presently there was the sound of yielding locks and the

great doors opened, but only for a few inches. A heavy sliding bolt kept them joined. A trim, inquiring, browned young man asked your business, demanded your credentials. He wore a belt stuffed with cartridges around his middle, a pistol conveniently at his side; perhaps a long, glinting jack-knife swung from his cartridge belt. He was one of Mr. Trotsky's several secretaries who, beside aiding him with his work, guarded him day and night.

The Trotsky home was an outpost of far-flung Coyoacan. It was an old villa, originally walled, as are all homes in the town. But the walls had been added to until they reached a height of some fourteen feet. The grilled iron gate had been removed and bricked in. Along the walls, both inside and out, ran wires that signaled the attempts of any interloper; in strategic places were floodlights burning the night through. On one side of the house proper, not protected by a wall, were heavy shutters to guard the long Mexican windows, and beyond was an added protection—a high, barbed-wire fence edging a brief no-man's land.

Inside, toward one end of the patio stood a sentry box, a double-barreled shotgun hanging above its counter. On a wall was the guard schedule, telling the varying hours of the secretarial watch, for the secretaries within, like the police without, do sentry duty over the twenty-four hours of the day. Next this schedule was another sheet listing the various weapons and where they might be found—despite the fact the secretaries were well rehearsed. This list was long.

Few weapons, except those inevitably strapped on Mr. Trotsky's young men—regardless of what task they were at—were in evidence. This was an effort to make the interior, the patio, the house itself, as homelike as possible under the defensively belligerent circumstances. But weapons there were in abundance; they ranged from machine guns to the ever-evident sidearms.

There was a goodly corps of secretaries (the writer was asked not to disclose the number) and most of them were young and alert Americans, coming from about all main sections of the states. At least one was European.

Visitors permitted were few. "L.D.," as his secretaries called him (his middle name was Davydovich), was a busy man, always writing—political tracts for his followers to read, theoretical articles on Marxism for his party's journal, and a book that he was working on.

He was a calmer, more composed man than when the writer first met him in January, 1937, three days after his arrival from Norway. Then, while completely assured, he seemed tense, a tightly wound spring waiting for its release. At that time he was concerned with the accusations made against him in the first Moscow trials which had taken place a few months before and with his inability to answer the accusations, due to his almost complete isolation by Norwegian authorities. The second trials were to begin within a week; he was anxious to learn the evidence, to make his defense.

Now, after three years in Mexico, he seemed at ease—perhaps as much at ease as a man of his dynamic intellectuality ever can be. He continuously was in mental motion. One gathered that his thoughts were almost completely political—political in the sense that embraces all things social, financial, economic and the emotional reactions of people in the mass to those various and varying conditions.

Trotsky feared attack and had the walls of his new fortress-home in suburban Coyoacan built up to a height of fourteen feet. Following the attack of May 24, he predicted that more would come—as they did. But the attack which brought him to his end was one which could not be fended off by machine guns or battlements. It came from within, at the hands of one who was trusted.

In March, 1940, I found the sixty-year-old revolutionist a bit more ruddy, a little plumper, his hair and beard a little whiter, than when I first saw him in January. But there was no slackening of his alertness, nor any lessening of his meticulous workmanship.

His mind was restless, sharp, quick-witted and witty in a politically sardonic fashion. It reached out like a rapier, and whether his thrusts were fair or foul, they had a way of drawing blood.

Trotsky was perhaps the most meticulous "interviewee" an interviewer has ever tackled. My questions were forwarded to him so that he might have time to study them. He spent several days over them, then wrote the answers in Russian. Next they were translated into English by an aide, after which Trotsky edited them. One of his American secretaries, James O'Rourke, a New Yorker and university graduate, next went over them for clarity. And Trotsky edited them again.

Naturally, my interview with Trotsky covered the second World War.

Leon Trotsky found in the present war two great imperialistic machines in opposition. One, the British and French, striving to perpetuate itself and finding the only way it can do so is to crush the other, the great German host guided by Hitler. Germany has discovered, in Trotsky's opinion, that European successes failed to solve its problems and that, consequently, it now must go on to world conquest if it is to survive.

He viewed the peace programs of both the Allies and Germany as "not only reactionary but fantastic." Britain, he said, dreams of a conservative monarchy in Germany, of the restoration of the Hapsburg dynasty in some new Austria-Hungary. But, he observed, England has not even learned to deal peacefully with Ireland and India. Would England, he inquired, give up its colonial rights to Germany in an effort to find the peace? He didn't think so.

What prospect of an early peace is there in all this? What prospect of a sound and lasting peace attained on an equitable basis?

Well, the only prospect for the true peace, said the revolutionist, is for Europe to become a Socialist United States.

He did not believe this task of economic reconstruction was a job for the present governments; instead, it must be done by the "popular masses led by the proletariat."

He was concerned about the future of the Soviet Union. He quoted the former Kaiser's advice that the warring nations should cease operations and make "a united front to cleanse the world and civilization of Bolshevism."

And, he commented: "If the war lasts—and the war will last—if the United States intervenes—and they will intervene—if Hitler encounters insuperable difficulties on his road—and he will inevitably encounter them—then the program of the ex-Kaiser will surely be placed on the order of the day."

Questions put to Trotsky by the *Post-Dispatch* and his roundly developed answers to them follow:

What do you believe will be the outcome of the European war—politically, economically, socially and territorially?

Mr. Trotsky: In order to formulate an opinion about the possible outcome of the war, it is necessary first to answer the question whether it will be possible shortly to pacify the unfurled fury through a compromise, or whether the war will develop its devastation and destruction to the end. . . .

As great as may be Hitler's conquests in Europe, they will not solve the problem of German capitalism; on the contrary, they only aggravate it. The Austrian, Czech and Polish industries were added to the German: all of them suffered from narrowness of national borders and lack of raw materials. Further, in order to retain the new territories, a constant tension of military forces is unavoidable. Hitler can capitalize on his European successes only on a world scale. In order to do this, he must crush France and England. Hitler cannot stop. Consequently the Allies cannot stop either, if they do not wish to commit voluntary suicide. The humanitarian lamentations and references to reason will not help. The war will last until it exhausts all the resources of civilization or until it breaks its head on the revolution.

How will Europe and the world look after the war?

Mr. Trotsky: The peace programs of both camps of this war are not only reactionary but also fantastic, that is, unrealizable. The British Government dreams of the establishment of a moderate, conservative monarchy in Germany, of the restoration of the Hapsburgs in Austria-Hungary and of an agreement of all European states on the question of raw materials and markets. London would act correctly if it first found the secret of a peaceful agreement with Ireland about Ulster and with India. Meanwhile we see terrorist acts, exe-

cutions, passive and active resistance, sanguinary pacifications. Is it possible to expect that a victorious England will renounce its colonial rights in favor of Germany? Fundamentally England proposes, if victorious, a new edition of the League of Nations with all its old antagonisms but without the old illusions.

(At the time of this interview France had not yet been occupied by the Nazis. France was prevented from carrying out her "intentions" as Trotsky saw them. Trotsky's analysis would still be valid—from his viewpoint—if the issue of the war should be a victorious England beside which France should again take her place.)

With France it is even worse. Its economic specific weight is in evident contradiction with its world position and with the extent of its colonial empire. France seeks a way out of this contradiction in the dismemberment of Germany. As if it were possible to turn the clock of history back to the epoch preceding 1870! The unification of the German nation was an inseparable result of its capitalistic development. In order to dismember the present Germany it would be necessary to break the backbone of the German technique, destroy the German factories and exterminate a significant part of the population. It is easier to say than to do.

The program of freedom and independence for small nations proclaimed by the Allies sounds very attractive but is entirely devoid of content. Under an unlimited domination of imperialist interests on a world scale, the independence of small and weak states has as little reality as the independence of small industrial and commercial enterprises under the domination of trusts and corporations. (In this respect see the statistics of the United States.)

At the same time that France wishes to dismember Germany, the latter wants on the contrary to unify Europe, naturally under its heel. Concurrently, the colonies of the European states would have to be subjected to German rule. Such is the program of the most dynamic and aggressive imperialism. The task of the economic unification of Europe is in itself progressive. However, the entire problem is who is to

unify, how, and what for? One cannot believe for one minute that the European nations will accept being locked in the barracks of National Socialism. Pax Germanica would mean unavoidably a new series of bloody convulsions.

Such are the two "peace" programs: on the one hand the Balkanization of Germany and thereby of Europe; on the other the transformation of Europe and then of the entire world into a totalitarian barracks. The present war is being waged for the sake of these two programs.

What, in your opinion, is the way out? When and how and by whom can real peace be achieved?

Mr. Trotsky: First of all, I recall that in the past war, which was fundamentally a rehearsal for the present, not only did none of the governments materialize its peace program but neither did they survive for long the conclusion of the peace treaty. Into an abyss fell three old and solid firms: the Romanovs, the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns, with a suite of smaller dynasties. Clemenceau and Lloyd George were swept from power. Wilson ended his days as a victim of his crushed hopes and illusions. Before his death Clemenceau foresaw the coming war. Lloyd George was doomed to see a new catastrophe with his own eyes.

None of the present governments will survive this war. The programs which are now proclaimed will soon be forgotten just as will their authors. The only program that the ruling classes will maintain is: Save their own skins.

The capitalist system is in a blind alley. Without an entire reconstruction of the economic system on a European and a world scale our civilization is doomed. The struggle of blind forces and unbridled interests must be replaced by the rule of reason, of plan, of conscious organization.

The economic unification of Europe is a question of life and death for it. The accomplishment of this task belongs, however, not to the present governments but to the popular masses led by the proletariat. Europe must become Socialist United States, if it is not to become the cemetery of the old culture. A Socialist Europe will proclaim the full independence of the colonies, establish friendly economic relations

with them and step by step, without the slightest violence, by means of example and collaboration, introduce them into a world Socialist federation. The U. S. S. R., liberated from its own ruling caste, will join the European federation which will help it to reach a higher level. The economy of the unified Europe will function as one whole. The question of state borders will provoke as few difficulties as now the question of administrative divisions inside a country. Borders inside the new Europe will be determined in relation to language and national culture by free decisions of the populations involved.

Will this seem utopian to the "realistic" politicians? To cannibals in their time the giving up of human flesh was utopian.

Does dictatorship of the proletariat necessarily mean the surrender of the civil rights as embodied in the Bill of Rights of the United States, and, of course, including freedom of speech, press, assembly and religion? Do you believe that there is a middle ground between capitalism, as we know it in the United States, and Communism, as you would envision it in the United States?

You have said that the Kremlin fears war because that war is likely to be followed by another revolution of the masses. Would you elaborate on this?

Mr. Trotsky: Permit me to answer these two questions together. Will the United States enter the revolutionary road? When and how? In order to approach the theme concretely I will begin with a preliminary question: Will the United States intervene in the war?

In his recent prophetic speech combining the language of Wall Street with the language of the Apocalypse, Mr. Hoover predicted that on the fields of gory Europe two horsemen will triumph in the end: Hunger and Pestilence. The former President recommended that the United States remain aloof from the European insanity in order at the last moment to tip the scale with their economic might. This recommendation is not original. All great Powers not yet involved in the war would like to use their unexhausted re-

sources when the accounts are settled. Such is the policy of Italy. Such is the policy of the Soviet Union in spite of the war with Finland. Such is the policy of Japan in spite of the undeclared war against China. Such is, in fact, the present policy of the United States. But will it be possible to maintain this policy for long?

If the war develops to the end, if the German army has successes—and it will have really great successes—if the specter of German rule over Europe will arise as a real danger—the Government of the United States will then have to decide: to remain aloof, permitting Hitler to assimilate new conquests, multiply the German technique on the raw materials from the conquered colonies and prepare the German domination over the entire planet; or to intervene in the course of the war to help clip the wings of German imperialism. I, least of all, am fit to give advices to the present governments; I am simply trying to analyze the objective situation and to draw conclusions from this analysis. I think that before the indicated alternative even the former head of the American Relief Administration will reject his own program of neutrality: It is impossible to possess with impunity the most powerful industry, two-thirds of the world's gold reserve and ten millions of unemployed.

Once the United States, as I think, intervenes in the war, possibly even this year, they will have to bear all its consequences. The more serious of them is the explosive character of the further political developments.

(The close of 1940 did not see the United States in the war as Trotsky thought was possible. This factor aside, there were striking points of similarity between his view as to how the situation might develop, and its actual development.)

What do you understand by this? (i.e. the explosive character of further political developments.)

Mr. Trotsky: On February 10 [1940], President Roosevelt warned the American Youth Congress against radicalism, advising it to improve the existing institutions, little by little, year by year. Such a procedure undoubtedly would be the best, most advantageous, most economical, if . . . if it were

realizable. Unfortunately "the existing institutions" in the entire world are not improving year by year, but deteriorating. The democratic institutions become not perfected but decomposed, and cede their place to fascism. And this is not due to an accident nor to the light-mindedness of the youth. Capitalist monopolies having corroded the middle classes, are devouring the democracies. Monopolies themselves were a result of private ownership of the means of production. Private ownership, having once been the source of progress, came into contradiction with modern technique and now is the cause of crisis, wars, national persecutions and reactionary dictatorships. The liquidation of the private ownership of means of production is the central historical task of our epoch and will guarantee the birth of the new, more harmonious society. The act of birth, daily observation teaches us, is never a "gradual" process but a biological revolution.

You ask whether an intermediate organization between capitalism and Communism is possible. German and Italian Fascism were attempts of such an organization. But in reality Fascism only brought the most repulsive characteristics of capitalism to a most beastly expression. Another sample of the intermediate system was the New Deal. Did this experiment succeed? I think not: first, the number of unemployed has seven zeros; the 60 families are more powerful than ever before. And most important, there is not the slightest hope that an organical improvement is possible on this road. The market, banks, stock exchange, trusts decide and the Government only adjusts itself to them by means of belated palliatives. History teaches us that revolution is prepared on this road.

It would be a great mistake to think the Socialist revolution in Europe or America will be accomplished after the pattern of backward Russia. The fundamental tendencies will, of course, be similar. But the forms, methods, the "temperature" of the struggle, all this has, in each case, a national character. By anticipation it is possible to establish the following law: The more countries in which the capitalist system is broken, the weaker will be the resistance offered by

the ruling classes in other countries, the less sharp a character the Socialist revolution will assume, the less violent forms the proletarian dictatorship will have, the shorter it will be, the sooner the society will be reborn on the basis of a new, more full, more perfect and more humane democracy. In any case, no revolution can infringe on the Bill of Rights as much as imperialist war and the Fascism which it will engender.

Socialism would have no value if it should not bring with it, not only the juridical inviolability but also the full safeguarding of all the interests of the human personality. Mankind would not tolerate a totalitarian abomination of the Kremlin's pattern. The political regime of the U. S. S. R. is not a new society, but the worst caricature of the old. With the might of the techniques and reorganizational methods of the United States; with the high well-being which planned economy could assure there to all citizens, the Socialist regime in your country would signify from the beginning the rise of independence, initiative and creative power of the human personality.

Do you think probable an alliance of capitalist countries against the U. S. S. R.?

(When Trotsky answered this question, Finland had not yet been beaten by Russia, although in an earlier interview he foresaw that it would be. The main part of his argument still looks to the future, namely, whether what he calls the "capitalistic" countries will in the end unite against Russia.)

Mr. Trotsky: Recently the ex-Kaiser Wilhelm raised his program: "The parties in the war should cease operations and unify their forces in order to aid Finland. They should make a united front to cleanse the world and civilization of Bolshevism." Nobody, of course, is obliged to take the ex-Kaiser too seriously. But in this case he expresses with commendable frankness what others think and prepare. Mussolini does not hide his designs in this respect. London and Paris strive to acquire the friendship of Mussolini at the expense of the U. S. S. R. Washington sends to Rome its plenipotentiary. The President of the United States, according to his own words, did not wish to remain neutral in the Soviet-

Finnish war. He defended Finland and religion. Sumner Welles has the task of consulting England, France, Italy and Germany, but not the Soviet Union; this means consultation—against the Soviet Union. Consequently there is no lack of forces striving to prepare a crusade against the U. S. S. R.

The difficulty of this tendency consists in the fact that only Hitler can wage a serious war against the U. S. S. R. Japan could play thereby a supplementary role. However, at present the German armed forces are directed against the west. In this sense the program of the ex-Kaiser is not for the immediate. But if the war lasts—and the war will last—if the United States intervenes—and they will intervene—if Hitler encounters insuperable difficulties on his road—and he will inevitably encounter them—then the program of the ex-Kaiser will surely be placed on the order of the day.

From what I said above, you will see clearly where I stand in relation to this grouping of forces: on the side of the U. S. S. R., entirely and unconditionally; before all—against imperialism of all labels; after that—against the Kremlin oligarchy which facilitates with its foreign policy the preparation of the march against the U. S. S. R. and with its domestic policy debilitates the Red Army.

TURKEY IS DESIGNED TO

play an important rôle in guiding the destinies of the Near East in the present war. As Mistress of the Dardanelles she holds the key to the Black Sea and its Balkan ports. Even though death recently removed Kemal Ataturk, Turkey follows the policy which he laid down. Power politics do not enter into Turkish designs, nor does she encourage other and greater countries in using her to play at that game. Turkish policy has had two aims, which are: first, to preserve an equitable balance among the New Eastern countries, including the Balkans; second, to safeguard Turkey's interests. She has shown no more favoritism to any of the Great Powers than she has deemed compatible with carrying out this policy.

Isaac F. Marcossou's name is known wherever one speaks of interviews. He has long been the star interviewer of the Saturday Evening Post, and has interviewed more prominent people than anyone else in the world today. He has a respectable list of books to his credit.

KEMAL ATATURK

By Isaac F. Marcossou

THE least publicized of old world dictators—Kemal Ataturk, The Turkish Messiah—was the most picturesque and the most ruthless. Moreover, his status among the mail-fisted gentry was unique. What Mussolini and Hitler say and do is front page news. The peace of the world intermittently quivers under the impact of their actions. Not so with Kemal. His name seldom appeared in alien print. His activities did not extend beyond the confines of his own country. Yet no other dictator anywhere so completely embodied personal government or exercised such complete mastery over his domain.

In the phraseology of business, the leaders and spokesmen for Fascism and Nazism had going national concerns to bend to their political will once they stepped into authority. Italy and Germany represented a high degree of civilization. Kemal had to start from scratch. The land was ravaged by years of bitter conflict. The people were mainly illiterate peasants, apathetic and prostrate under defeat. Such nationalism as prevailed under the Sultanate had completely vanished in the face of Allied occupation and the bitter struggle to live. Racked by war and rent by peace, Turkey was the remnant of the once powerful Ottoman Empire whose watch-fires had gleamed from the Piave to the Persian Gulf; whose legions had smashed at the gates of Vienna; whose prowess had made Budapest a suburb of Constantinople.

With a price on his head, Kemal rallied the tattered survivors of the Turkish armies, drove the Greeks into the sea, and made peace with the great western powers on his own

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terms. Through his defeat of the Greeks he was largely instrumental in bringing about the downfall of Lloyd George. His service as victorious general was merely the prelude to his larger achievement in creating a national entity out of debris and debacle. From a battleground, the bleak Anatolian plain became the nursery of a reborn nation. With a will almost unmatched in brutality he drove his own people into acquiescence to reforms which changed the laws, character, habits, language, and even the dress, of the people. Kemal the dictator became Kemal the schoolmaster, wielding a rod of iron instead of a wooden ferule.

Kemal was forty-three when I met him in the summer of 1923. Into that relatively brief span he had crowded several lifetimes of adventure. He was born at Saloniki at the head of the Aegean Sea. His parents named him Mustafa, which is a common Turkish cognomen. There were so many little Mustafas in the school that he was called Mustafa Kemal. The word "Kemal" in Turkish means perfection. The future dictator of Turkey led his class in mathematics; hence the name attached to him. His father, Ali Riza, an Albanian, was an obscure customs official. The person who probably influenced Kemal's career more than any other was his mother Zubeida, the daughter of a Turkish peasant. It is said of Kemal that she was the only woman to whom he was faithful. As was the case with Stalin, Mussolini, Pilsudski, Hitler, and nearly every other strong personality, this reverence of mother stands out against the many forbidding traits in them. Kemal's home was a poverty-stricken household. All the other children died young. Kemal became the pride and joy of his mother's life. Deeply religious herself, she was eager that he enter the priesthood.

In his childhood Kemal displayed the qualities so manifest in his later life. At the Saloniki school he was proud, boastful, harsh, and truculent. On one occasion he thrashed his teacher. He was then only twelve years of age but of strong and sturdy physique. His mother persisted in urging him to study for the priesthood. Finally he said to her: "I won't be a priest. I want to be a soldier."

At the proper age Kemal entered the Cadet Academy in Saloniki and afterwards went to the Senior Military School at Monastir. Here for the first time he was caught up in the web of revolutionary intrigue which enmeshed Turkey. Himself an intriguer by instinct, he readily fell into the plan of the so-called Vatan, a revolutionary group fostered by officers for the overthrow of Abdul Hamid, the Red Sultan. No contemporary ruler was so cordially hated. It was against him that Gladstone hurled his bitterest denunciations because of the atrocities that he and his minions inflicted upon the unhappy Armenians and other minorities. Kemal had no eleemosynary ideas on the subject of the Armenians. What stirred him even then was the vision of a Turkey freed from despotism. He scarcely realized then that he had within himself the makings of a first-class despot, which he later proved to be.

Kemal got his first taste of war in 1911 when Italy, without warning, seized Tripoli, then part of the Turkish Empire. In that inglorious campaign which lost Tripoli to the Turks and in the Balkan War of the following year, he showed his qualities of soldierly leadership. Then, as in his triumphant war against the Greeks, he proved himself to be a leader of forlorn hopes. He was never a behind-the-lines officer but was always in the van of the fighting with a superb defiance of death.

It was largely 'due to Kemal's quick judgment that the British Dardanelles expedition failed. On the day the Australians made their attack on Anzac Beach, Kemal, who was a brigadier general in the Turkish army, had ordered two of his best regiments on parade fully equipped for a maneuver against the very heights where the Australians were about to operate. When news of the landing and of the defeat of the Turkish troops along the coast first reached him, it was with the information that the movement was merely a feint, and with the request that he detach only one battalion to deal with it. Kemal judged from the firing that this was no mere feint but a serious assault. On his own initiative he ordered all the battalions standing on parade to carry out their pre-arranged maneuver. They were followed by an entire regi-

ment and a mountain battery which Kemal himself posted and directed. This prompt action saved the situation for the Turks.

Henceforth Kemal was practically in command on the Dardanelles. His vigilance, swift coups, and the inspiration of his personal courage, maintained the morale of the Turks and harried the British. With the British withdrawal from their ill-fated adventure in 1915, Kemal stood forth as the hero of the campaign, hailed throughout Turkey as the "Savior of the Dardanelles." He was given the title of Pasha. His full name now was Mustafa Kemal Pasha.

This first popular acclaim did not prevail against the machinations of Enver, his superior, who now saw in Kemal something of a rival. Enver decided to get Kemal as far away from Constantinople as possible. He was instrumental in having him appointed to the entourage of the Crown Prince Vaheddin, afterwards Sultan Mohammed VI, who made a state visit to Germany. Kemal was in no mood for platitudes and compliments. He shocked Hindenburg with his sharp criticism of the Germany Army and even treated the Kaiser with scant respect. The Germans set him down as a boor, because they did not like to hear the truth. Always the soldier first, Kemal went on record in Germany with the prophecy that the Teutonic cause was riding for a fall.

When Vaheddin succeeded to the Sultanate, Kemal sought to have himself made Minister of War. Instead, he was once more the victim of an Enver intrigue and was sent to the army in Syria where he clashed with the Arabs under Emir Feisal, who had joined the British cause largely under the stimulation of Lawrence of Arabia. When the armistice was signed at Mudros, Kemal was in command of all the troops in south Turkey.

The armistice marked the crossroads in Kemal's life. He returned to Constantinople obsessed by despair bred by the spectacle of his broken country. From the fury of fighting he turned to a fury of mind. He became morose and embittered. The iron drove deep into his system. To mental agony was added the rack of an almost incessant pain. In the early days

of the war he contracted a kidney trouble. He could never receive proper care amid all his incessant fighting. Despite the warning of physicians, he continued his excessive drinking which, from his young manhood, had been one of the banes of his life. Alcohol gave him the only relief from the anxieties that oppressed him. In one respect Kemal is an interesting psychopathic study. His most restless periods of action have synchronized with his most intense bouts of pain. This analysis may serve to reveal much of Kemal's almost habitual moroseness. I felt it the moment I met him.

There was only one ray of light in the encircling gloom. Enver had fled to Germany where he was assassinated a few years later. From one source of intrigue and antagonism Kemal was at least secure.

Kemal's bitterness was intensified by what he saw before him in Constantinople. British warships rode at anchor in the Bosphorus. English troops held the capital, occupied the forts along the Dardanelles, and were stationed at every other strategic point in Turkey. French soldiers had been mobilized in Stamboul, the old section of Constantinople, while Italian brigades were in Pera and along the railways. All Turkey was under Allied supervision. The Sultan was a virtual prisoner in his palace. The Turks had ceased to be masters in their own house. Then flamed Kemal's implacable hatred of the British, which remained with him ever afterward.

Once more the Kemal brain began to plot. Back of Kemal's mind was the idea of wresting control of Turkey from the conquerors. It was a forlorn hope, but in the field he had always led forlorn hopes. Kemal began to rekindle what was almost the dead flame of nationalism. No man ever faced a more disheartening task. The Turkish troops were not only ill-fed and ill-equipped, but disheartened as well. Most of them had fought all the way from the Dardanelles to Syria. They yearned for their home farms and peace.

In Angora, which was then little more than a straggling village of mud huts, Kemal established himself. To him came Rauf Bey; Ismet Pasha, his undersecretary of war; Arif, his war-time comrade and intimate of Constantinople days; Ali Fuad;

Adnan Bey, Turkey's foremost physician; and his wife Halide Edib, who was to contribute a romantic chapter to the serial of the new Turkish freedom.

Now began the superhuman effort which stands out most creditably in Kemal's life. Up to this time the quality of dynamic leadership had not been associated with him. He had led troops, but that was part of his profession. Kemal now became the impassioned prophet and preacher of nationalism. Up and down Anatolia he rode and talked. He cajoled, threatened, exhorted, with a fiery fanaticism. The going was not easy. Deep down, his war-racked people wanted peace. Moreover, the simple Anatolian peasants still regarded the Sultan as the supreme authority. Some of them were inclined to look upon Kemal as an interloper. Kemal then proclaimed his loyalty to the Sultan, which had the effect of appeasing most of the people. There were other troubles. The Kurds, a fierce and warlike tribe, rose in revolt. He crushed them ruthlessly. Amid these anxieties Kemal had his brooding hours of blackest depression with the inevitable solace of drink.

Kemal had two trump cards which he played for all they were worth. One was the Greek occupation of Smyrna late in May, 1919, just as he set out on his journey to Anatolia as Inspector General. In a life marked by bitter hatreds, Kemal's pet hate was against the Greeks. In the first Balkan War they had interned his mother in a concentration camp in Saloniki where she suffered great hardship. Then he vowed vengeance against everybody and everything that was Greek. The second was the Treaty of Sèvres which Kemal construed, and with truth, as the death warrant of his beloved Turkey. Under it Smyrna was detached from the country and Turkey made a vassal to the western powers.

Meanwhile the Sultan's government at Constantinople, at Allied dictation, had sent peremptory word to Kemal to return. When he refused, he was outlawed and sentenced to death. This only added to his popularity. His growing army of adherents now called themselves Kemalists.

Kemal's first task was to build up an army with which to

drive the Greeks out of the country. Again his almost incredible energy was mobilized. Allied supply and ammunition dumps along the coast were raided to equip his troops, which he infused with his own fire and fervor. Meanwhile the Allies had tightened their grip on Constantinople, arresting every nationalist upon whom they could lay hands. Rauf Bey, Fethi Bey, and other colleagues of Kemal were trapped in the capital where they had gone on Kemal's business and deported to Malta.

By the spring of 1920 Kemal had an army. The next step was to formulate a government. Kemal organized what he called the Grand National Assembly which met for the first time in Angora in April. It voted itself the legally constituted government of Turkey. Kemal subsequently became its President.

The so-called National Pact, which Kemal wrote and the Assembly adopted, paralleled the American Declaration of Independence. It declared, among other things, that "it is a fundamental condition of our life and continued existence that we, like every country, should enjoy complete independence and liberty in the matter of assuring the means of our development, in order that our national and economic development should be rendered possible."

Then came the Allied blunder which quickened the faltering Turkish hopes, unified all the factions, and gave Kemal the slogan for victory. Up to this time the Greek army of occupation at Smyrna had been more or less quiescent so far as invasion of the hinterland was concerned. Within the confines of the city they were lords and masters subjecting the inhabitants to pillage and worse.

Venizelos, the Greek statesman, had for years cherished the dream of a Greek empire which would include the coast of Anatolia. It had been largely due to his urging that the Greek army had been sent to Smyrna, which he saw as the first outpost of his greater Greece. When the Allied peacemakers in Paris learned of the Kemal adventure they were first amused and then annoyed. Here, in their opinion, was an interloper who had the temerity to flout the victors of the World War

and who would not sign a peace treaty. They looked at the map and saw that there was a Greek army in Smyrna. Why not use this agency to rid them of their new anxiety and let Greece have what she wanted in Anatolia? Venizelos' dream might come true.

The Greeks now advanced into Anatolia. The Allies had provided them with the most modern equipment. It looked like a push-over for this well-trained host to rout the poorly clad and ill-equipped Turkish troops. Ismet Pasha led the first Turkish advance against them. They clashed in January, 1921, at InEunu, where the invaders were driven back. Only a comparatively small Greek army had been involved in this action. The Greeks now pushed forward with their main army, driving the Turks before them and ravaging the countryside. The peasants fled in terror before them. All that spring and early summer of 1921 the Greeks devastated the Anatolian plain.

Kemal now imposed his will upon the Grand National Assembly. He had himself made commander-in-chief of the Turkish army with the powers of a dictator. He overruled Ismet's suggestion to risk battle at Eski-Shehr and ordered the entire Turkish army to retire along the Sakaria River, which wound its way through a mountainous country. Here he determined to make his stand.

What history knows as the Battle of Sakaria began at dawn on August 24, 1921. For twelve days the conflict raged under an almost intolerable sun. Both sides fought with desperate valor. Kemal hurled regiment after regiment against the Greeks, who fought them back with terrible loss. Three divisional generals were killed in the first day's fighting. On the last day an orderly dashed up to Kemal saying that another position had been lost. Turmoil raged all round him, but the commander-in-chief stood unmoved and without the slightest tremor on his inscrutable face. At the critical hour he gave a quiet word of command and five thousand picked troops, which he had kept in reserve and under cover, leaped into action. Their instructions were not to fire until they saw

the whites of the enemy's eyes. They turned the tide and the Greek retreat began.

The victory at Sakaria made Kemal a world figure. The morose, taciturn Turk was now a person to be reckoned with by the powers who had regarded him as a vainglorious upstart. The French, with their eye, as usual, on the main chance, made a secret treaty with him. Through it more than 40,000 Turks were released from the Syrian front. Kemal was able to get equipment for almost as many more troops from France. He obtained arms from Italy and Russia. He had to pledge his word and his prospects for most of these supplies but he got away with it.

All these preparations meant that Kemal had no illusions about Sakaria. He well knew that it was not a decisive victory. He rebuffed suggestions for a separate peace. All his restless energy was now concentrated behind the determination to drive the Greeks out of Turkey. For months he planned and worked. The Greeks viewed Kemal's inaction in the field as indifference. They were soon to be rudely awakened.

It was not until August, 1922, that Kemal felt he was in a position to deliver what he believed to be the telling blow. Although Ismet was in command of the field army, Kemal now went into the field and assumed supreme direction. On August 26 the Turks attacked Dumlu Punar, the key to the Greek position. Within twenty-four hours the Greek army had been cut in two with its lines of supply and communication broken. The defeat became a rout as the invaders fled back to their base on the coast. When Kemal entered Smyrna in triumph, acclaimed by the frenzied populace as deliverer, the last of the Greek transports bearing the demoralized Greek army were disappearing over the horizon. The Greeks fired the city before their evacuation.

After establishing order in Smyrna, Kemal went back to Angora, which was now secure from the invader. The capital was delirious with joy. Among the honors showered on Kemal was the title of Ghazi, which means "The Conqueror." Since that fateful day in 1453 when Mohammed the Conqueror battered down the gates of Constantinople

and the Moslem era began, the proud title had been conferred on only three men. One was Topal Osman Pasha, the hero of Plevna; the second was Mukhtar Pasha, conqueror of the Greeks in the late '90's; while the third was Kemal.

In 1923 Kemal was an aloof and almost inaccessible figure masked by mystery. The world had read of his achievement in delivering Turkey from the Greeks and his aspirations for a new Turkey. It knew little about the Ghazi himself. I went to Turkey to see him and to make some appraisal of the man and his background.

I had not chosen an auspicious time. A state of war without actual conflict existed. The British, French, and Italian armies of occupation gave the streets a martial appearance, while the huge Allied fleet, which included a dozen American destroyers, was anchored in the Bosphorus or boomed at target practice in the Sea of Marmora. The Lausanne Conference, which held the fate of Turkey in relation to the other powers, was at the breaking point. Kemal, through Ismet Pasha, his chief representative, was making demands which the conference deemed almost extortionate. The British-Turkish clash at Chanak had just been settled. The air of Constantinople was not only charged with its usual odors, but with tension and uncertainty as well.

The last civilian who successfully applied for permission to go to Angora had been compelled to linger at Constantinople seven weeks before he got his *vessica*, as a visa is called in Turkish. Two or three others had departed for home in disgust after four weeks of fruitless waiting. The prospect was not promising, but after seemingly endless delays I was free to go to Angora.

Happily I had taken out insurance against the discomfort which was then the lot of every visitor to Angora. After Kemal's residence, the only other house fit for a European to occupy was the building remodeled for the use of the Near East Relief workers. It had lately been acquired by representatives of the Chester Concession, so named because Rear Admiral Colby M. Chester, U.S.N. retired, had obtained a

concession from Angora to build railways and public works in Turkey. Because of lack of capital, it never got beyond the paper permission to operate. Before leaving Constantinople I got permission from Admiral Chester's agent to occupy this establishment. It was a godsend in more ways than one. By some miracle, but due mainly to three old Armenian servants whom I kept busy scrubbing floors and airing the cots, I had no use for the insect powder that I had brought with me.

The principal thoroughfare of Angora was unpaved, rambling, and crowded with men, beasts, and ox-carts. A fierce sun beat down relentlessly upon its dust and din. At one end was a low, stucco building flying the Turkish flag. It was the seat of the Grand National Assembly. Here Kemal was elected President and the Lausanne Treaty confirmed. Over the President's chair hung this passage from the Koran: "Solve your problems by meeting together and discussing them." In Kemal's office just across the hall was another Koran maxim: "And consult them in ruling." Before many years Kemal had made it more of a joke than a precept.

I had arrived at noon on a Wednesday and promptly sent Reschad Bey to see Rauf Bey, the Premier, to whom I had a letter of introduction. Rauf Bey was a thoroughgoing man of the world. Educated in England and Germany he early became a naval officer. As I have stated, his most famous command was the *Hamidieh*, the Turkish battleship that had caused the Allies almost as much worry as the German raider *Emden*. She was always reported at half a dozen different places at the same time. Rauf Bey had visited Theodore Roosevelt at the White House. It was to him that Roosevelt said: "If Turkey had six more men like you she would be a world power."

I spent three hours on Thursday with Rauf Bey in the Foreign Office, a tiny, plaster building alive with the personality of its chief occupant. He was the only member of the cabinet who spoke English. I found him a frank, blunt, wholesome person, tremendously interested in the United States and with the innate Turkish distrust of England. Rauf

Bey made the appointment for me to see Kemal at his house the following afternoon at five o'clock. The original plan was for both of us to dine with Kemal. Subsequently this was changed because, as Rauf Bey put it, "the Ghazi's in-laws are visiting him and his house is crowded." By using the "in-laws" it was evident that Rauf Bey had adapted himself to Western phraseology.

Friday, the thirteenth, came and with it the long-awaited interview with Kemal. He lived in a kiosk, as the Turks call a villa, at Chankaya, a sort of summer settlement about five miles beyond Angora. Motor cars were scarce in Angora so I had to drive out in a "low-neck" carriage. Reschad Bey went along. He was not present at the talk with Kemal, however.

As we neared Kemal's abode we began to encounter troops who increased in numbers the farther we went. These soldiers represented one of the many precautions taken to safeguard Kemal's life because he was in hourly danger of assassination by some enraged Greek or Armenian. Several attempts had already been made to shoot him. In one instance his companion, a Turkish officer, was seriously wounded by the would-be assassin.

Soon an attractive white stone house, faced with red, surmounting a verdant hill and surrounded by a neat garden and almond orchard, came into view. At the right was a smaller stone cottage. Reschad Bey, who had been there before, informed me that this was Kemal's establishment, the gift of the Turkish people. I might have otherwise known it because the guard of sentries became thicker. When we reached the entrance we were stopped by a sergeant and asked to tell our business. Reschad Bey told the man that I had an appointment with the Ghazi and he took my card inside.

In a few moments he returned and escorted us into the little stone cottage which Kemal uses as a reception room. Here I found the Ghazi's father-in-law, Mouammer Ouchakay Bey, who was the richest merchant of Smyrna and who was the first Turkish member of the New York and New Orleans Cotton exchanges. He had visited America fre-

quently and spoke English fluently. He told me that Kemal was engaged in a cabinet meeting and would see me shortly.

Meanwhile I looked about the room which was filled with souvenirs of Kemal's fame and place in the Turkish heart. On one wall was the inevitable Koran inscription. This one read. "God has taught us the Koran." There were various memorials beautifully inscribed on vellum, expressing the homage of Turkish cities and also magnificent jeweled gift swords. What impressed me most was the life-size portrait of a sweet-faced old Turkish woman that had the most conspicuous place in the chamber. I knew without being told that this was Kemal's mother.

I had just launched into a discussion of the Turkish economic future with Mouammer Bey when Kemal's aide, a well-groomed young lieutenant in khaki, entered and said that the Ghazi was ready to see me. With him I crossed a small courtyard, went down a narrow passage, and found myself in the drawing-room of the main residence. It was furnished in the most approved European style. In one corner was a grand piano. Opposite was a row of well-filled bookcases, many of the volumes French, while on the walls hung more gift swords.

In the adjoining room I could see a group of men sitting around a large round table amid a buzz of rapid talk. It was the Turkish cabinet discussing the latest telegrams from Lausanne where Ismet Pasha, Minister of Foreign Affairs and the only absent member, had the day before delivered the Turkish ultimatum embodying Kemal's demand for a free Turkey.

As I advanced, Rauf Bey came out and escorted me into the room where the cabinet sat. There was a quick group introduction. I had eyes, however, for only one person. It was the tall figure that rose from its place at the head of the table and came toward me with hand outstretched. I had seen many pictures of Kemal and I was therefore familiar with his appearance. He was the type to dominate men or assemblages, first by reason of his imposing stature, for he was nearly six feet tall, with superb chest and shoulders, and

military bearing; second by the almost uncanny power of his eyes which were the most remarkable I have ever seen in a man. Kemal's eyes were steely blue, cold, stony, and as penetrating as they were implacable. He had a trick of narrowing them when he met a stranger. At first glance he looked German for he was that rare human exhibit, a blond Turk.

Kemal's yellow hair was brushed back straight from the forehead. The lack of coloring in his broad face and the high cheek bones refuted the Teutonic impression when you studied him. He really looked like a pallid Slav. Few people ever saw Kemal smile. In the two hours and a half that I spent with him his features went through the semblance of relaxation only once. He was like a man with an iron mask. That mask was his natural face.

I expected to find him in uniform. Instead, he was smartly turned out in a black morning coat with gray-striped trousers and patent leather shoes. He wore a wing collar and a blue-and-yellow four-in-hand tie. He looked as if he was about to pay his respects to a fashionable hostess in Park Lane or Park Avenue. Kemal, I might add, had always been a stickler for dress. He introduced the calpac, the high astrakhan cap which for a time became the badge of Turkish nationalism.

After we had exchanged the customary salutations in French Kemal said, "Perhaps we had better go into the next room for our talk and leave the cabinet to its deliberations." With this he led the way into the adjacent salon. With Rauf Bey at my right and Kemal on the left, we sat down at a small table. A butler, no less well groomed than his master, brought the inevitable thick Turkish coffee and cigarettes. The interview began.

Although the Ghazi knows both French and German, he preferred to talk Turkish with a foreigner. After I had expressed, again in French, the great pleasure I had in meeting him, Rauf Bey interposed with the suggestion that perhaps it might be best for the Ghazi to carry on in his own language. This was agreed upon and henceforth the Premier acted as intermediary.

Kemal had somehow heard of the difficulties and delays which had attended my trip to Angora. He at once apologized, saying that in the handicaps that beset administration in a place like Angora such things were liable to happen. Then he added, "I am very glad you came. We want Americans in Turkey, for they can best understand our aspirations."

Kemal not only personified the new Turkey but a new type of Turk as well. Despite Western wearing apparel and knowledge of French and German the Turk is fundamentally an Asiatic, although he resents the imputation. When you meet a Turk in a club and begin a conversation, you are at first inclined to believe that here is a man of your own world. Before long a little mental shutter drops and you find yourself face to face with an Asiatic. It becomes difficult to get the direct yes or no. You combat evasion which is one of the basic characteristics of the Oriental. Kemal proved to be an exception. Throughout the entire interview, which lasted nearly three hours, he was frank and straightforward. He never shied at a question. For a soldier he displayed an unusual knowledge of world politics, people, and events.

At the outset of the interview Kemal outlined his theory of government. Leaning forward, he said in his sharp, staccato utterance:

"Do you know what has obstructed European peace and reconstruction? Simply this—the interference of one nation with another. It is an expression of selfish grasping nationalism. It has led to the substitution of politics for economics. The German reparations tangle is only one example. The curse of the world is petty politics. There are nations who would block our hard-won Turkish independence; who decry our constructive nationalism and say it is merely a camouflage to hide the desire for conquest of our neighbors on the east, and who maintain that we are not capable of economic administration. Well, they shall see. The first and foremost idea of the new Turkey is not political but economic. We want to be part of the world of production as well as of consumption."

The Ghazi's idea of nationalistic self-containment, the cornerstone of his creed, was revealed when I asked him if he still believed in the Pan-Islam formula. He said:

"Pan-Islam represented a federation based on the community of religion. Pan-Turanianism embodies the same kind of community of effort and ambition based on race. Both were wrong. The idea of Pan-Islam really died centuries ago at the gates of Vienna, at the farthest north of the Turkish advance in Europe. Pan-Turanianism perished on the plains of the East.

"Both of these movements were wrong because they were based on the idea of conquest, which means force and imperialism. For many years imperialism dominated Europe. But imperialism is doomed.

"You may think it strange that a Turk and a soldier like myself who has been bred to war should talk this way. But this is precisely the idea that is behind the new Turkey. We want no force, no conquest. We want to be let alone and permitted to work out our own economic and political destiny. Upon this is reared the whole structure of the new Turkish democracy which, let me add, represents the American idea, with this difference—we are one big State while you are forty-eight.

"My idea of nationalism is that of a people of kindred birth, religion, and temperament. For hundreds of years the Turkish Empire was a conglomerate human mass in which Turks formed the minority. We had other so-called minorities and they have been the source of most of our troubles. That, and the old idea of conquest. One reason why Turkey fell into decay was that she was exhausted by this very business of difficult rulership. The old empire was much too big and it laid itself open to trouble at every turn.

"But that old idea of force, conquest and expansion is dead in Turkey forever. Our old empire was Ottoman. It meant force. It is now banished from the vocabulary. We are now Turks—only Turks. This is why we want a Turkey for the Turks, based on that ideal of self-determination which was so well expressed by Woodrow Wilson. It means nationalism,

but not the kind of selfish nationalism that has frustrated self-determination in so many parts of Europe. Nor does it mean arbitrary tariff walls and frontiers. It does signify the open door to trade, economic regeneration, a real territorial patriotism as embodied in a homeland. After all these years of blood and conquest the Turks have at least attained a fatherland. Its frontiers have been defined, the troublesome minorities are dispersed. It is behind these frontiers that we propose to make our stand and work out our own salvation. We propose to be masters in our own house."

While we were in the midst of the interview the butler entered and whispered something in Kemal's ear. Instantly he turned and said, "Madame Kemal is coming down."

A few moments later the most attractive Turkish woman I had yet met entered—I should say glided—into the room. She was of medium height, with a full Oriental face and brilliant dark eyes. Her every movement was grace itself. Although she wore a sort of non-Turkish costume—it was dark blue—she had retained the charming head-dress which is usually worn with the veil and which, according to the old Turkish custom, must completely hide the hair. The veil, however, was absent, for Madame Kemal was one of the emancipated ones. Some of her brown tresses peeped out from beneath the beguiling cover. A subtle perfume emanated from her. She was a picture of feminine Paris literally adorning the Angora scene.

Kemal presented me to his wife, employing Turkish in the introduction. I addressed her in French and she replied in English with a British accent. She had spent some of her school life in England. Later she studied in France. Madame Kemal at once took her seat at the table and listened to the cross-examination of her husband with interest.

Shortly after her arrival Kemal was summoned into the next room, where the cabinet was still in session. During his absence she told me the story of her life which was a charming complement to the narrative of her distinguished husband's more strenuous career. It proved to be a brief interlude.

Madame Kemal's father, as I have already indicated, was the richest merchant in Smyrna, which has been for years the economic capital of Turkey. Her name was Latife. To this must be added the word *Hanoum*, which in Turkish may mean either "Miss" or "Mrs." Thus before her marriage she was Latife Hanoum. When she employed her full married name she was Latife Ghazi Mustafa Kemal Hanoum.

During the early days of the Greek war she was alternately in Paris and London. In the autumn of 1921 she returned to Smyrna which was then in the hands of the Greeks. They imprisoned her father and eventually arrested her on the charge of being a Turkish spy. She was sentenced to detention in her own home—"protective custody" as the Nazis later termed it—with two Greek soldiers on guard before the door. Here she spent three months.

One day the Greek sentries suddenly vanished. There was the bustle and din of hasty retreat. Early the next morning the conquering Turks rode into Smyrna. A few days later Kemal entered in triumph at the head of his victorious army. I will tell the rest of the story in Latife's own naive words, which were:

"Although I had never met Mustafa Kemal I invited him to be our guest during his stay in Smyrna. I admired his courage, patriotism and leadership, and he accepted our invitation. I found that we had common ideals for the reconstruction of our country. Later we discovered that we had something else in common. Not long afterward forty to fifty of our friends were invited to the house for tea. The mufti, as the Turkish registrar is called, was summoned. Without any previous announcement we were married. Our wedding ring was brought to us later from Lausanne by Ismet Pasha."

Within twelve months Kemal's romance foundered on the rock of incompatibility. Latife was not only summarily dismissed from the Ghazi's household but was kept virtually a prisoner in Turkey for more than a year. The plain truth was that the overlord of Turkey had tired of her as he tired of every other woman. Essentially a man's man, he rebelled

against feminine environment. The only softness that he henceforth displayed toward women was to adopt legally a dozen daughters of fellow officers who had been killed in the service of the country.

In the midst of my conversation with Madame Kemal the Ghazi returned and the interview was resumed. When we concluded, twilight had fallen. I had brought with me two photographs of the Ghazi which I had obtained at Angora. One was taken in the summer of 1920. As he signed it he said wistfully: "This reminds me of my youth."

The farewells were now said. I drove back to Angora in the gathering dusk hailed at intervals by cavalry patrols. Bugle calls echoed across the misty hills. The memory of the forceful personality I had left behind me was to remain with me always.

In October, 1923, Turkey was declared a republic, with Kemal as President. As a matter of fact, he had functioned as chief executive long before he acquired the official title. Once President, Kemal began the series of reforms which shook the social, legislative, and spiritual structure of the country to its roots.

By this time the dictator complex was strong in Kemal. He was not the type to brook divided authority. Eleven months before he became President he instituted the first drastic change by abolishing the Sultanate. Only a semblance of opposition was raised in the Grand National Assembly against the sacking of the Sultan. Since the close of the World War he had been a feeble figurehead.

Kemal's next step toward complete dictatorship was the abolition of the Caliphate. For four hundred years Constantinople had been the seat of Islam, sheltering the Caliph, who was spiritual head of the millions of Moslems the world over. The Caliph, to employ his imposing title, was Pope of All the Faithful of Islam and Shadow of God on Earth. In Constantinople reposed the green turban, the beard, and the staff of the Prophet. Only Mecca rivaled the city on the Golden Horn in sacred significance. What Rome is to the

Catholics, so was Constantinople to the Mohammedan. Overnight Turkey became a secular state, stripped of all the religious glamour and reverence that had made the capital the object of countless exhortations.

Kemal did not get away with the Caliphate business as easily as the wiping out of the Sultanate. Deep down, the Turks have a strong religious feeling. They knew that the sultans were weak and corrupt. The Caliph represented a different and spiritual embodiment. Men like Rauf Bey and Arif Bey, as well as millions of Turks of more humble status, naturally regarded the exile of the Caliph as a sacrilege to be resented. They voiced their protest. Despite strong opposition in the Grand National Assembly Kemal had his way. The Caliph went into lonely exile in Switzerland.

By this time Kemal was a complete megalomaniac. Alcohol and pain drove him to frenzies in which he became unbearable and almost unendurable. He began to pay the price that every dictator pays for concentrated power. His ruthlessness begot bitter enmity. In 1926 a plot against his life was hatched at Smyrna. It was no new menace for the Ghazi. But this time the peril was of a different sort. The other attempts had been made by fanatical Greeks or Armenians. The Smyrna conspiracy was one hundred per cent Turkish.

Kemal discovered the plot. He decided to rid the country of all intrigue and opposition. Much of it was fancied, for Kemal had become increasingly the victim of obsessions, many of them bred by hate and habitual suspicion. He had the constitution amended so as to give him absolute authority as a dictator. Now began the traitor hunt, prelude to the first of the dictator purges. Kemal's emissaries scoured the country, imposing the third degree and extorting confessions in precisely the same way that Stalin's minions worked to obtain the victims for his series of spectacular mass trials. When the jails were filled, Turkey's bloody assizes began. Kemal signed almost as many death warrants as did Djerzhinsky in the days of the Cheka terror in Moscow.

The tragedy of the Kemal purge was that he spared neither friend nor foe. Rauf Bey, Adnan Bey, and Halide Edib es-

caped from the country with the police actually at their heels. Less fortunate were old-time comrades, notably the able Djavid Bey, Turkey's foremost financier, who had juggled finances in the precarious revolutionary days so that Kemal's armies might be fed and supplied. Years of service and loyalty were swept aside by the blood lust of the dictator. These old associates were in no sense involved in the conspiracy against Kemal's life yet they, with a dozen other Turks of high official position, were sentenced to be hanged.

Kemal now displayed the sadistic side of his nature. On the night of the executions of the principal victims he gave a ball at his official residence. While the dictator's guests drank, danced or played poker, a dozen of his closest friends who had worked or fought by his side in the dark days dropped through the trap doors on the scaffolds in the public square in Angora. Death and drink held orgy in the capital that awful night.

Less cruel and inhuman than the purge were the subsequent Kemal reforms which crowded thick and fast. They revealed the facets of a many-sided being. Practically everything in Turkey became subject to change except the character and temperament of the Ghazi himself.

Having disposed of the Sultan and the Caliph, Kemal determined to rid the country of every remaining semblance of Islam. The fez was not only the badge of the Turk but of the Moslem as well. Without his fez the average Turk thought he was undressed. Every coffee house in Constantinople and the other larger communities had its fez presser who pressed the customers' head-pieces while they sipped their coffee or pulled at the *nargileh*, the water pipe of the East.

The fez became the next victim of Kemal's displeasure. By his command the Assembly passed a law making the wearing of the fez illegal and violation of this law a criminal offense. Traitor-hunting was now followed up by fez-hunting. Every Turkish gendarme had his eyes peeled for a fez.

Kemal's passion for change became a mania. Back of his mind was the desire for a complete Europeanization of

Turkey. The steam-roller of ruthless reform continued its devastating way.

He next made a foray into learning. For years the Turkish language had been a jumble of Arabic, Persian, and Turkish. The script was largely Arabic, the language in which the Koran is written. Kemal decided to substitute Latin script, eliminating as many Arabic words as possible. Here was a reform which could not be brought about by overnight decree. Under the instigation of the Soviet Government, Latin script had been introduced for all the Tartars in Central Asia. Kemal studied this system. With the aid of Turkish scholars he made an adaptation for use in Turkey. The word "Allah" was scrapped and "Tanru" substituted. The musical call of the muezzin from minarets calling the faithful to prayer soon sounded "there is no God but Tanru" instead of the almost immemorial "there is no God but Allah."

Once he embarked on the language reform, Kemal kept to the task unremittingly, mobilizing his immense powers of concentration. When he had perfected the system he converted the entire nation into a class. It was at this juncture in his career that Kemal the dictator became Kemal the schoolmaster.

With the showmanship which seems to be the prerogative of all dictators, Kemal launched his educational campaign at a grand ball which he gave at the Dolma Bahche Palace, the old residence of the Sultans in Constantinople. The Ghazi had not been in the city on the Golden Horn since that momentous day in 1919 when as Inspector General he set forth for Anatolia ostensibly to demobilize the defeated Turkish army but in reality to rally it to his standard. He received the welcome accorded only to deliverers. Constantinople was frantic with enthusiasm as he made a triumphal progress through the streets.

Kemal gave his first lesson in the revised alphabet clad in full evening dress on a platform with a blackboard before him and chalk in his hand. For two hours he discoursed on the reform. With a patience not usually associated with his dynamic personality he labored to press his points home.

Once the lesson was completed, the music blared forth and everybody danced and drank until dawn. It was a spectacle unique in the history of dictator regime.

Kemal became the traveling schoolmaster. With his blackboard and chalk he went from community to community. Often in the villages he held his school in the open air, sometimes in the market place. When there was no market place he used an open field. The task was difficult, because less than ten per cent of the population of Turkey could read or write when the Ghazi came into power. Always the dictator, Kemal compelled illiterate peasants to fashion their names laboriously in the new language, often guiding their fingers himself.

In 1934 Kemal commanded every Turk to take a surname instead of using only a first name, which had so long been the custom. He set the fashion by choosing for himself "Ataturk" which means "father of Turks." His name therefore became Kemal Ataturk. There was a general shuffling of all names. Constantinople became Istanbul and Angora was changed to Ankhara.

One of the most historic of the transformations wrought was the ban on the veil that for centuries had hidden the face of the Turkish woman. With the veil went all the other inhibitions on the sex. Suffrage became universal. The emancipation of women included the right to hold office, in short, complete equality with the male.

Kemal introduced model farms. The old wooden plows that dated back to the Biblical days were supplanted by steel implements. Co-operatives and banks sprang up to replace the ancient barter. Schools superseded the professional letter-writers in the bazaars and market places. Kemal jazzed up Ankhara with night clubs where the young Turks were compelled to dance the modern dances. Taxicabs jostled the creaking ox-carts in the capital. The *han* gave way to the well-equipped hotel. Cabaret saxophones blared where once the shepherd pipes had played.

Such was the Kemal dictatorship which reached to every innermost detail of Turkish life and work. One man's

dominant will was the law of the land. The Ghazi was the twentieth-century George Washington in that he was literally the father of his country. Turkey was Kemal Ataturk, and Kemal Ataturk was Turkey.

Ataturk died November 10, 1938. He was succeeded as President of Turkey by General Ismet Inonu, a man whom he had especially groomed to carry on the New Turkey tradition.

Konoye
Henry Pu Yi
Chiang Kai-shek
Quezon

The Orient

W. B. Courtney
Edward Hunter
Vincent Sheean
Randall Gould
Wilbur Burton

BACK IN 1938, WHEN MR. Courtney had his interview, Prince Konoye told of his dream of a "United States of Asia." He told, too, how Japan was not disturbed by the predictions of amateur strategists in the United States or elsewhere who were telling the world how badly things would go with Japan. Japan knew how things would go, and they would go according to program, he felt. Three years later, in February, 1941, Japanese Foreign Minister Yosuke Matsuoka told the world bluntly that the "white race" would have to cede more than 1000 square miles of that part of the Pacific called Oceania, (apparently including the Philippines and the Dutch East Indies) to the Asiatics—which was another way of saying cede them to Japan. And so, in front of the screen one saw Prince Konoye's dream taking more definite shape.

Every interview needs its own special treatment. There is no absolute formula to be applied to all alike, or even to any number of them together. Here is an interview in which the interest centered quite as much on Japanese world policy as upon the person who told about it. Konoye was the symbol of that policy because he was the chief shaper of it. To understand Japanese policy you must not only understand Konoye, but his world and his people. In this interview Mr. Courtney has given you a cross section of Japan and has shown you how the people and their leader are all of the same piece of wood.

This is an interview which reveals more than the usual amount of preparation. Mr. Courtney lays down his own rule, which is that the interviewer must give as much to the interview as he takes from it. The way of doing it is never quite the same. Sometimes it is the personality of the interviewer acting on the interviewed which produces something that would not be produced if the interviewer were anyone else.

PRINCE FUMIMARO KONOYE

By W. B. Courtney

IN SEPTEMBER, 1938, Munich swung the United States' public's major interest away from the Orient to Europe. Russia shifted on her paws, and settled cozily again to her ancient watch at the rat holes of the world. Japan, behind her screens, went back to her blueprinting of destiny.

Earlier in the year it had not been that way. Drama, adventure, romance had kept the Orient in American headlines. All summer cholera flamed along the China Coast, and other epidemics threatened; so that you could not move from port to port without a pocketful of certificates and an armful of inoculation scars. The *Panay* scare was still fresh. Shanghai, the "Old Faithful" geyser of Asiatic intrigue, belched regularly. The first anniversary of Shanghai's "Bloody Saturday" found Hankow, now the capital of Chiang Kai-shek, already reading the brevity of its tenure in the daily rain of Japanese air bombs. On the Korean-Manchurian-Soviet frontier, in the hills behind Posyeta Bay, Japanese and Russians clawed each other bloodily.

But the event which intrinsically held the most interest and importance happened in Japan proper in the very late spring. There one man was suddenly perceived to be focused into the outlines of what United States citizens—immature in international politics, and gaping timidly across seas astringed by radio and planes—have come to recognize as the form of a dictator.

He was Prince Fumimaro Konoye, who, since June, 1937, had been Premier.

Revised and expanded by W. B. Courtney from the original article, entitled "Japan's Dictator," published in *Collier's* magazine, October 1, 1938. By permission of the author.

Immediately he became the most sought-after man in the Orient for interviews. Since the beginning of the China Incident, the Japanese political home picture had been confused, querulous, and uncertain. Who the real inside leader was had been anybody's guess. The resolution of this mud-diness into clear water required a strong man: *the* strong man. No more guessing now. It was Konoye.

Matsuoka, president of the South Manchurian Railway and one of Japan's authentically great men, put the bee in my bonnet for an interview with Prince Konoye; and I left for Tokyo at once. There Yusuke Tsurumi, my good friend and fellow member of the Century Association in New York, a member of the Diet and one of Japan's most distinguished men of letters, set to work upon the matter at once through his very high connections. Things like this are not arranged over the telephone, offhand, in Japan; but with patience and sincerity. An interview with Prince Konoye was especially to be prized, not alone because of the weight that must now be attached to his every word, or because of the fact that since his sudden emergence as Japan's strong man no journalist had seen him in private; but on account of his well-known temperament, his enormous reticence, and his high blood in a nation in which ancestors and blood are completely indivisible from national spirit and which is ruled by the longest and purest direct lineage known to all history.

Prince Konoye's blood, in fact, is talked about a great deal in Japan. You will be told—shyly, bearing no irreverence—that it is not quite accurate to describe Konoye as having some of the Emperor's blood. The emphasis really should be put the other way around!

In the end I met the Prince; meanwhile, in preparation for the interview, I explored the Konoye clan background and lore, as well as the personal history of Prince Fumimaro. Every journalist knows—although I suspect the reading public doesn't—that he must bone up for an interview much as a student must for a final exam; and that he must give as much to the interview as he takes from it. Indeed, sometimes the

most work is done before an interview, the least work during it, while the actual writing labor falls in between. In my experience the least successful interviews are those in which you've got nothing to talk about except the subject of the interview; the most successful, those in which your quarry has reason to turn the tables and interview you.

Prince Konoye's fellow countrymen—the pseudo-scientific gravity with which they regard such tokens affords joy to visitors—explain that he has O type blood. This, you are assured, is the mark of a truly great statesman; in contrast, General Chiang Kai-shek has B type, which in popular Japanese belief is associated with “persons who are swayed by their sentiments” and with the more notorious American gangsters.

Thirteen centuries ago one Fujiwara Kamatari, an early Konoye, helped Emperor Tenchi to overcome a rebellion. His reward was two-fold; his descendants could have audiences with their emperors at any time, and there was an understanding that all empresses should come from the Konoye clan. The present Empress is the first exception in 1300 years.

Prince Fumimaro Konoye was born in October, 1891; his mother died eight days later. His father, Atsumaro, died when the boy was thirteen. Papa Konoye accompanied Prince Saionji to Europe in the years when Bismarck's ideas were being studied for the writing of the modern Constitution of Japan. He became President of the House of Peers; as Genro Saionji's protégé, he was undoubtedly being groomed for the Premiership, when he died at forty. The Genro (i.e., Elder Statesman) transferred his affections to young Fumimaro, who didn't like him at first, for the caustic old man, who must have observed a bit of side in him, always addressed the lad as “Your Excellency.”

Konoye admits that the first years of his orphanage made him gloomy; suspicious of justice. He blames his precocious devotion to “Western extremism” on these experiences.

“While father lived,” the Prince explained, “we had many friends; but few came around after he died. Men who had

received favors from him seemed to have forgotten. Others demanded repayment of loans they claimed to have made. One, a wealthy man, was particularly merciless. We had no money, so we sent him some valuable heirlooms; but he would take nothing but cash."

After his college years Prince Konoye decided to go to the United States as an emigrant, but was persuaded to enter the service of the Imperial Court instead.

He devoted himself to his birthright seat in the House of Peers; and to repairing the family till. Notable friends, marriage, and similar fortunate aids which are usually available for high-born young men helped so much in his case that today Prince Konoye is a man of independent means. Aversion to work—indeed, utter helplessness when confronted by the minor problems of materialism—is in Prince Konoye's blood. He is a descendant of the old peerage, of which there were two kinds: "kuge," or court nobles, in attendance on the Mikado; and "daimyo," or territorial lords of the feudal regime. Of the old school, the "daimyo" were practical fellows, whose eminence was limited only by their armed power; the "kuge," on the other hand, had a dilettante tradition. Prince Konoye is a kuge. His descendants, 500 years hence, will be kuge.

Therefore, Konoye did not bestir himself beyond merest needs in the House of Peers; his name, the known fact that he was a pet of the Genro, and his extraordinary talent for oratory took automatic care of his elevation to the vice-presidency of the body in 1931; and to the presidency in 1933, in which he was to bide his time until 1937.

Meanwhile, the Konoye cult was growing in Japan. His acceptance into the confidence of all classes—militarists, businessmen, career diplomats, and common people—which is the rarest and most difficult achievement in Japanese public life, is largely due to his frankness. This is a trait Japanese admire most in foreigners, especially in Americans—and expect least in each other.

Prince Konoye is trusted by all Japanese; and this, observers of his rise to power say, is the strongest and most

indispensable attribute of a dictator in Japan. Moreover, the common people have for a long time affectionately watched his manifestations of very human traits. "Prince Konoye's sashimi" has become a popular synonym for fastidiousness. Sashimi is the raw fish, which is next to rice in importance in the Japanese diet. Word has got around that Konoye dips his in boiling water before eating it; presumably to kill germs. He shaves himself at home, but goes to the barber every three days for a "trim." He always carries a flask of American hair tonic with him, and makes the barber mix with it a certain amount of eau de cologne.

When his eldest daughter was married to the heir to Prince Shimazu, a going-away party was held for her. There was a great crowd of distinguished friends, but Konoye and his wife failed to show up for a long time. Concern was felt, and the daughter not far from tears, when suddenly the door opened and in marched Prince Konoye in his wife's evening gown, which came to his knees; while she tripped behind him, lost in his morning coat and trousers. The Japanese are not given to practical jokes, nor their aristocrats toward public unbending; and the shock of this left diplomats, princes and captains of finance and industry quite unstrung.

Prince Konoye had another revealing adventure. Karuizawa, in the mountains a hundred miles west of Tokyo, is a cool, beautiful resort to which, in modern years, the foreign colony and many upper-class Japanese escape from Tokyo's reeking summers. When the great earthquake of September 1, 1923, smashed eastern Japan, Prince Konoye was in Tokyo. He was unhurt, although the house he was just about to enter for luncheon was completely demolished. His wife and children were in Karuizawa. Communications were cut, but rumors flew that the little resort had been wiped out by the eruption of Mount Asama near by.

Konoye started for Karuizawa on foot. Sometimes he got hitches on packed freight trains. Sometimes he had to detour wrecked villages, and scramble through underbrush and across crevices and barrens where roads had been swallowed into the yawning earth. In three days, which repre-

sented incredible hardship to a man of his training, the future Dictator of Japan—with scarcely any food, water or rest—stumbled into Karuizawa. His family was safe.

He spent the next year in bed as an invalid; and to this day he is frail—or says he is. His hypochondria is generally suspected to be part of his “act.”

The story of the Prince’s friendship with the lowly policeman, Kato, is widely known. Kato was assigned to guard Konoye’s country home in the old days when the Prince did not require any greater protection. Konoye used to take Policeman Kato’s little daughter for walks, and sing popular songs to her; there is a base version that his own children, who had experience of his singing, would hide themselves from such entertainment. He would talk politics with Kato, and seek his homely advice. Kato would tell the boys in the station house: “Big things are going to happen when my Boss is premier!” Kato took an examination for promotion; upon learning that he had passed, he died of a heart attack. Konoye cried when told; and soon after he became Premier he said to one of his friends, “I wish poor old Kato could see me now!”

It was because of such things—such talent for the warm and personal factors, rather than the stiffly remote ones which are conventional with Japanese public men—that when Prince Konoye became Prime Minister in June, 1937, everybody said he was one of the two most popular men in the empire. The other was Futabayama, the twenty-seven-year-old National Grand Champion sumo wrestler.

There had been serious internal dissension in Japan—the old fight between the military and the politicians—from the Manchurian Incident of 1931 onward. There was a succession of prime ministers picked chiefly for their gifts of inaction. The Okada Cabinet was blasted out by machine-gun fire on the snowy morning of February 26, 1936. Genro Prince Saionji, aware the time had come for a positive rather than a negative hand, recommended Konoye to the Emperor. The Prince was summoned to the Imperial Palace for the “Great Command.” He barely waited for the Son of Heaven

to stop talking before he committed the almost unheard of, almost blasphemous, act of refusing the job. He was not going to be a rubber stamp, and he did not yet see the opportunity of being anything else. It was the shrewd move of a man who wanted all the power or none. A year later there was no one left to turn to but Konoye.

Konoye moved into the Premiership and began to place his decisive political guns. He addressed the empire over a nationwide radio hookup. This was not a departure: the *new* thing was the manner of his talk. The usual Japanese political speech—the only kind ever heard by the Japanese public heretofore on such an occasion—is a quite dreadful cut-and-dried statement of platitudes. Prince Konoye junked all that; and brought the Fireside Chat to Japan. The nation virtually yelped with surprise and pleasure. “Why,” the amazed official Secretary of the Cabinet said, dubiously, “the wording was such that even the old woman in the farm villages could understand it!”

“National defense exists for the sake of the State, and the people also exist for the State!” he warned an inquisitive Diet progressive. And, later, “China must be beaten to her knees, made virtually a vassal state.” In January, 1938, he promised rabid nationalists that before peace with China would be consummated the Generalissimo’s head must roll in a basket. Omens for all to see that Prince Fumimaro Konoye was gathering the various reins of Japan into a single hand.

The Army was pulling this way and that with inner jealousies. The South China faction wanted to gobble everything from Hankow to Canton and the sea, whether the Americans in Shanghai, the English in Hong Kong, the French in Hanoi, liked it or not. Asia for the Asians—that is, for the Japanese. The Navy was sounding its perennial battle cry—“Oil! Oil!” Whether Sakhalin Island, or the Dutch East Indies, or wherever—let’s go.

All military and totalitarian factions were united in trying to bludgeon immediate and unqualified application of the National Mobilization Bill, which bears confisca-

tory power over all material and over each life in Japan.

The great feudal business houses wanted an end to the policies of Finance Minister Kaya and Commerce and Industry Minister Yoshino. These officials were strictly bureaucrats, who had risen from the career service ranks, without experience in the world of business. Their maneuverings with currencies and exports and imports were amateurish. The small businessmen were tired of rising taxes, and of being kept in complete darkness as to the purposes and expectations of the Government. The common people were tired of the wreckage that back-washed in the inevitable receding waves; long trains of wounded, and cars filled with the white-shrouded boxes of ashes.

This was the situation as cherry blossoms painted the fields and woods of Japan in 1938. Konoye knew the risks; but he also knew the boundless and irresistible energy that would be available for national aims if these diverse forces could be organized into a purposeful whole.

The boy had come a long way from his languid, immature dalliance with Marxism. On the day of his induction as Premier he had taken no official notice of the fact that Doctor Kawakami, revered teacher whose ardent disciple he had been at Kyoto, was in jail for "dangerous thoughts." A statement Konoye had recently made to a friend revealed a totalitarian concept as tight and neat as any ever broached from the Palazzo Venezia:

"National policies," he said, "should be established by the statesmen responsible for them. For the unification of divergent aims, a guiding policy should be fixed."

Prince Konoye gained this "unification of divergent aims." When the bickering and strife had risen to a seemingly insurmountable peak, he went home to his villa, locked the doors and set guards, announced he was "sick" and sat down to wait. He would smoke out rivals for the dictatorship, or prove to the populace there were none.

Konoye had judged the balances well. His tactic was the most audacious political move in the history of modern Japan—where assassinations are forgiven, just so long as the mur-

derer is stirred by patriotic sincerity. He took care to have a thorough set-up of machine guns and strong arm men at his villa. His situation was perfect, from a gambler's point of view. If he lost, he could retire to the ease and leisure and insipidity of his former job as President of the House of Peers. That was virtually his birthright; and people said it fitted in, anyway, with his lack of personal ambition, his indolence. If he won, there would be no one to question his preeminence.

Presently, from the isolated villa floated rumors that he might be forced, by reasons of health, to resign. Official and popular apprehensions were instantaneous. Konoye knew he had won.

Japan has always been governed by ventriloquism. It is the land where you never take yes for an answer. It is a land in which boys as well as girls play with dolls; not haphazardly, with nondescript manikins, but on planned lines, centuries old, and with images of nobles, armored heroes, and characters of legend and history, as well as the contemporary heroes.

Japan walked across the threshold into the fireside of nations only within the past century. She put a screen in front of her place and grinned at her new friends around the edge of it. Screens are an essential part of the ventriloquial system. The screen is the omnipresent article of furniture in Japanese homes, one of their penates. When the Emperor meets his counselors he sits recessed in a cove of glistening, snow-white screens.

There you have the historical background and the personal history of this newest and least analyzable or predictable among the world's dictators. And therein you can find ample cause to know that it is precisely his screened rôle as dictator, plus the elusive nature of the Japanese totalitarian state, which makes his every word significant; particularly to the United States, the nation that seems to fret and dwell most upon the possibility of war with Japan.

Significant—because he, unlike national leaders in other lands, is never talking to impress the electorate, or to mold

public opinion. Not even to scare foreign rulers. He does not owe his job to the voters. He was set in place by the Son of Heaven, and is responsible and accountable only to him.

When you go to Konoye's official "Premier's Residence" you have a strange feeling of being set down upon a stage of classic Oriental melodrama, complete with shivers. It is a beautiful place, close to the Palace and to government offices, set in a walled garden of azaleas and pines and cryptomeria and the picturesque stunted evergreens which the Japanese love for accent. You begin to get the idea at the gate, where your car is stopped and both uniformed and plainclothes men peer in at you from both sides. Others close in and look you over on the porch. Inside the door, where you wait while your credentials are sent ahead, is a sort of third-degree anteroom, filled with tough and bulgy little brown men with deaf-looking faces. You are led by a secretary through tortuous halls, where you want to look over your shoulder constantly, into a succession of rooms where each door is carefully shut before the next one is opened. You have been told there are secret passages and sliding panels throughout the Residence; together with machine guns set in armored walls against outside attacks, and a competent staff of fighting men. You believe that, now.

You are shown to a table covered with green baize, and already set with cups of the delicious tea that is shoved in front of you every time you sit down in Japan. Prince Konoye appears noiselessly from behind a screen and you get your major shock.

The dictator of Japan is very dark, very tall, very sad-looking; morose, indolent, and the possessor of perhaps the only "gangling" figure in all this empire of what their neighbors the Chinese have called from time immemorial "the island dwarfs." You get the impression of a man habitually shying from things; one who prefers not to accept the responsibility of a close approach, either to people or to realities. His large, unslanted bulging eyes are the kind that work better from across the room. You are sure he would feel easier

if he could stand behind that screen and talk to you between the cracks.

The saturninity dissolves over the teacups. You become at ease in the presence of a courtly, urbane gentleman who knows your country and your language as well as you do—and other lands and other tongues, to boot. Before you leave you are sure the indolence is simulated, a part of his “act”; but that if he were going to sign any papers he would put his gloves on first.

You find it difficult, as you study him, to realize he is a family man; for Prince Konoye has all the earmarks of a cosmopolitan bachelor—a social informality and independence which set him apart from the average Japanese gentleman, and spring, no doubt, from the circumstances of his orphaned youth. He never was subjected to mother influence, the factor which is so potent in the Japanese character. Dictator Konoye has four children. Both daughters are married into the nobility. The younger son, now sixteen, is in the Peers School in Tokyo. The elder, Fumitaki Konoye, you have read a good deal about.

Fumitaki prepped at Lawrenceville; and Prince Konoye himself went there in 1934 to attend the graduation ceremonies. From Lawrenceville, Fumitaki entered Princeton, where he finished without a degree. Incidentally, Fumitaki gabbed around in the United States a bit; and when he returned to Japan he reported to the Peers a discovery that profoundly surprised all hands and was quite at variance with the twaddle of good-will emissaries. “The people of the United States,” he said in effect, “look upon Japan as an international criminal because of its own activities and not as a result of Chinese propaganda!” He also fetched back a fondness for American hair tonic.

“What did you think of this statement of your son?” I asked the Prime Minister.

“Fumitaki-san is a smart boy,” he said, “and it will be nice to have him home again, for he is a good golfing partner. You know he was captain of the Princeton golf team. Very often people speak their true minds when they play golf. Perhaps

it is like what you Americans mean when you say a man tells the truth when he is drunk! So I think that on the golf courses in the United States with his friends, young and old, Fumitaki heard much of value to form frank opinions and to develop a broad mind.

"It is why I sent him to school in the United States. It is why I have visited the United States myself, and read and studied much about them. It is all part of my policy and because of my conviction that we Japanese have got to cultivate understanding of your country among our people, and of our country among your people. We must inform you sincerely about our problems and our size.

"I should like particularly to ask the American people to read our history, to look at our culture, and to try to know us. The American people notably are for justice and fair play; and I am sure they will see these are desires the Japanese people share with them. But there is so much of false report that is keeping the hearts of your people and mine apart.

"The Japanese people have no talent for propaganda. We believe that deeds carry their own worthiness and truth, eventually. We are reserved, insular. The Chinese, with centuries more of contact with foreigners, know better how to mislead them. The Chinese are the world's best propagandists. It is characteristic of people who, like you Americans, have a strong sense of justice, to be also sentimental. Americans, therefore, at a great distance from the scene, have been overwhelmed and moved by propaganda from one side—by catchwords. You have read much about Nanking; and only little about the terrible massacre and torture of Japanese civilians, including girls and children, by Chinese soldiers at Tungchow. You have published in the United States very much about the thousands who were killed by the air bombings of Shanghai in August of last year when this Incident had just started. The horrible destruction and death in Nanking Road in the International Settlement, and by the big bombs that fell in the French Concession near the Race Track. But I wonder if all your readers clearly understood

that these bombs upon Shanghai were from Chinese planes, that day which the Shanghai papers call 'Bloody Saturday'? You have given widest publicity to the unfortunate mistake of the *Panay* bombing, and only the barest notice to the attack by Chinese planes with bombs and machine guns on your large steamship, the *President Hoover*, which could be so easily recognized by its size, its funnels, and the large American flags painted on its sides. We feel this does not seem sincere.

"You have read that Japan is a despotism, whereas China is a 'republic' and Chiang is a democrat. That is laughable, of course, to people who know the Orient. Chiang is a war lord and China has never been a republic, in your sense, but a country of hideous poverty, exploitation, corruption. The cruelest and bloodiest enemies of the Chinese people all through Chinese history have been Chinese soldiers and governors.

"You have read that things have changed; that Chiang has brought cohesiveness, unity, national consciousness to his people; but honest observers will tell you there were certainly no signs of his beneficence or interest to be found in North China, let us say, before the Incident.

"Then, to read the analyses of the military and economic situation which have been rushed into print abroad, you would think the generals on both sides in this fighting were ninnies. Japan is going to blow up financially, you are told; but I tell you that we have in our control adequate food and money and resources, and in our Japanese character sufficient power of resistance.

"Profound writers in foreign papers have our campaign plans and purposes at their fingertips. You are told that Chiang's strategy has been to draw us in until we overextend ourselves and suffer the fate of Napoleon in Russia. You are told that disease and floods as well as time are China's most potent allies; that wily Chiang has baited a trap in which he will expend only soldiers' lives, of which he has many, while he makes us expend yen, of which we haven't enough. You have been told that Russia will attack us at the ripe time.

Need I assure you that we have not waited for amateur strategists to figure out all these things for us? That our general staff knows at least the obvious rudiments of its trade, which was to think of and plan against such factors long ago?

"You have been told that England and the United States will sit back and let us exhaust ourselves, and then step up and say, 'Now how about this Nine Power Treaty of 1921, and the Open Door?' I will say, in any event, we have discounted such moves; and the Nine Power Treaty must be reapproached in the spirit of present realities.

"You can take that to mean that I believe we have to be firm in our foreign policies, lacking effeminate indecisiveness. We must know where we are going, and go there. We must insist that other peoples, who want to do business and have relations with us, should try to learn something about us and to understand us, just as we have had to learn about them; so far the burden has nearly all been on us. In this way some foreign superstitions about us will be dispelled. People abroad will learn that just because we are strong fighters it does not follow we are war lovers; that because we are brave does not mean we are aggressive.

"The United States has the smallest stake of any great Occidental power in Asia. Yet its people seem to do the biggest thinking of having war there. I see no reason to believe the United States has any intention of exploiting the continent of Asia. Therefore, I cannot see any point at which Japan's policy of expansion might clash with the interests of the United States with sufficient impact to bring on a war between us.

"But I cannot say with equal assurance that certain other nations have no plans for continued and increased exploitation of Asia and will not eventually clash with Japan. I only feel sure the United States won't!

"People say that China had changed, but I don't think there were more than local signs of that. Her best young men—best in health and education—still don't join the army; but run away to loaf in the occupied areas, or in Hong Kong or Singapore. Her poorest classes are fighting the war; and it

would not go on another week, except for nations that stick their noses into it by supplying Chiang, at a profit, with guns and money.

"I think that for the American public—which has been misinformed and aroused by propaganda not only of the Chinese, but of Americans with interests, or what you call 'rackets,' there; also, of Y.M.C.A. secretaries and missionaries, and well-known writers who are relatives of missionaries or of American businessmen in China, and psychologically incapable of seeing facts except those on their side—the whole Chinese picture has been silvered over with a lot of wishful thinking.

"I will tell you the truth. China can never win; and it is a good thing for the Westerners that she cannot. Japan will not go bankrupt; will not lose either the war or the peace; but will restore order and opportunity in China, for the Chinese as well as for ourselves and others. Chiang's troops cannot stand up against ours; we shall push them as far back as we decide to. The best ahead for Chiang is that he will revert to an obscure provincial war lord.

"I have mentioned the rich young Chinese loafers you will find in the resort hotels under the protection of British guns at Hong Kong. You will see them there swimming, playing tennis with their girl friends, loafing, while their poorer countrymen fight and die. It is because the Chinese have an old saying, to excuse the fact that their best young men never go into the army in wartime, that 'you do not make nails from the best steel!'

"With us it is different. Japan's soldiers are nails made from our best steel. With them we shall construct in Asia the edifice that divine destiny has designed for us to build."

"I have a dream," Konoye said. "I have a simple dream," he repeated, looking appropriately far away: "It is of 'The United States of Asia.' This dream has been stirring in me since earliest schooldays, when first I heard and read about the United States of America. It was refreshed during the Versailles Conference, when Aristide Briand told me of his own great dream for a United States of Europe. Mine was

then fortified and shaped further by my visit to your country.

"The experience of the United States, really half a hundred small nations living together as one family, proves here is no idle dream but a system in which can be found peace, good will and prosperity.

"If the other two main spheres of political, economic and social importance—Europe and Asia, that is—were to be gathered into similar families of United States, could we not then hope for an enduring world amity? We Orientals know and respect the 'family system' as a means of application of force with sincerity and kindness in administration, growth, chastisement and cooperation. It is inherent in our tradition. Ancestor worship is a symbol of our spiritual devotion to it as an ideal of practical life.

"Naturally I say Japan would be the guiding head of such a United States of Asia. We Japanese have won that rôle by our industry and progressiveness: just as your nation's great qualities make it the mentor and guardian of your hemisphere. You know, it is difficult for Japanese people to understand why your country, which holds the Monroe Doctrine to protect those less powerful nations that are bound to it geographically, hence to assure its own defense, should deny Japan the right to have a form of Monroe Doctrine as a guarantee of good order in Asia, hence of Japanese security. European powers in Asia are as bad for us as European powers in South America would be for you now. Formerly they made plenty of trouble for you there. Today most trouble in Asia can be traced to European powers that have bribed, usurped, swindled and fought their way into control of the weaker nations here. Particularly they have inflamed the Chinese against us, when really it would be the most natural thing for Chinese to be in harmony with us. We understand each other, share the same culture and interests, in a way that the European nations can never join.

"Be that as it may. The only war with a non-Asiatic power that could nowadays be of great consequence to Japan would be a war with the United States. Such a war is wholly unnecessary, if not unthinkable. I know that hotheads in both our

countries have talked of such a war. Yet I see absolutely no customary reason for it. For you, economic stakes, frankly, are missing. For us, no stake would be enough to justify loss of the good handclasp of the first great friend Japan had in the outside world.

"A war between our countries would be utterly impossible if our peoples understood each other better. If they could look into one another's hearts and heads and homes. But there is a curtain of propaganda from Europe and from China always blowing like a dark cloud between us, so that we cannot see each other clearly and honestly.

"But I tell you, the keynote of my foreign policy will be to study, to struggle, and to sacrifice for the development of eternal friendly relations between the United States and Japan. Please to remember them, if you hear other things in bad days coming. For it will still be true.

"That is why I hold my dream. If one day there is a United States of Asia, never could it have war with United States of America."

The significance of Prince Konoye's words must not only be read against the times in which he said them. Projected on affairs since then, they grow in meaning and importance, because he has grown in stature. When he returned to the Premiership in July, 1940, after a brief absence, his power summed up to absolutism. Moreover, he took as his Foreign Minister Yosuke Matsuoka, who knows more and cares more about the United States than any other living Japanese.

The Japanese consider it gracious and seemly to be indefinite and to soften names. You never address people as editor or cook. You say cook-san, which means Mr. Cook, and is good manners. You may not find a Japanese to call Prince Konoye "dictator." Call him "Dictator-san" and they will bow and grin and suck in their breath in the quaint way that makes a group display of courtesy in Japan so much like a congress of tea kettles. They will know, then, that you know. For that is what they are calling Prince Konoye themselves, behind their flowered screens:

"Dictator-san!"

EDWARD HUNTER GIVES

here an exciting account of his attempt to obey orders when he got the terse message from New York: "Interview Boy Emperor." The "Boy Emperor" was Henry Pu Yi, of Manchukuo, one of the most celebrated of the Japanese puppets, who is made "to work" when the Japanese behind the scenes pull the strings.

Hunter's account is the story of the newspaperman turned detective, tracking down his quarry through Oriental labyrinths. You would never understand quite so well what a puppet emperor is if you had not traveled, as you do with Mr. Hunter, along these ways of adventure.

He touches on a problem of reporting from abroad that is a sore spot with almost every foreign correspondent. This is the difficulty of making the editors in the home office understand what it is all about. These editors frequently are unwilling to take a correspondent's word for it because they think they simply know better than the correspondent what it's all about. The correspondent's difficulty is augmented by the fact that he is not supposed to "editorialize." Yet who is better qualified to interpret news and to tell its significance than the correspondent on the ground who lives with the news?

Edward Hunter has been a foreign correspondent and newspaper editor in China for twenty years. He was later the first American correspondent to get into the ill-fated Maginot Line, but he is proudest of his accurate record in analyzing what has been happening abroad over a long period of years. He is now on the war desk of the New York Post.

HENRY PU YI

By Edward Hunter

INTERVIEW BOY EMPEROR." That was just a routine cable sent to me in the Far East by Archie Parke, Foreign News Editor for International News Service in New York. He wasn't thinking of any historic significance to that interview, nor whether there would be any particular difficulty in getting it. What he wanted was a scoop and "color."

Henry Pu Yi, the former Hsuan T'ing of the Dragon Throne in the Forbidden City of Peking, had not yet become Emperor Kang Teh of Manchukuo. He was a pathetic figure who seemed constantly being put on and off thrones, ever since the Empress Dowager of China selected him in 1911 to represent the Manchu dynasty.

By the time I managed to get that interview, however, he had again become a ruler, and has remained so—in name—ever since. Mine was the first interview any American correspondent obtained with him as Emperor of Manchukuo. I won the race to get to him; one of those journalistic marathons on which we Americans set great store.

But there was much more to it than that. A setting was then being arranged for a tragedy of war in which all parts of the world were to contribute the cast. Emperor Kang Teh gave few interviews after that first one, and then stopped entirely. He is now a symbol; let us see if the interview and the circumstances under which it was obtained will reveal the meaning in the symbol.

The design for today's war-ravaged Europe then was being drawn in the Orient. Precedents were being established that the rest of the world was to follow. We foreign correspondents

in the Far East would tell each other how weary we were with Oriental intrigues, and how eagerly we'd exchange our assignments for anywhere in Europe, where methods were supposed to be matter-of-fact and not concealed. I never suspected it, but only a few years later I was to be discovering how Europe itself was fast assuming the pattern that I first saw shaped in the Far East.

American journalism, in the manner of democracy in general, was suffering then from the same excessive legalism which has proven almost so fatal to our way of life; and under the assumption that interpretation was editorializing and therefore did not belong in a news story, our editors back home would carefully blue-pencil any allusion we made to the precedent-creating character of the aggression we saw the Japanese perpetrate in Manchuria.

We'd tell each other, "If the Japanese get away with this, there's no telling what it will lead to elsewhere, except that we know it will become progressively worse, with greater aggressions, more callous suppressions of peoples' wills, and a universal throw-back to the international vandalism of a Genghis Khan, only this time equipped with modern mechanization."

Democracy—and journalism—did learn their lesson, but it was much later. The Emperor Pu Yi, who was to be given the title of the Emperor Kang Teh, was part of that lesson, but it took so long for it to sink in! Even yet we have among us those who do not see.

When the cable came instructing me to interview the Boy Emperor, he had just been spirited away from the Japanese Concession at Tientsin to Dairen aboard a Japanese destroyer. Diplomatic sources confirmed to me how that came about.

Mysterious riots had broken out at Tientsin, where the Japanese had given Pu Yi a refuge all those years since his last ouster from the Dragon Throne of Imperial China. In the midst of these specially-fomented disorders, he was to be spirited out of the Japanese Concession and brought back to Peking as a ruler. With him under this thumb, the problem as to how to put North China and Manchuria in a Nipponese

yoke would thus be solved in a manner that would so confuse the western democracies that it would frustrate any protests they might make.

But North China stubbornly remained calm. Unable to spirit him to Peking, the Japanese did the next best thing—they brough him to Manchuria.

My efforts to find out just where the head of the Manchu dynasty had been deposited by the Japanese were futile for some time.

I received a tip that preparations were already under way in Manchuria for the installation of the new ruler. When I broached the subject to the Japanese they pooh-poohed it. Finally, I learned that coronation gowns and a new dragon flag were actually being embroidered in an obscure section of the walled city of Mukden, which is the native portion of the town. I was put into contact with a Chinese who had the necessary addresses and, taking along another American for confirmation, I set out to visit those places.

One place was an inconspicuous general store such as one might find in a midwestern American town. Its shelves contained the usual assortment of sewing materials, cloth shoes and other native knickknacks. The Chinese clerks seemed astonished by the rumors I had picked up and blandly denied any knowledge either of imperial gowns or dragon flags.

I roamed casually about the shop while my companions engaged them in conversation. I noticed a stairway at the rear. Just as nonchalantly, I started to go upstairs; and before they could do anything about it, I was half-way up. I reached the top by the time they caught up with me. There I looked about on an upper floor that had been converted into a tailor shop. Yellow silk was piled high on the floor. Brilliant stuffs lay in heaps. I picked one up, and unfolded a complete imperial flag.

The Chinese shopkeepers were now alongside me, worry and terror mingled in their looks. My Chinese informant thereupon engaged them in earnest conversation. He told them that he was a Chinese, too, that we were Americans, and that they needn't be afraid.

The Chinese proprietor then admitted that a Japanese had placed the order. He gave us his name, and we traced it to a notorious Japanese *Ronin* organization of super-patriots. The Chinese abjectly apologized for what they were doing. Pay was high, and if they refused they'd be forced out of business by the Japanese.

Meanwhile, still trying to trace the Boy Emperor, I obtained a number of interviews that helped fill out the picture. I had discovered that an important faction among the Japanese doubted the wisdom of choosing for ruler of their puppet state so typical an example of a modern, foreignized student type as the Boy Emperor had become. These Japanese looked askance at his reputation as a tennis fan who was a little careless about the crease in his trousers and whether his collar was clean. Might not "dangerous thoughts," the bugbear of official Japan, have seeped into his mind along with his veneer of westernization? He seemed, too, far gone under British influence. He spoke English; his tutor was British; and when he was quite young he had picked Henry for his first name, foreign style, after King Henry VIII of England.

All this encouraged his half-brother and nephew, Prince Kung, who had never tainted his character or mind with such European contacts. Prince Kung, too, had the added advantage of being even more intimate with the Japanese than Pu Yi, for his exile had been spent entirely in the Kwantung Leased Territory.

The two had been rivals from babyhood. The Empress Dowager had chosen between them, and picked Pu Yi to rule. Prince Kung, sitting on an enormous stiff chair like an ancestral portrait in a frame, told me she had done that because she knew Pu Yi was weak-natured and could be persuaded to do anything she wished. He, however, had a strong will, Prince Kung told me. Therefore he had been passed over.

Maybe it was a tactical error for Prince Kung, in his blue silken gown and with inch-long fingernails, to tell this story about the past, for his Japanese "adviser" listened intently.

Prince Kung was again passed over, this time by the Japanese, and Pu Yi got the job once again.

Finally came the tip I was seeking—a clue to where the Boy Emperor was being held. Japanese authorities were telling the world they hadn't the least idea where he was, and that they weren't interested in him, anyway. I had, for instance, appealed for information in an interview with the estimable and honorable Count Yasuya Uchida, who had signed the Kellogg pact for Japan. I met him at a dinner—he was amiability personified.

"I hear rumors that the Boy Emperor is to be made head of the proposed state of Manchuria," I remarked.

Count Uchida became very definite at this point. He looked me right in the eye, man to man.

"The time is past when a man like Henry Pu Yi can become the head of a state," he told me. "There is no prospect of him being allowed to return to the throne. You can take my word for that. In fact I am convinced that, because his selection would be obviously against peace and order, the Japanese authorities and army would oppose it."

Right from the horse's mouth. No stronger words could be expected from a diplomat. Yet only a short time later I saw Count Uchida again—at the inauguration of the Boy Emperor. He attended that august ceremony as the smiling representative of the Japanese government. He read a prepared statement of congratulation of the Emperor in beautiful, classical Japanese.

But to get back to that tip I received as to the whereabouts of the Boy Emperor. I was advised to go to a certain non-pretentious residence in what was the most carefully guarded point in one of the most fortified zones in all Manchuria—Port Arthur, where the Japanese had clinched the Russo-Japanese War. The residence had been formerly occupied by the Manchu Prince Su, also an expatriate from his own people.

The residence was set well within a courtyard, and was reached by passing—and few people ever were allowed to pass—a gateway which was a vast improvement on the en-

trances we used to have in the United States to prohibition era speakeasies.

Barbed wire was strung over the gate. Spikes were thrust from the bottom of it to within an inch of the ground. Only a worm could have crawled by without being intercepted. When a bell was rung, a tiny trap door a few inches square would be opened in the center of the gateway. You couldn't see who was looking at you through it, though, because the aperture was not directly cut into the thick planks, but opened into a box with one side out, into which the sentry peered.

Nobody passed this door except with the permission of the Japanese military, and it was safe to say that for months nobody got that permission except Japanese and a selected few of the Boy Emperor's most intimate friends, those trusted by the Japanese to further their cause.

But my tip had come too late. The Boy Emperor had been spirited away just the day before, and was then at a hot springs resort being prepared for the forthcoming coronation ceremony. I made a tour of the residence in which he had been staying. It was a sorry home for a Boy Emperor, once occupant of a throne that was supposed to command the life and death of nearly 500,000,000 souls.

The two-story, framework building consisted of several hallways and separate rooms. Apparently there had been no improvements for months. I noticed, by the appearance of the first floor, that half the space had been allotted to Japanese guards, and the other half occupied by Chinese servants. That was easy to see, for the Japanese half was raised and matted, and was neat and clean in the precise Teutonic manner of the Japanese, while the other half was arranged in care-free Chinese style, and was not at all clean or neat.

The Boy Emperor had left the house looking like an American bootleggers' den after a raid by federal agents. Everything was either removed, smashed or topsy-turvy.

The Boy Emperor liked tennis—and there was a tennis court at the side of the courtyard. It was surrounded by barbed wire—many a ball must have been ripped open against this barrier.

I hastened to Changchun, where I had learned the coronation ceremony was to take place, and arrived there two days before the Boy Emperor entered the city. He received an impressive reception on his arrival, but more conspicuous was the scrupulous care I saw taken that the reception to General Shigeru Honjo, commander of the Japanese army which had invaded Manchuria and set the wheel of aggression turning again on this earth, be similar in every detail to that of the new sovereign.

This similarity extended even to the location of Manchukuo and Japanese troops and street decorations, and to the welcoming programs at the railway station. The care taken to have exactly as many Manchukuo troops as Japanese was as stage-like as the rest of the performance, for the Manchu forces were all equipped and officered by the Japanese themselves! Many of the Manchukuo soldiers were Japanese, carefully attired in Manchukuo uniforms. I heard them talking Japanese, and recognized them as assuredly not Manchu or Chinese.

General Honjo received the welcome of a conqueror; the Boy Emperor that of a curious and much publicized figure. The intrinsic difference was marked for all to see, by the moderate amount of cheering given the puppet ruler, and the prolonged and victorious "Banzai" (the Japanese hurrah) with which the streets reverberated for General Honjo from thousands of Japanese voices.

More amazing still for those conversant with the importance etiquette assumes in the Orient was the fact that after the inauguration ceremony His Majesty Kang Teh of the supposedly independent nation of Manchukuo personally went down to the railway station with his Empress to see General Honjo off. Little else was required to show who was the real ruler of Manchuria.

The coronation ceremony was staged in a set of semi-foreign structures which were a feeble reminder of the despotic glory of Kang Teh's imperial ancestors. This was his "palace," and it was there that I interviewed him later. Formerly it had been the seat of the municipal government, but now had been hastily renovated for the new sovereign.

The real capitol building was elsewhere, and there, after long persuasion, I obtained permission to witness the coronation ceremony. This was the Japanese Masuya Hotel, with butterfly-kimonoed waitresses and geisha girls. It was the branch headquarters of the Japanese army.

Here it was that every detail of the inauguration program for the Emperor Pu Yi was determined on by Japanese military officers seated squat upon the ground, usually in a room that had a cobweb of telephones in a corner. The shuffle of slippered feet was heard interminably as conference after conference was held.

I was the only American newspaperman to attend the coronation. The carpet spread down the center of the stairway at the entrance to the coronation building, and onto the pavement in the street, was pathetic rather than imperial to anyone who knew of the fabulously rich trappings of the Forbidden City at Peking. This was a feeble trace of the homage traditionally paid a Chinese emperor at Peking, where each roadway into the palace was divided into five parallel paths, the two outer ones for Chinese civilian and military personalities respectively, the next two paths for Manchu military and civilian officials respectively, and an inside Dragon Path restricted to the Dragon King, the Emperor himself, over which he invariably was carried in a chair supported on the shoulders of human beings.

The ceremony on March 9, 1932, took place in a moderate-sized room that might have been a motion picture studio. Japanese photographers were everywhere. There was only a single chair in front, and behind it was a large and beautiful plain yellow screen. Japanese predominated among those attending.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the ceremony began with the playing of the Manchukuo national anthem—composed by the Japanese! The restored ruler entered from the side, treading with the slow pace of a wedding march. He was preceded by a gargantuan bodyguard. There can be no disputing that Pu Yi made a striking figure, thin as a rail, not appearing tall, his features well molded in a slim countenance.

He wore formal clothes, with a brown tie, and a big gold watch chain strung across the front of his vest.

The audience of several hundred abject Chinese, bewildered Manchus, and bustling Japanese—and I—bowed thrice. The Emperor merely nodded his response, and then two large boxes, each a foot square and wrapped in yellow silk, were laid on an altar table in front of the dais. They contained the seals of the new government, solid chunks of invaluable jade. These at least were genuine!

The ceremony consisted primarily of the presentation of these seals, and the reading of a long scroll by the Boy Emperor's aged tutor, Cheng Hsiao-hsu, who because he had taught him for twenty years became the first Premier of Manchukuo. The scroll contained Emperor Pu Yi's proclamation agreeing to become head of the government.

This proclamation was as artificial as the ceremony was theatrical. The text read by the seventy-four-year-old scholar was not the text released to the world, which presumably is the one recorded in Manchukuo's new text books. As a scholar, Cheng Hsiao-hsu was a fussy individual, and when the Japanese gave him what they wanted him to read, he made all sorts of corrections and alterations—primarily in language structure.

The Japanese humored him. They let him read his own text, but went ahead and released theirs to the press of the world.

While I watched the coronation proceedings I still had in my pocket the crumpled cable reading: "Interview Boy Emperor." In the days that followed more and more obstacles seemed to be placed in my way. The Japanese were worried about what Pu Yi might say. He had been known as a talkative young man, and when he got started in English, for which he had an affection, there was no knowing what he might blurt out. But I kept pressing the Japanese, carefully observing the fiction that they were Manchukuo officials now, and no longer Japanese! At last the permission I sought was given me by the Manchukuo Ministry for Foreign Affairs, through its power-wielding Vice-Minister for Foreign

Affairs—a Japanese named Chuichi Ohashi, who now is back in Tokyo as Vice-Minister for Foreign Affairs of the Japanese Government! At that time, though, Ohashi was informing the world that he had renounced his Japanese allegiance and had become a Manchukuo subject. All in a day's work!

The interview with the Emperor was finally arranged for me by Mr. Ohashi. I was informed that I was to be allowed to ask only three questions, and that first I would have to write them down for approval.

It doesn't matter if I don't recall what three questions I wrote down, for I didn't intend to ask them. I knew well enough that once I got to Pu Yi, we wouldn't be bothered by written questions. I wrote whatever I thought might influence the Japanese Intelligence Service favorably, for I knew and Ohashi knew—that they had to give their okay first. Ogpus and Gestapos all work alike. When you know the tactics of one, you know the tactics of them all.

The interview was at Pu Yi's residence, the central one of the three moderate-sized buildings surrounded by a forbidding brick wall where I had witnessed the coronation ceremony. The living room in which I saw him was arranged tastefully in modern Chinese style. The young Emperor was very human—as I entered I saw him hastily remove a cloak and gloves apparently forgotten by the Empress. She was leaving as I came in.

I was given an interpreter, Tseng Chui, son of the Manchukuo premier. And as a further safeguard against tactlessness, I was informed that a Britisher was also to be given an interview at the same time. By an all too plain coincidence, this Britisher was editor of a Japanese newspaper organ published in English. He could be trusted to make sure the Emperor would not make any mistakes in what he said!

I noticed numerous Japanese servants in the entourage of the Dragon King. He obviously couldn't make a move without the Japanese being informed. He seemed bewildered and nervous. How could so vigorous a dynasty as that of the Manchus ever have produced so pathetic a weakling!

We began by exchanging the usual pleasantries. He told

me he had spoken so little English of late; he regretted this and hoped to have the opportunity to speak more of it once again. I'm afraid he'll never get the chance.

"What are your plans for the new State?" I inquired.

The interpreter insisted on translating this. The Emperor answered the interpreter in a few words, but the interpreter knew his job! His translation took at least five minutes! It was all about the kingly way and the desire of His Majesty to restore the tradition of old China, when it observed the precepts of Confucius. I don't believe Pu Yi had said a word of it!

"Have you been informed of the policies of the new Government?" I finally asked bluntly, knowing he knew enough English to catch the significance of the question.

But the situation was promptly retrieved by the British agent of the Japanese, who was posing as a legitimate newspaper correspondent.

"Your Majesty," he interrupted, "there are rumors that you are not a free agent. Will you answer that yourself, and tell whether you are not making every move of your own free will. You have full liberty to do whatever you think best, have you not?"

The interpreter dutifully translated this, and the Emperor replied in English, in the affirmative. He looked even more nervous than before.

"What sort of a government do you intend?" I persisted.

He replied that it would be in accordance with the traditions of the Manchu dynasty, but with the best elements of modern Western civilization incorporated.

"Do you mean to have some sort of parliament?"

No, he said he hadn't thought of that. There was so much to do, first.

In fact, he sincerely seemed as bewildered about how the government was to proceed as we were. The impression deepened in me that the Japanese had decided to let him while away his time with his trivialities and his wife or two and his mah-jongg, and maybe his tennis as a special dispensation, and they would take care of the rest themselves.

"I don't know," he frankly told me when I asked if he

could explain to me the structure of the new government.

American editors have certain stock questions they want asked, so I asked them.

"Do you intend to preserve the open door in Manchukuo?"

Even here he seemed bewildered. "Yes," he said, "there will be equal opportunity for all countries." But his interpreter added, "Those countries that recognize Manchukuo and are willing to cooperate with her will receive cooperation in return."

There was only one of "those countries"—and it was Japan. The rest of the world refused to recognize Manchukuo, until the Axis powers did so as a special favor for Tokyo; and one other foreign country, Salvador in Central America, extended its recognition by a curious bit of international by-play that has never been fully explained.

At the conclusion of the interview, the Emperor suggested that we might have a photograph taken. A Japanese photographer was waiting in the corridor.

Then an incident took place that gave a curious insight into the character of this Oriental Quisling who was supposed to be an Emperor. The Japanese cameraman fidgeted and just didn't seem able to get all three legs of his tripod placed at once. He obviously was overawed by royalty. I couldn't help being amused.

"Just like a Japanese," I exclaimed. "Twists himself all up in knots." I was perhaps pardonably annoyed by now with their detectives and their sabotaging "cooperation."

The Britisher looked shocked. The interpreter just didn't hear. But the Emperor laughed. He looked at me, and I'm sure it was a thankful look he gave me. In his eyes I read a response that expressed how fed up he, too, could be with those people.

Maybe it's just wishful thinking, but I have felt sure ever since that interview that the Emperor Pu Yi is not and never will be a willing puppet. He is too weak to be anything else but a puppet, however, so long as the Japanese have the upper hand in world affairs.

TWO REPORTS ARE HERE

given on Chiang Kai-shek. One is by Vincent Sheean, the other by Randall Gould, of the Christian Science Monitor. To round out any picture of the Generalissimo and show his relation to the China scene, it is necessary to fill in some background.

Vincent Sheean saw Chiang Kai-shek in 1927. China was a divided country—north against south. The revolutionary southern army, based on Canton, was sweeping its way northward under the Generalissimo. The revolutionary movement at this time, Mr. Sheean tells us, was “a long, slow, cumulative movement, the awakening of a giant; it had been going on for thirty-odd years. Its original organization was the work of a great revolutionary, Sun Yat-sen, whose powers to move and to convince throngs of people had made him the natural leader of the whole south, and, for a time, of all China. In 1911, with the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty, Sun Yat-sen had been proclaimed President of China at Nanking, but robbed of the actual power by the clever reactionary, Yuan Shih-kai, had retired to Canton to establish there the central point, the focus, of all revolutionary activity.”

Chiang Kai-shek became Sun Yat-sen's successor. In 1923 the Communist government of Moscow entered the picture by making an agreement with Sun Yat-sen by which they were to provide him with “military and political advisers, money and munitions,” Mr. Sheean explains. The following year Sun Yat-sen died and the movement fell into the lap of Chiang Kai-shek.

In 1927 his armies, sweeping northward, had left in their wake a trail of destruction, bloodshed and cruelty such as the friends of popular movements could not feel very happy about. Mr. Sheean describes it in these words: "The capture of Nanking, about two weeks before I arrived in Shanghai, had been marked by a collapse of discipline; certain of the Cantonese troops had run wild in the city, looting, raping and killing. These incidents—'the Nanking outrages'—had been promptly avenged by the Anglo-American bombardment of the city, in which numerous noncombatants were killed."

Under these circumstances Mr. Sheean went up to see the Generalissimo, who was in Nanking.

CHIANG KAI-SHEK

By Vincent Sheean

THE idea of going to Nanking was regarded as foolhardy by the foreigners in Shanghai, and particularly by my colleagues; nevertheless I went. It was an illuminating little journey. The foreigners had withdrawn from the railroad and from the Chinese city of Shanghai as well as from Nanking and the whole interior. The train, therefore, was about two hours late in starting and four hours late in arriving. It was crowded with Cantonese soldiers, but instead of tossing me about on their bayonets, as my Shanghai friends wished me to believe was their habit, they made way for me and actually gave me a seat in one of the best compartments. I was accompanied by an interpreter obtained through one of the missionary groups. This young man had studied in the United States and talked the "Oh, boy!" and "Geez! You said it!" kind of English. His ideas were as shallow and chaotic as his language. He had a great enthusiasm for the Revolution and the Kuomintang, but knew remarkably little about either. I spent an hour or so explaining to him what the party organization was (its rôle in the "era of tutelage" as outlined by Sun Yat-sen), as I wanted to be sure that my questions to Chiang Kai-shek would be correctly understood in transit. As we carried on this conversation, packed tight into a corner of the carriage with soldiers all over us, I noticed that a long-gowned Chinese (i.e., a member of the middle or educated class) was listening. Presently he joined in the talk, but in the accents of Oxford, with such a command of literary English that my interpreter was abashed. The long-gowned Chinese was one of the secretaries to Quo Tai-

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chi in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and had just the kind of fluid, voluble intelligence that the Shanghai foreigners most disliked. He spent an hour or so airing the grievances of the Shanghai Chinese, their constant humiliations in the foreign city, the insults their pride suffered in not being allowed to go into parks or clubs, etc., etc. It was not a sympathetic character or a sympathetic complaint, but I listened with interest. When I ventured to say that there seemed to me to be more valid subjects of grievance in Shanghai, and mentioned, as an example, the dreadful conditions I had glimpsed only the day before in certain textile mills where men, women and children worked twelve hours a day for a wage barely sufficient to buy rice, my long-gowned friend shut up like a clam. The Revolution, for him, apparently meant that educated Chinese ought to be admitted to social equality with the half-educated foreign merchants in their clubs and parks and houses—a strange ambition, but one I was to meet with fairly often among the heirs of the Mandarinate.

In Nanking I repaired to a Chinese inn with my interpreter and sent a note to headquarters with T. V. Soong's line of introduction. An hour or so later I was summoned to see the general, Chiang Kai-shek.

This remarkable young man, who was then about thirty¹ and looked less, had been born a poor Cantonese and was, to begin with, a common soldier. He was without education even in Chinese, and spoke only the dialect of his native city. (His name, too, was always pronounced in Cantonese—Chiang Kai-shek, whereas in Chinese it would have been Ch'ang Kai-shih.) He had been singled out for advancement by Sun Yat-sen, and showed enough ability to be pushed ahead through all ranks until he became, in 1927, commander-in-chief of the armies and, so far as the public was concerned, the military hero of the Revolution. Having arrived at his present eminence in great part by the aid of the Russians, he had now decided—under the persuasion of the Shanghai

¹ The general was, or believed himself to be, some ten years older than this, as I did not know until long afterwards.

bankers and the immense revenues of the maritime provinces—to break with them and establish himself as a war lord, modern style, with all the slogans and propaganda of the Kuomintang to cover his personal aggrandizement and give it a patriotic-revolutionary colour.

Chiang seemed (rather to my surprise) sensitive and alert. He was at pains to explain that he intended to carry out the whole programme of Sun Yat-sen, the Three People's Principles (*San Min Chu I*) and all the rest of it, but without falling into "excesses." I was unable to bring him to any clear statement of his disagreement with the Russians or the Left Wing, and his thin brown face worked anxiously as he talked round the subject, avoiding its pitfalls. I cursed the necessity for an interpreter—particularly one whose command of both languages was obviously so limited—and wished, not for the first time, that the Esperantists had been more successful in their efforts. But even through the clouds of misapprehension set up by my friend, the returned student from the United States, I could discern the eager, ambitious nature of Chiang Kai-shek's mind, his anxiety to be thought well of, his desire to give his personal ambitions the protective coloration of a revolutionary doctrine and vocabulary. The phrases adopted by all members of the Kuomintang, from Right to Left, were used by him over and over again: "wicked gentry" (i.e., reactionary landlords), "foreign imperialism" and "unequal treaties," the traditional enemies of the Cantonese movement. But upon the methods he intended to use to combat his enemies he was vague. It was impossible to avoid the conclusion that with this young man, in spite of his remarkable opportunities, the phrases of the movement had not sunk beyond the top layer of consciousness. He remained a shrewd, ambitious, energetic Cantonese with his way to make in the world, and I fully believed that he would make it. I thought I detected, about his mouth and eyes, one of the rarest of human expressions, the look of cruelty. It may, indeed, have been only the characteristic look of a nervous, short-tempered man, but in later weeks, when his counter-revolution reached its height and the Communists

were being tortured and butchered at his command, I was to remember the flickering mouth and anxious eyes of Chiang Kai-shek.

The remarkable thing about my visit to Nanking—where I remained three days—was that everybody in the streets, in the inn, at headquarters and wherever I went, treated me with courtesy. I was a citizen of a country whose ships, only a few days before, had bombarded the city, killing scores of people and setting fire to many houses. I was, I believe, the only foreigner in the area; I was neither armed nor guarded; the guns of the American and British ships were still trained on the city from the middle of the Yangtze River, and an informal state of war was felt to exist between the Chinese of the river towns and the hostile foreign navies that frowned upon them. From Hankow to Shanghai there was no communication between the foreign warships and the shore: for another five or six weeks the tension remained acute. And yet nothing whatever happened to me—not a shout, not a stone, not a gesture—to indicate that my presence was a reminder of the miseries and humiliations of China. Perhaps the inhabitants of Nanking were ashamed of the disorders of a fortnight before, and perhaps they were afraid of the gray ships in the river. But, on the whole, I took the experience as another confirmation of a principle in which I had always firmly believed: that human beings of whatever complexion or nation were “safe” enough if one clearly wished them no harm. The excited troops had disproved this principle, you might say, in Nanking itself only a short time before; but had they? In the frenzy of victory, drunk with success and mob anger, they had attacked the houses and persons of the “foreign imperialists”—those foreigners who lived in conspicuous luxury among them by means of the exploitation of their labor and their markets, supported visibly at all times by foreign warships in the Chinese river. The Nanking outrages, however deplorable, were easy to understand; they were an inevitable consequence of the conditions under which the foreign colonies were imposed upon China. Such things might happen anywhere when an oppressed population gets out of hand.

They have, indeed, happened in most countries at one time or another. But it seemed to me that the lone foreigner, unarmed and friendly, with no wealth to excite envy and no power to excite fear, would certainly be safe enough among any people, and particularly among the courteous Chinese, if the pretences of superiority could be abandoned.

I returned to Shanghai, the atmosphere of which had already begun to seem fantastically artificial. Its inhabitants considered that they had built Shanghai out of nothing, and, in the most obvious sense, they had; the site of the city had been a worthless mudbank, given to the British, Americans and French because the Chinese did not want it. The British, Americans and French had reclaimed the land, built upon it with increasing pompousness, and now regarded it as an exhibition of their own superiority to the despised natives of China. It never seemed to cross their minds that every penny spent upon Shanghai had been wrung from the Chinese in one way or another, either by the exorbitant profits of foreign trade—the exploitation of what is called an “undeveloped market,” which is to say a market made up of people who do not know when they are being cheated—or by the direct exploitation of Chinese labor.

*M*ANY NEWSPAPER COR-
respondents have seen Chiang Kai-shek between 1927 and 1941. The most recent to see him was Randall Gould, staff correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor. Like Mr. Sheean's, the interview was brief. And one finds that same fondness for generalities and for stock revolutionary phrases which Mr. Sheean had noticed. "Unity, democracy"—words like these supply the central theme. Yet these are things which were taken for granted in advance. One searches in vain for any concrete statement of program or war aims—beyond the promise of an election and a Parliament at some time in the future. Mr. Gould's interview fourteen years after Mr. Sheean's reads like a laconic postscript to it.

CHIANG IN WARTIME

By Randall Gould

ATTIRED in a simple khaki uniform devoid of military insignia, China's Generalissimo, Chiang Kai-shek, entertained Mrs. Gould and myself in his private residence and amid Chungking's bomb devastation, and asked that we convey to America his pledge that China will avoid totalitarianism.

"China has cast its lot irretrievably with the democracies. It chose this course before the present war and it will continue with the democratic course in the future.

"The turn of international events has been most satisfactory to China. We appreciate the unfailing friendship of the United States, and it is gratifying to have evidence that American friendliness to China has been strengthened.

"China feels that America is the great leader of the whole world in the cause of freedom."

The writer has watched General Chiang through many years of varying fortune, meeting him from time to time and especially in these trying war years—first in the temporary capital at Hankow, then at the more permanent base in distant Szechwan Province.

Now I have once more seen and talked with this man whom his enemies call a "warlord dictator" and I find him mellowed and developed with the years into a figure of greatness in the democratic pattern.

It is impossible to write history ahead of time but those who have been received by General Chiang during recent months seem united in belief that here is a man whose influence is being, and will continue to be, thrown into the bal-

From the *Christian Science Monitor*. Reprinted by permission of the author.

ance not only for final victory of an independent Chinese nation, but also for constructing this nation along liberal and democratic lines rather than in the totalitarian mold into which efforts are being made to press it.

General Chiang's attitude was never more serenely confident than it is today. He is a man of great vitality yet he expresses this, not in the exuberant style of a Teddy Roosevelt or a Benito Mussolini but rather in the classic Chinese attitude of an unfearing relaxation beneath which there is readiness for any necessary action.

He receives callers in the sitting-room of a private residence often bombed by the Japanese but never (as yet at least) directly hit.

The Generalissimo advances to give a quick firm shake of the hand and to motion his visitor to a sofa.

His head and face are those of a military man, decidedly, especially in such details as the close-cropped hair and mustache; but his eye is friendly though sharp, and he often smiles. He understands some English but speaks in Chinese, decisively and to the point yet in a courteously modulated tone.

Just before his arrival on the present occasion, a secretary had been putting me through an intense fire of questions shot at me in English with the speed and general morale-breaking effect of a machine gun. His superior's tolerance came as a welcome relief!

Because I came from Shanghai, and perhaps because he himself has spent some crucial periods there, the Generalissimo first asked about people and conditions in what the Chinese now call "the isolated island," the atmosphere of which (as I assured him) is much different from that of Chungking—in Chungking's favor.

Next, the Generalissimo took up a broader issue—what China's future will be after the war. That the present hostilities will conclude in a Chinese victory has always been presumed in Chungking.

Neither now nor at any time in the past has the Generalissimo, or those about him, ever shown the slightest doubt but that Japan would finally dash herself to weary destruction

against the rock of Chinese resistance. But the question is beginning to be asked increasingly, in China and in the world outside, as to whether "dictatorship" was to spell the way of salvation to China.

Chiang Kai-shek, the man who has been accused of setting himself up as dictator, turned out to be among the most emphatic opponents of totalitarianism as a workable post-war scheme for China.

"The Chinese character is democratic and China as a nation has cast her lot with the democracies," said he. "China chose this course before the war, she has persisted in it through the war, and she will continue the democratic course in future."

In trying to weigh the probabilities, I had asked various people their views and had received various answers. The then United States Ambassador, Nelson T. Johnson, had spoken of China as in a period of revolution, arrested by the hostilities but with the revolutionary trend bound to continue when the war finished. Looking at the entire affair in a detached historic perspective, he felt that foreigners tend to be impatient of China because she does not quickly seek solutions satisfactory to the Occidental mind.

"China will find her way," Mr. Johnson said, "but it will not be dramatic and final and black-and-white. It will not be a foreign way but a Chinese way."

That was sound, I thought, but a bit elusive. There must be more concrete signs. Others pointed to the People's Political Council, which has already proved a salutary corrective—possessed, it is true, of only advisory functions, but able to criticize and bring things out into the open, as well as put forward suggestions which usually are ratified by the Executive Yuan and go into effect. Its membership has broadened with 240 members instead of the former 180. I asked General Chiang if this, to him, represented the most vital signpost on the way to future democracy.

The Generalissimo surprised me by brushing this aside as "an interim measure"—useful for the time, but not important in the long view as compared with what must finally come.

"When the war is over," he said, "we must at once put into full effect our new Constitution which has liberal democratic provisions." (The Constitution was to have been promulgated last autumn but it was put off until three months after the war's conclusion.)

The Generalissimo was asked whether the China of the future would continue to rely on a single political party. Would it build its political structure on a party similar to the present Kuomintang, preventing all others from existing? Or would it permit the existence of different shades of political opinion, represented in legal parties, some of which could be in opposition to Government policy.

"Instead of one party as at present (the ruling Kuomintang)," he replied, "we shall have many parties, along the lines indicated by America and other great democratic countries. We must convoke a Parliament, hold elections and introduce the whole democratic system."

Asked what more America might do for China, General Chiang replied emphatically, "What China has needed, America has given. We feel fully satisfied with what America has done already."

The United States, General Chiang declared, is the greatest of the democracies and her example will be followed by China as far as is practicable. Those who know the Generalissimo well feel that he is sincere in this, as in his profession of the Christian religion and his never-flagging struggle for unity among the various factions of his followers. At one time he may have wished to be a dictator but today, when he might be, he knows that democracy is best.

"In its relations with other countries," he said, "China has had many ups and downs, but in connection with the United States it has had nothing but a record of unbroken warm and sincere friendliness. With America's help we shall win."

Told of Japanese and other reports of divisions developing between the Government and Communists, the Generalissimo earnestly declared: "Unity must prevail. There is no chance of any break in our united front against Japanese aggression."

WHAT ROLE ARE THE Philippine Islands destined to play in the future of the Far East? Will they decide to accept complete independence of the United States when the time comes for the final test? Will they choose something akin to dominion status? Japan has recently let it be known that it claims a sphere of influence in that part of the Pacific known as Oceania, wherein the Philippines lie. Will the Philippines, going it alone, be able to withstand these Japanese pretensions? These are questions that will have to be answered in days near at hand. There is one man above all others in the Philippine scheme of things who will have a dominant voice in these matters. He is Don Manuel Luis Quezon, President of the Philippine Commonwealth.

Wilbur Burton, who gives us this picture of Quezon, has long had contact with the Far East as a newspaper correspondent and writer. He has been a frequent contributor to Asia on Oriental problems and has been a correspondent for a number of American newspapers, including the New York Post. He is now the assistant editor of the China Weekly Review, published at Shanghai.

MANUEL QUEZON

By Wilbur Burton

DON Manuel Luis Quezon y Molina, President of the Philippine Commonwealth, is probably the easiest head of a state in the world for any accredited journalist to see, but age cannot wither nor custom stale his infinite variety in interview.

I saw him for two interviews in 1936 at a turning point in his own career and in the destiny of the Philippines, which he, more than any other one individual, had fashioned toward nationhood. The Commonwealth was not yet a year old, he was just getting into his presidential stride, and complete Philippine independence from the United States was scheduled in a decade. Also the Japanese menace was growing year by year. . . .

Back in 1925 Don Manuel himself, in an authorized interview with Edward Price Bell of the Chicago *Daily News*, had rather airily dismissed any Japanese threat to an independent Philippines. "I believe Japan to be non-aggressive," he had said, adding that even if she were aggressive he did not believe she would attempt to take the Philippines. This probably was not bluff, just as bad a guess as many another had made who should have known Dai Nippon better.

Ushered into Don Manuel's spacious office of former American governors-general, I realized instantly and intuitively why he was there—instead of Osmeña, for instance, his old, more experienced and no less shrewd rival.

For Don Manuel has political *it*, even more so than his great white chief in Washington. He exuded magnetic personality to a greater degree than anyone else I had ever met.

Clad in tropical jodhpurs of more comfort than presidential dignity, he looked as fit as he was handsome, although I knew that only a few years before he had been reported dying of pulmonary tuberculosis. Taking a cure in the more than mile-high Baguio outside Manila, he had even started reading mystical religious literature in apparent preparation for enlivening the Great Beyond. That was strange, for Don Manuel had never been known for his devoutness, and had even deserted the faith of his father to the extent of becoming a thirty-second degree Mason.

There is a story that in his youth he once lost out in a love affair, but it seems the family turned him down, not the girl. In fact, I think, they had to send her away from the Philippines for a while. Then he eventually was married to a cousin many years his junior, Doña Aurora, who is as pretty as her name.

In the best Oriental tradition of interviews, I started off by inquiring about Don Manuel's health.

"Excellent," he said with vigor. "I'll probably disappoint a good many of my political rivals as well as my undertaker for a long time to come. Feel this arm."

He flexed his right arm. It was hard.

"From golf," he explained. "A few years ago my muscles were all flabby, for I could not take any exercise. Now I usually play nine holes every morning, and since I became President I've been getting better all the time."

"In both golf and health?" I asked.

"At least in health," he smiled. "But in all seriousness, I did not think when I took office that I would ever be able to finish my six-year term."

Except about his golf, Don Manuel placed no restriction of any kind on my interview. No one else was present, he didn't demand written questions or want to see what I wrote afterward. A man of destiny is never afraid of journalists.

We got down to prospective Philippine independence. I asked him: "Do you believe that the Philippines within ten years will be able to stand alone and independent in the present Far Eastern world?"

"Yes," he said with a perfect poker face.

I suggested that entirely aside from the general political conditions in the Far East, ten years was a rather brief time for readjustment of Philippine economy from integration with that of the United States to independence of it.

"If we can't readjust in ten years we can never do it," replied Don Manuel.

He quickly indicated, however, that he was hoping for a general reciprocal trade agreement with the United States after independence. Unless there was an agreement highly favorable to the islands, they faced a decline of at least seventy per cent in exports at the expiration of arrangements under the Tydings-McDuffie Act.

"The United States," he said very emphatically, "has, in view of her world-wide trade interests, as much or more at stake as the Philippines in trade reciprocity."

I tried another tack.

"What," I asked, "can the Philippines get through being independent that they haven't received under the American flag?"

"Man does not live by bread alone," he said, throwing back his head as though he was once more on the hustings. "The Filipinos naturally desire to be free of all ties other than their own."

I thought that seemed much more appropriate for a soap-box address than a serious interview, and Don Manuel evidently sensed my attitude, for he promptly abandoned rhetoric to get down to fundamentals.

"We have no assurance," he said, "that even if we were a dominion of the United States, Washington would not cut off our exports. We are taking a risk whatever we do. American politicians might change relations at any time. For example, despite the Tydings-McDuffie law, an excise tax was put on coconut oil—which is the same in effect as a customs duty on it, which the law was designed to prevent. Since we have to take a risk, we had better take it on our responsibility than on the responsibility of others."

Here Don Manuel was on very sound ground,—and as he

by now most assuredly had learned, the decisive factor in the law to give the Philippines independence was the effort of powerful American interests to prevent trade competition within the tariff walls of the United States.

There is one significant loophole in the Tydings-McDuffie Act even if the Act itself should not be changed by 1946: provision for a conference not later than 1947 on the continuation of American naval bases in the islands.

I asked Don Manuel if he would be in favor of such continuation. He would have no objection, he said—in a tone that indicated he would really appreciate such naval bases ever handy. But, he insisted, none could be in Manila Bay, overshadowing the capital, and Filipino sovereignty must not in any way be impaired.

An American naval base could hardly be conceivable without at least some limitation on Filipino sovereignty, as Don Manuel well knew—and as he knew I well knew. But why should he take down his hair *now*? There were still ten more years of assured American protection of the Philippines, and Don Manuel could afford to wait—and bluff. In his next bargain with the United States he might get exactly what he wanted—if he played his hand well. He had been given independence whether he wanted it or not, and he would make the most of it for the present.

He went on to assure me that Filipinos liked Americans, appreciated what we had done for the islands, and hoped that forever the Philippine and American nations would be affectionate sisters.

"Is any change," I asked, "desired in American-Philippine relations beyond that provided by the Tydings-McDuffie Act?"

"No," he replied, again with poker face, adding, "we are very encouraged by the government record to date."

Well he could be, for a mining boom, then and since, was making the Philippines one of the most prosperous places in a depressed world. There was no hurry, as Don Manuel well knew, for any change.

He remarked that more money was coming into the islands

for investment now than previously under American administration. I reminded him that the influx was purely for gambling in mining shares.

"Well," he shot back, "there wouldn't be a mining boom on if a Filipino regime were as bad as the American die-hards here predicted it would be. And I'm going to see to it that the boom doesn't get out of bounds and lead to a crash—like your Wall Street boom of 1928-29."

Don Manuel apparently did.

I turned to some other internal problems. I was shortly going to the southern islands, where I wanted to look into the Moro situation. There had been some talk among American die-hards in Manila that Filipino Catholics could not get along with Moro Mohammedans. These Moros were only a small minority numbering half a million, but they had a somewhat menacing history. Before the Spanish conquest of the islands, they had apparently been on the verge of extending the sway of the Crescent up to Manila. The Spanish had never succeeded in subduing them, and often during Spanish rule they raided many of the middle islands. Finally, they were subjugated in the early years of the American occupation. Not only fierce fighters, but also Mohammedans, their name came from the Spanish word for *Moor*, since they reminded the warriors of Castile of the people who had almost conquered Spain.

After they were vanquished and disarmed by American troops, except for primitive guns they were adept in making out of water pipe, they were pretty well tamed, but they had always vigorously opposed Filipino rule and vowed that they would never submit to being governed by their traditional foes. About the time the Commonwealth was inaugurated, the old Gilbertian and Sullivanesque Sultan of Sulu, long retained on a fat pension by the Americans, had died, and there was now a bitter contest for the succession between Rajah Muda (Crown Prince) Mawalil Wasit and the Sultan's niece, Princess Dayang Dayang Hadji Piandao.

After a tour of the Moro areas in both Mindanao and Sulu, I found no basis for the die-hard American viewpoint in

Manila. The Moros, thanks to their Mohammedan culture, were superior to the rest of the Filipinos at the time of the Spanish conquest. But since the American occupation the Christian Filipinos had made notable progress. Except in Sulu, the Moros were never closely united, and even there they were now hopelessly split over the succession to the Sultanship.

All the numerous Moro spokesmen I rounded up in Jolo and elsewhere were more worried about possible Japanese domination than they were about Don Manuel. The Japanese now had an extensive colony in Davao, Mindanao, and this was a major concern to Moros and Christian Filipinos alike all over the southern islands.

Asked for specific grievances against Manila, the Moros emphasized two bones of contention: Moro affairs were directed by a department with the belittling designation of "Bureau of Non-Christian Tribes"; and schools in the Moro areas operated on Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath Day. Both these things had long continued under the American administration.

Back in Manila, I telephoned Don Manuel's secretary and was given a prompt appointment with His Excellency.

"Well, what did you find?" asked Don Manuel.

I first took up the question of the Japs in Davao.

Don Manuel assured me that "there is no direct evidence for the charges of illegal occupation of the hemp plantations there by the Japanese," but he was pursuing a determined policy of preventing further alien colonization in this area. The then number of Japs, around 14,000 was in itself not serious, and his chief solution was rapid, steady settlement of sparsely populated Mindanao with Filipinos from the more thickly populated areas of the north.

I observed that this organized migration appeared to be well under way.

"It is, if I have to drive them there with bayonets," said Don Manuel smilingly, "but I hope you won't take the remark about my method literally."

As to the Moros, I reported their objection to the "Bureau of Non-Christian Tribes."

"One of your American institutions," responded Don Manuel. "The order changing the title will reach Jolo in a few days. We are all Filipinos, whether we are Christian or Mohammedan."

I then brought up the Moro objection to being forced to send their children to school on Friday, Mohammedan Sabbath Day.

Don Manuel seemed surprised.

"I never heard of that before," he said.

"Well, it exists," I replied, "and it seems to have been going on ever since they had public schools; but several Moros say they object to it, and I'm reporting to you what I found."

"That's a matter that can be easily settled," he said.

Don Manuel reached for his telephone, got the Director of the Department of Education, and after some preliminary conversation on the subject, he said: "Issue an order, effective immediately, that in predominantly Moro areas the schools are to be closed on Friday and operate on Saturday instead."

Having settled the problems of the Philippines, Don Manuel invited me into the bar of the Malacañan, and since it didn't seem proper to talk shop over our whiskey-soda I turned the conversation to the civil war that had recently started in Spain.

Don Manuel's motley commonwealth included those who were pro-Franco—particularly the wealthy old Spanish families in Manila—and a generally pro-Loyalist *mestizo* intelligentsia, so he avoided any opinion on the issues involved. But he revealed a lot about Don Manuel.

"The fundamental trouble in Spain," he said, "is that there was not a strong man in the government. If there had been a strong man in Madrid, this war would never have happened."

There was, undoubtedly, a strong man in the Malacañan of Manila, and Don Manuel well knew it.

Having disposed of the Spanish situation, Don Manuel wanted to know how I had enjoyed my sojourn in the Philippines.

"Most excellently," I told him. "In fact, I'm seriously thinking of returning here before the bombs start dropping elsewhere. There is Zamboanga, as entrancing as its name. A few hectares of coconut palms on the Zamboanga shore, and I think I could live happily ever after."

"Well," said Don Manuel, his whiskey-soda between table and lip, "anytime you return, call on me and I'll see that you get four or five hectares from the public domain in Zamboanga. I've got a farm I plan to retire to myself, so we'll both be country gentlemen in the Philippines in our old age."

Franklin D. Roosevelt
Cordell Hull
Mackenzie King
Avila Camacho
Cardenas
Batista

The Americas, Canada

Arthur Krock
William Walton
Frederick Griffin
Francis Sill Wickware
Joseph Freeman
Carleton Beals

THIS IS THE ONLY INTER-

view the President has ever given in the more than eight years he has been in office. It took place in the first days of 1937, to Arthur Krock of the New York Times. Those who read it will be disappointed if they look for a spirited and vivid journalistic presentation of President Roosevelt in speech, action and pose. The words of the interview are pondered and measured. The language is precise and accurate. The interview is a report and a comment on what is in the President's mind—and on that only.

In 1937 Mr. Roosevelt saw a dangerous future for America if democracy could not be made to work, and if the people could not be convinced that it was working in their favor. Unless this were accomplished, he foresaw the appearance of some ruthless demagogue who would tread down democracy in the name of reform. Four years have not sufficed to allay this danger. They have rather increased the danger by presenting new menaces from outside the country. The shadows of European dictators have come closer and fallen lower and cast their shapes more darkly over the country.

Arthur Krock has had a wide experience as a newspaper reporter and executive. On his service record stand notations like these: reporter in Louisville, Kentucky; editorial manager of the Louisville Courier-Journal and editor-in-chief of the Louisville Times; assistant to the president of the New York World; member of the Board of Editors of the New York Times; chief Washington correspondent for the New York Times. So he has swung around the arc from reporter to executive to reporter. Mr. Krock is, more than anything else, a reporter, and to this fact he owes his eminence in American journalism.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

By Arthur Krock

“WHEN I retire to private life on January 20, 1941,” the President had been saying to his friends, “I do not want to leave the country in the condition Buchanan left it to Lincoln. If I cannot, in the brief time given me to attack its deep and disturbing problems, solve those problems, I hope at least to have moved them well on the way to solution by my successor. It is absolutely essential that the solving process begin at once.”

This was his answer to those who had contended that the President had a third term in mind, and would remake the Supreme Court majority for a period of submissive cooperation with the other Federal divisions that would exceed the precedential time for chief executives. And it was his answer also to those who insisted that nothing in the present condition of the country called for new haste in an attack on problems, and that nothing would be lost by awaiting the long process of a constitutional amendment. Doubtless he would make these responses in detail for himself before the argument about the Supreme Court was ended by triumph, defeat, or compromise.

Responses from him were expected for, though it was only a few weeks since the Presidential election of 1936, the cry of “dictator” once more had been heard. The provocation was Mr. Roosevelt’s recommendation to Congress of a statute whereby all Federal judges—including those of the Supreme Court—must retire at the age of seventy or have a judge of equal powers appointed to supplement them.

Since the effect of the President’s proposal would be to supervene the present Supreme Court majority with his own

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appointees if judges eligible to retire refused to do so, or to nominate a new majority if they did, he had been widely accused of intending to supplant the Federal system of checks and balances with one-man government, assure decisions upholding any legislation he might propose, and offer to some future dictator a precedent with which—with the approval of Congress—he could, by changing the age limit, wholly remake the Supreme Court when he took office or increase it to the size—and reduce it to the futility—of a mass meeting.

In discussing with the President these charges and the proposals which produced them, the writer became conscious of Mr. Roosevelt's complete certainty that the accusations were all founded on a misconception of his aims and their consequences, on a total lack of understanding of the crisis which confronted the country and called for drastic remedies, and on a failure to appreciate how sincere and sure is his labor to maintain democracy rather than to suspend it or undermine its future foundations.

In the President's view—and discussion with him made it clearer—the Supreme Court issue was but part of a larger problem: how to make democracy work in a world where democracy had, in many lands, been subverted. He believed that within the American democratic machine were all the essential devices. He felt they must be boldly grasped and employed to save democracy itself. Far from agreeing that recourse to statutes, within the plain permissions of the Constitution, to sweep away barriers to orderly progress and modern needs, is an encouragement to future dictatorships, he was firm in the faith that this method stamps out the dictatorial seed. His belief was that legalistic or other obstructions to "action by our form of government on behalf of those who need help" are the real incentives to revolutions from which demagogues and dictators emerge. What he had done at that time, and was doing, were to him the definite solvents of democracy.

The President believed it was necessary not only for the Federal Government to be able to regulate against overproduction and underproduction, to regulate against unsocial

types of employment and against the making of prices by speculation, but that it was also necessary for the Federal Government to have some authority to compel collective bargaining and to enforce the maintenance of contracts both to employers and employees. He felt that there was real danger to the nation, because any law passed by the Congress to provide national remedies was open to constitutional doubts if the language of the present Supreme Court majority was literally followed. In this connection, the President compared the present conditions to a dead-end street.

He took the position that we had come to a dead-end street where three things were possible: to stop the car and stay there; to turn around and go back; or to turn off into a side street, right or left, and proceed to an unknown destination.

The President, by reading and observation, and by tried and unusual familiarity with the attitude of Americans toward their public men, saw a future far more dangerous if he was balked of his solutions than if they were adopted. He saw a growing belief among the underprivileged that judicial supremacy was certain to cancel the progressive and humanitarian efforts of Congress and the Executive. He saw this belief easily firing into a desperate conviction, and he did not doubt that, should this happen, a leader would arise to tread down democracy in the name of reform.

The President had not forgotten Huey P. Long. While he did not say so in precise words, he entertained the opinion that one important reason why the Louisiana dictator was not able to extend his dominion further during his lifetime was because he was fortunately coexistent with wiser and more sincere remedies for the conditions which produced Long. In other words, had public opinion against the Hoover administration not been sufficiently formed by the elections of 1932, and had Mr. Hoover therefore been re-elected, the President believed that Huey Long would immediately have become a great menace to the democratic process.

Now, finding—from his viewpoint—essential legal and democratic Federal action obstructed by the Supreme Court majority, or held in long uncertainty that had the effect of

balking both preventive and remedial measures for what Mr. Roosevelt thought ailed the country, he saw the possibility at least that a new, more appealing, and even more ruthless demagogue might arise to abolish American democracy for years. Whether a listener agreed with the President in his course and in his estimate of future menace, that listener could note in his words and tone no other primary objective than, as Mr. Roosevelt saw it, the preservation and the restoration of democracy.

Although there were many manifests of recovery, the number of the unemployed and the national relief bill impressed the President with the certainty that much remained to be done if social dangers were to be averted and economic stability be attained. The President saw the assurance of continued democracy. That was what he was determined to assure, and he found as natural attendant circumstances a better spread of income, steady work for the employable, a good standard of living, protection for the aged, opportunity for the young, and national action. The program to effect these benefits, which the President never thought of save as human rights, was, to his mind, the program to keep American democracy working. At times the President was faced with this sort of problem in moving his program:

For one reason or another, a measure of national action which to him was essential to safeguard democracy came newly into council and therefore had not been included in any specific mandate. Did the people expect him, and did fair dealing require, that he seek a popular referendum before proceeding?

If the President was convinced that the measure was effective, and that time was of its essence, he went ahead. Since all such enterprises—this being a democracy—must first pass the Congressional test, the President saw in Congress itself a sufficient referendum in vital instances. It is true that Congress is made up of politicians, and, since 1932, it had been dominated by members of the political group of which the President is party leader. But in conversation Mr. Roosevelt pointed out also that, being largely politicians with district

or State responsibility, members of Congress, if only for political self-preservation, submitted his proposals to the test of public opinion, and to the further test of the democratic process. These tests, in conjunction with the full and free debate which is the privilege of the Senate, seemed to the President to answer the charge that in any legislative request he ever tried "to put anything over" on the people.

He pointed out, for example, that many of his proposals to the Congress during the past four years had been either rejected by the Congress or had been so amended as to change them greatly—i.e., social security, the bonus, the \$4,800,000,000 relief bill, and so on.

He had been moving, through the medium of civil service reform, to withdraw political patronage from the Federal equation, and this would be well out of the sphere of presidential influence over Congress if and when the government reorganization plan was adopted. Therefore, in the view of Mr. Roosevelt, the response of Congress to his recommendations was more and more a clear reflection of its free opinion as to the degree to which he represented wide and accredited popular leadership.

The President came to the issue of the mandate with which he had been entrusted by the people with recent experience strongly in mind. He found it necessary, after taking office in 1933, to divert the course plotted by the party platform on which he was elected because of a change in conditions between June, 1932, and March, 1933—a change which all economic research and statistics reflect. In the Congressional campaign of 1934 this diversion was made an issue by the Republicans, and in return Democratic candidates for Congress offered the President himself as the only issue. "Shall Franklin D. Roosevelt's course thus far be approved and he be given a Congressional majority to proceed with the New Deal?" was the question as the people went to the polls in 1934. Overwhelming documentation of this was available in the political writings and oratory in that campaign. The answer was overwhelmingly in the affirmative.

In 1936 the President's diversion of course was again made

an issue by the Republicans, who also pointed out that, if re-elected, he would probably have several new appointments to the Supreme Court. The age of many justices, if nothing else, was used to illustrate the certainty that, if re-elected, the opportunity to change the court majority would come to Mr. Roosevelt. Whether or not the voters troubled themselves much on that point, the President did not know. But he did know that once again his course was given high majority approval, and 27,000,000 voters decided to put the country's fate in his hands for four more years.

The Philadelphia convention had promised "a clarifying amendment" to the Constitution if problems arising in the Supreme Court could be disposed of in no other way. The President, in December, 1936, decided that the amendment process required too much time for the country's needs and security. He felt that, by the general permissions of 1934 and 1936, he was given ample mandate to attempt what upon mature consideration, and even altered method, he thought was best. Therefore, he did not for a moment believe that the majority which had supported him in full measure in two national elections shared the feeling that he had exceeded his permission. Nor did he consider that the American majority expected him to have been able, in what he viewed as a shifting and perilous time, to chart in detail and in advance the measures he might finally employ to achieve the end stated and, as he was certain, desired by the people.

Furthermore, the President by no means discarded into finality "a clarifying amendment" as mentioned in the Democratic platform. Such an amendment, he argued, would be necessary if the problems could not be disposed of otherwise. He took the view that the great majority of both houses of the Congress, including many Republican members, believed in passing the New Deal bills of the past four years, and that these bills were constitutional. He held, as he stated in that year's annual message to the Congress, that the Constitution definitely permits the Congress to legislate in regard to the production of crops and the production of manufactured articles which enter generically as products into commerce

between the States. It was his contention that the Constitution does not forbid regulation of railroads or communications or trade practices and that, if the same rules were applied in the case of commodities of all sorts, unwieldy crop surpluses, starvation wages and unfair trade practices could be eliminated, with the objective not only of improving social conditions but also of averting future panics.

If newer and younger blood in the Federal courts did not result in decisions which accord with the views of the majority of the members of the legislative branch and the views of the President, he was then wholly willing to admit that a clarifying amendment to the Constitution will be necessary.

In a time of public controversy, "so much," the President had said, "depends on what newspaper you read." Which was another way of saying that one's mental approach to an argument often forecloses the effect of that argument on one's conclusion—an indisputable fact. The President took as an example of mental approach and inflection the wide use made on February twenty-second of extracts from Washington's Farewell Address against his Supreme Court program.

Suppose, he said, the reader began his perusal with remembrance that Washington wrote the words in 1796 before the Supreme Court had attempted to override an act of Congress without the specific warrant of the Constitution. It was, then, in his opinion, wholly logical to read the warning words of the Father of His Country against usurpation as a criticism of the course the Supreme Court had followed in many decisions since it assumed the power of invalidating. Why, he asked, does not this passage more forcibly apply to the majority reasoning in the AAA or Guffey Act cases (denounced by minority members of the court itself) than to any act of the Executive since 1796:

"It is important, likewise, that the habit of thinking in a free country should inspire caution, in those entrusted with its administration, to confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres, avoiding in the exercise of the powers of one department to encroach upon another."

From the time he entered public life, the President had

maintained as his goal the preservation of the American form of democracy. He thought it still needed preserving, not from his forms or persuasions, but from those who had prospered most under it and returned least. He believed that his program stopped the descent of the capitalist system, threatened by enemies within and without. He wanted to raise and firmly buttress it against the attacks of these enemies by the time he should leave office "on January 20, 1941."

The President's highest hope, according to his open meditations, was to leave democracy stronger than he found it and set an insurmountable barrier against the encroachments of other systems. In the long view of history he wanted this to be his political epitaph. Mr. Roosevelt is sterile of self-pity, and therefore he never muses over assaults made on his predecessors which turned to praise when the record was engraved. He has noted them, as he notes contemporary attacks. But firm in his faith that democrats must often forge new tools to shore up democracy, he believes that judgment should be based, not on the tools, but on the solidity of the edifice when the work is done.

THERE ARE MEN IN HIGH public life about whom Americans hear a great deal, but really know very little. Usually they are hard, earnest workers whose work is tremendously important, but who are not showmen. It may also happen that their high responsibility does not permit them to talk freely. In newspaper reports they too frequently become mere "dead bodies" with a label for a name, around which much copy is written. Cordell Hull, the United States Secretary of State, is one of these earnest and very important men about whom Americans know too little because they have been told too little about their human side.

William Walton brings Mr. Hull to life, and introduces him to Americans. He paints a warm human picture of our Secretary of State, and he does so in crisp, brittle language that crackles.

Mr. Walton is a former AP correspondent who brings his wide newspaper experience and his talents to the new kind of afternoon newspaper, PM. He is one of Ralph Ingersoll's protégés—one of the youngest journalists in this book. Mr. Walton began work on his father's newspaper at Jacksonville, Illinois—The Journal. With the AP in Chicago and in New York he has been an expert on the Latin-American and the European desks.

CORDELL HULL

By William Walton

THE most effective way of blowing life into a character on the printed page—from statesman to circus performer—is to get him to talk and then merely record his words. The system doesn't work, however, on an uncommunicative person or on a statesman of such importance that he must weigh each word, considering its possible international effect. The latter dilemma arises in writing about a talk with Secretary of State Cordell Hull.

Here is a remarkable man, the son of Tennessee mountaineers, who in the span of sixty-nine years has risen to a position in world affairs where he must cut each word concisely. He must remember that his words may be transmitted to the far corners of the world and interpreted as the official position of the United States of America. A word from him about American plans to requisition copper stocks might create havoc in the world market or a phrase might encourage some warriors in the Far East to launch a new scheme for adding to their territorial spoils.

That's why no direct quotations are permitted after a private interview with the Secretary of State. All of Mr. Hull's words may be quoted from a public interview. He receives the Washington press every noon in the high-ceilinged reception room at the rear of the ancient State Department Building. While a score or more newspapermen crowd around a high-polished conference table, the white-haired Secretary stands behind a chair replying in some manner to every question put to him. His answers usually are brief and curt. Sometimes he merely says, "No comment."

Written for Dictators and Democrats.

Whatever he says is news, but the interview is over in something like fifteen minutes.

His private chats are cut from a different pattern. And more of the man shines through his words, even though much of what he says is couched in generalities and abstract figures of speech.

Unless tremendously important state business is pressing him, Mr. Hull sees his callers on the dot of their appointments. Only the small-time button manufacturer or the self-important advertising executive keeps newspapermen pacing for hours in his reception room—the really top people don't do it.

My newspaper, *PM*, had arranged for me to talk with the Secretary of State. There were only a few minutes in his waiting room to study the portraits of Stimson and Kellogg and other Secretaries of the past before being ushered through a small outer room into Mr. Hull's own office—a huge sunny room with long windows looking out over the White House lawn and the Washington monument toward the Potomac.

Coming face to face with President Roosevelt is to feel the warmth of a great, compelling personality. Meeting Undersecretary of State Sumner Welles is like touching an impressive public monument fashioned of cold stone. Mr. Hull is an old portrait, a statesman from another era, come to life. He is standing by his desk with the pale light of a mild January afternoon illumining his white hair, his face full of repose, and his tall, erect figure dressed in severe black. He advances a step and acknowledges his secretary's introduction with a stiff little bow and a friendly handshake. He seats his caller in a huge black leather chair beside his desk and is soon deep in a softly spoken, carefully considered explanation of his hopes and ambitions when he entered President Roosevelt's cabinet eight years ago.

His opening generalities give a moment to study the old engravings and paintings lining the walls of his office, the flags in standards on one side, a tall grandfather's clock on another, his desk piled high with documents and books.

The man himself sits with fingertips together, looking far

off as he talks of those days in 1933 which now seem more distant than the World War period so similar to 1941. His dark eyes are kindly and soft. His protruding lower lip is a facial trade mark. His lisp fails to mar the dignity and quiet flow of his speech.

Mr. Hull entered President Roosevelt's cabinet with a sense of enormous responsibility and a feeling of great opportunity to put into operation his theories of how free trade could lay the groundwork for permanent international peace. In his twenty-two years as a member of the House of Representatives from Tennessee and two years in the Senate, Mr. Hull built up an extensive knowledge of international commerce and a deep faith that through free exchange of raw materials and manufactured products around the world men could learn to dwell together peacefully.

That was his vision in the troubled days of economic crisis, financial panic and political chaos when he took office. The State Department machinery that he inherited was a Model-T foreign office, making no attempt to overhaul its workings to fit a modern world.

By 1935 Mr. Hull had induced Congress to pass the Reciprocal Trade Treaty Act which empowered the Executive branch to negotiate trade treaties without submitting them for Senate approval. He created a Trade Agreements division in the State Department which gradually has come to be regarded as a model of efficiency, performing an involved, detailed task with speed and thoroughness. Some seventy economists, tariff experts, statisticians and clerks are in the Trade Agreements division, men who are apart from the stuffed-shirt pattern of most State Department functionaries, and it is to Mr. Hull's credit that he brought them in to inject some life into his department. They have negotiated twenty-two trade agreements, a groundwork for a revival of free trade that might have had sweeping consequences in any other era, but now—in 1941—their effect has been largely nullified by a war that they aimed to prevent.

This is an irony with tragic implications for the world, as well as for Mr. Hull personally. It brings a touch of melan-

choly to his conversation as he looks back over his eight years in the State Department. Perhaps he was only trying to restore a nineteenth-century kind of free trade, which reveals one of Mr. Hull's unfortunate contradictions.

He is whole-hearted and bitter in his denunciations of the Rome-Berlin Axis but he still vigorously opposes any interruption of free trade even though most realists believe that trade control—full use of economic weapons—is one of the best ways of implementing a strong anti-Axis foreign policy. Mr. Hull persisted, however, in blocking efforts to embargo war material shipments to Japan and has been slow to aid in other measures of economic warfare.

Nevertheless, his own words, in public and private, remove any shadow of doubt about his sincerity in hating Hitlerism. To Mr. Hull, Hitler is the antithesis of everything he respects intellectually and emotionally. He is convinced now that Hitler is bent on world conquest and is a menace to the American way of life. Part of this belief stems from his conviction that Axis economic autarchy—development of a self-sustaining economy behind rigid national barriers—is a powerful threat to his cherished dream of free trade.

Though Mr. Hull is out in front now in opposing the Axis, it has not always been so—a fact that surprises most American citizens who have been given a picture in their press and on the radio of a benign Secretary of State who as a guardian of democracy is second only to the President. But Mr. Hull has been slow to realize the menacing character of Fascism, a hesitancy much like that shown by British Tories in the years before World War II. Those Britons can be accused of putting private gain above public interest in their failure to oppose Fascism earlier, but Mr. Hull never could be tagged with such an accusation. Rather his error has been a misplaced faith in Nineteenth Century liberalism, hoping that over a long term the world would adjust itself to peaceful relations and that such Fascist movements as Hitlerism would dig their own nationalistic graves.

This led him into a position that coincided with that of the British Tories. He supported the arms embargo against

the Spanish Republic in 1937 and 1938, despite the protest of nearly every liberal American group, and thus helped kill democracy in Spain. On May 12, 1938, he wrote the late Senator Key Pittman, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations committee, that he was against repealing the embargo, because:

"Even if the legislation applied to both parties, its enactment would subject us to unnecessary risks."

In 1938 he told a group of Congressmen who were urging him to back repeal, "We must do nothing to offend Hitler."

Again it must be said Mr. Hull's position seems to have been due to a misconception of Fascism rather than to any lack of faith in democracy or its ways. His whole career has been wrapped up in the workings of democracy and even at its climax—after he became Secretary of State—he has shown his democratic faith by being instrumental in getting the President to let Congress have a greater part in framing administration legislation on foreign policy, the democratic method of procedure.

Sitting erect in his black leather chair, fingering his ribbed glasses as he talks, Mr. Hull looks so patrician that it is hard to remember his humble background or to picture him as an effective politician rubbing shoulders with denim-clad constituents. His forebears were Tennessee mountain-folk and many of his relatives still live in Pickett County hill villages, their only claim to beyond-the-county-line distinction being that they are related to the Secretary of State.

Young Cordell Hull had other ambitions than running a country store and earned a Normal School degree before entering Cumberland University Law School. After graduation he was elected to the State legislature and served as a circuit judge before running for Congress in 1907. His service in Washington since then has been unbroken except for one congressional term—1921–23. He learned and mastered rough and tumble politics to hold his congressional seat so long. Tennessee elevated him to the Senate as one of its elder statesmen in 1931, and two years later Franklin D. Roosevelt gave

him the most important place in his New Deal cabinet. Through this career Mr. Hull has shown himself to be an astute politician and also a leader bent on fitting himself for the high task that was to be his.

It is inevitable that Mr. Hull should look back over the triumphs and the defeats of his troubled years of office. He has seen his pet trade project put into operation and achieve results, but also he has seen war negate those very efforts. He has achieved great international prestige, particularly in Latin America, where he is respected as a real believer in good neighborliness.

Some of his colleagues admit that he works as slowly as he drawls, but they also say that he is a thorough, patient worker who seldom needs to retrace his steps because of an ill-considered decision. He has shown no talent for administrative work and has delegated much of it to Undersecretary Sumner Welles.

Mr. Hull lacks the ruthless efficiency of Secretary Ickes, and never has shown the brilliant vision of Henry Wallace who as Secretary of Agriculture was able to override both brilliant success and dismal failure in trying to solve tremendous problems. Mr. Hull of Tennessee has been a middle-of-the-roader, a "safe" Secretary of State in a time of great stress and a rock of democratic faith.

The hands of the Secretary's tall clock have marked off an hour before he shifts in his chair and starts to indicate that the interview is nearly over. A messenger has been in twice to remind the Secretary of other appointments, but he has talked on informingly about United States policy, in a fatherly manner about newspaper ethics, with bitterness about Hitler and a certain Washington newspaper columnist, and with some melancholy about the state of the world.

His parting word on shaking hands at the door is a wish that everyone take greater interest in American foreign policy and world affairs so they might begin to search understandingly for ways to make it a better world—a world that he feels has all but vanished.

AMONG THE STABILIZERS of the British Empire, rather than the makers of it, is the Rt. Hon. William Lyon Mackenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada. He is, as Frederick Griffin aptly puts it, a peace-maker at war. Yet his sound sense of orderly human values will make his voice a challenging one when the time comes again to bring peace to a chaotic world.

None is more capable of introducing Canada's Prime Minister than Mr. Griffin, one of Canada's best known newspaper men, who has been twenty-nine years with Canada's greatest newspaper, the Toronto Star. For a quarter of a century his beat has been continent-wide, from Mexico City to Hudson Bay. Mr. Griffin has had many major news assignments and has written more than a thousand Sunday magazine features. One of his world beats is included in Vernon Mackenzie's Behind the Headlines, in connection with the landing of the airplane Bremen off Labrador, after the first east-west crossing of the Atlantic. During the spring of 1940 he was sent to Europe to report the Norway campaign, and was in England during the Dunkirk evacuation. He gave his paper another world beat with a descriptive report of Lord Gort's return to Dover. He served as a reporter in Russia and in Spain during the Spanish War.

Covering Canadian politics and national conventions, he has observed Mackenzie King for years and has talked with him privately. He has seen him in action in Parliament and at mass meetings. He saw him frequently during the royal tour, and recently went with him on a visit to the East Coast defense. He is qualified to give an intimate close-up, which is partly built on a series of interviews, and partly on intimate knowledge of the man. Only a reporter who is on close terms with a high personage, and enjoys his confidence, can write a report of this kind.

MACKENZIE KING

By Frederick Griffin

MACKENZIE KING, a career statesman, an austere but adroit professional, is Prime Minister of Canada. In the war he leads the senior British self-governing dominion. He also steers her three-way relation to the United Kingdom, the United States and the rest of the world, acutely conscious of standing on a bridge between the Anglo-Saxon peoples.

In this, as in the domestic politics of a sprawling land whose people are a racial reflection of the British Isles, France and much of the rest of Europe, he has kept greatly to a middle-of-the-road course. But in this war he is in all-out combatant, and his diverse people are behind him.

When the war is ended this stocky, round-faced, boyish, reticent but morally courageous Northerner might—by virtue of his position and personality—play a leading part in the reconstruction—that is, if his leadership survives, and there is no usurper in sight. His life has been an apprenticeship for such a rôle of mediator. Not that he seems to aim at such a higher destiny, for he is a shy and modest man. Or that he aspires to be a Wilson. Long ago he learned realism.

This student in politics, as he has often been called, has been Canada's chief executive for nearly fifteen out of the past twenty years. He has spent forty years in public service. To his conception of the state and of humanity he brings nearly a half-century's study of history, men and affairs which began when he was a student in economics, sociology and law at the universities of Toronto and Chicago, his fellowship at the latter including a course at Hull House under the late Jane Addams. Later slum-study included a stay at Passmore Edwards Settlement, London.

Written for *Dictators and Democrats*.

The Right Hon. William Lyon Mackenzie King is in his sixty-seventh year. Only one man, President Roosevelt, addresses him as "Mackenzie"; friends, relatives and political mockers used to call him "Willie"; he has long been affectionately "Rex" to a very few intimates.

He is in his twenty-second year as leader of the Liberal Party of Canada, a span no living party leader equals. Chosen by a national convention in August, 1919, his sway predates the obscure shirttail origins of Mussolini's ducehood and the first cradle shrieks of Hitler's fuhrership. He became Prime Minister for the first time in December, 1921. Including a period as minority premier in 1925, he has since held office four times. Between 1930 and 1935 he was Leader of the Opposition. In 1935 he defeated a Conservative government by a record majority. In a wartime election in March, 1940, he won an even greater victory.

Today Mackenzie King governs Canada with little opposition in Parliament and less outside, except from the impetuous and unpredictable Premier Hepburn of Ontario who used to serve under him as a Liberal M.P. The once powerful Conservative Party is a rump in the House of Commons, an unburied corpse in the wide-open spaces. In not a single province does a Tory ministry rule; eight provinces, including Ontario, have Liberal cabinets, and one—Alberta—has the only so-called Social Credit government on earth.

He rules unchallenged under a distant constitutional commonwealth monarch an area greater than the United States. He administers a territory many times as large as that to which Hitler, for all his conquests, dictates. He overlords a population of less than 11,500,000 which, small though it be, before the war constituted the fifth (international) trading nation of the world: a great stretch of nickel, gold, copper and other mineral wealth; of wheat fields, farmlands, water power and forest; of ocean shores, inland lakes and Arctic hinterland, in which there is a scattered fringe of urban life and industry.

With all his undisputed power, no one has ever suspected Mr. King of being anything but an old-school liberal, a

Gladstonian Liberal. A reformer, he never outstrides a conservative people's desire for change. A New Dealer by instinct, he is a traditionalist who believes in evolution rather than sudden overthrow. He is in practice a constitutionalist. Democracy is in his blood; with him faith in "the wisdom of the collective mind" is almost a religion.

For all his political successes, Mackenzie King is not a mass leader. In this age of personalities he remains undramatic. There is something of Stanley Baldwin about him, of Herbert Hoover, of the obscure Stalin. Though he wins respect and trust, he does not inspire. He never plays to the gallery; in his few speeches of the last election he made no promises except to prosecute the war; he does not pander to hate or desire like so many popular leaders.

In the spring of 1940, during an evening I spent with him alone in his Ottawa home, he said, "I don't feel I need to be rushing around advertising myself or bellowing nostrums. This shouting from the housetops, this propaganda, this clamor—it has killed reason, buried thought. It has produced unrest, brought about war. I'll never lend myself to it, if I never get another day in public life." And he meant it.

He is slow to propagandize, even in wartime. In his attitude to the United States he has leaned backward to prevent any hint of seeking to influence American opinion. He was content to let the leaven of democracy work there its own uprising against the dictators. At home this tendency to reserve led at times to some misconception of the government's war efforts. It was months, for example, before Canadians began to grasp the full implications of the vast British Commonwealth Air Training Plan which Canada, mainly, is manning and executing.

But in this desire to be judged by deeds rather than words, the Prime Minister is following his bent. Opposed to strife, he apparently finds it hard to stir men's minds, to force-pump ideas, to dramatize. He has a long view and an inexhaustible patience. Cautious—overcautious and hesitant, his critics say—he likes to wait till a boil is ripe before lancing it.

"More than any public man," it has been said, "he knows how to wait, when to turn the other cheek, when to strike." He has certainly refrained many a time from striking back. On his coming of age as Liberal leader, he testified publicly: "I have cherished no resentment against any man or any woman in any part of the country at any time."

His timing of the wartime election in terms both of politics and of a lull in history was masterly. For months the office-hungry Conservatives had been raving and shouting about his conduct of affairs. This was during the first half-year of war when Chamberlain and Daladier set the Allied pace. In Canada, criticism came to a head when Premier Hepburn, jumping the provincial boundary fence and his party tether, put through the Ontario legislature a resolution condemning the federal government.

Mackenzie King stayed quiet, let the clamor roll. In January, 1940, he called Parliament. The opening Speech from the Throne indicated a future election. It was scarcely ended before the Opposition began its expected onslaught. Then came adjournment for the dinner recess. During that recess, his mind suddenly fused to action, the Prime Minister called his cabinet. He announced to them—imposing his judgment as leader, for some of them, shocked by the daring of such a flanking move, doubted its wisdom—that there would be an immediate election. And there was. The necessary papers were rushed to the Governor-General for signature and Parliament found itself dissolved before it had begun to digest its dinner.

If this sounds Cromwellian, it must be remembered that Mr. King was well within British constitutional practice, on which he is an authority. And as a democrat he was letting the people decide.

Charged with "scuttling" and a retreat from criticism in Parliament, the Prime Minister said in effect it was better in war to blow off steam on the hustings than in the House of Commons, so that afterward a freshly approved government might get on with its conduct. How right he was, politically and nationally, was soon proven. His new strong government

had scarcely settled to work before the Germans launched their May blitzkrieg.

"He has been right so often," one of his vote-wise ministers said during that election, "that those of us who think we know a thing or two of practical politics, hesitate to differ with him in a matter of tactics."

All his life King has sought unity, and has a record for achieving it. After post-graduate work at Harvard University and a period of journalism, he became in 1900, at the age of twenty-five, the first Deputy-Minister in a federal Department of Labor which, young as he was, he had been instrumental in creating. As a civil servant and subsequently as Minister of Labor, following election to Parliament and appointment to cabinet rank by the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier, he had a big part in the enactment of industrial relations laws of enlightened import for the time.

Beaten for Parliament in the 1911 election when the Liberal Party went into a decade of darkness after supporting reciprocity with the United States, his career as a statesman might have seemed ended. He resumed sociological and intellectual pursuits. Early in 1914, before the outbreak of war, he was appointed Director of Industrial Relations for the Rockefeller Foundation. He stipulated that he should remain a resident of Canada. Soon he was proving himself an untiring researcher in United States industry during a period of great expansion. As a conciliator in this field, he developed his technique of compromise and his tolerance. He settled a strike of 12,000 workers of the Colorado Fuel and Steel Company and disputes in Bethlehem Shipbuilding, Bethlehem Steel, General Electric and other great corporations engaged in war orders.

When he became Liberal leader, flag-waving diehards kept up for years a vicious campaign of contumely, reproach and ridicule. A bachelor, he was represented as hiding in the United States during the war while working for the arch-industrialist Rockefeller. Because he did not shoulder a gun—though past forty—he was pictured as anti-British, pro-American, pacifist, and even lower kinds of animal. Typically, he

did not openly defend himself or deny. Neither did he sour or seek revenge. Gradually it became known that not only had he had family obligations—a mother, a blind father, a sister, a doctor-brother ill with tuberculosis and his family to help support—but that, by his industrial conciliation, he had made “a contribution to the war of inestimable value.”

It is significant that this earlier preoccupation with social conditions, including publication of a notable book called *Industry and Humanity* was not followed by attempts at sweeping change when he came to political power. His record, during periods when in the United States and other countries great experiments were taking place, shows slight movement in Canada toward a dictated society or a planned economy.

During his rule the country has had—by contrast with the dramatic page-one acts of other leaders—nondeclamatory, often almost invisible government. Even in wartime, regulations have been kept to a necessary minimum, and while the Mounties have quietly rounded up dangerous or disloyal people—including communists, who have been outlawed—there has been no widespread witch hunting. While Canada under him may not always have had prosperity, at least it had what tranquillity he could achieve.

Mackenzie King brought a non-military country unitedly into war. Great Britain declared war on September 2, 1939. Mr. King had always maintained that Parliament should decide on the country's attitude in such a crisis; so had other Canadian leaders. He called Parliament for September 7. On September 8, in a speech in the Commons, he said, “We stand for cooperation at the side of Great Britain, and if this House will not support us in that policy it will have to find some other government to assume the responsibilities of the present. We are committed to that policy.”

On September 10 the House approved a united declaration of war against Hitler.

Since then the people generally have backed the government. Criticism of “slowness” still arises at times but there is convincing evidence of a great and constantly accelerated marshaling of the nation's resources. The critics demand

cabinet changes, new blood, abler lieutenants; it is significant that no voice is now raised for a change in the Premiership itself. No other leader is offered or demanded.

After the Blitzkrieg, Mr. King decreed National Registration and put through a measure of conscription for home defense, in both of which French-Canadians concurred positively. One notable Quebec dissenter, Camilien Houde, demagogic mayor of Montreal, was arrested by Royal Canadian Mounted Police and interned. Other troublesome French-Canadians (as well as English-speaking Canadians, of course), including Adrian Arcand, an imitation *führer*, had been previously rounded up, and no protest came from their compatriots.

When, following the fall of France, the Royal Navy turned guns on units of the French Fleet, there was anxiety in Canada as to Quebec reaction. But the French-Canadians did not crack in their support of British action. Mackenzie King's friendliness had borne fruit.

As a footnote to his aptitude for compromise, it may be said that he retains in Ottawa, even though Vichy France has broken with Great Britain, the minister who got his credentials from the French Republic. Just as he has ever kept in mind the need of building a plank between the British and American peoples, perhaps he sees in this retention of a stepping stone to France the hope of a day when it may prove useful to Britain. Perhaps it is useful now.

In imperial and international fields Mr. King has consistently sought unity. He was a supporter of the League of Nations, twice as Prime Minister attended meetings of the Assembly. As head of a nation which had to live by trade within and without an empire based on free sea trade, he sought agreements and treaties with all. Never a flag-waver, often assailed by Tory Imperialists for not uttering jingo words to make them feel good, he has been a quietly strong supporter of British institutions while seeking to strengthen Canadian nationhood, seeing no conflict between a strong son and a mighty mother with similar basic ideals. It was he who moved to bring the King and Queen to Canada in 1939

and who supervised in detail the tour which proved at once a royal triumph—in the wake of the eighth Edward's abdication—and a rededication of Canadian democracy to empire solidarity on the eve of war.

A generation ago, and less, Canadians were touchy about the United States. How much Mackenzie King did to change that attitude it is hard to say. That he played a big part in supplementing the "good neighbor" attitude which exists now is undoubted. He gave discreet flashes of a North American outlook, showed his long friendship with President Roosevelt, established a Washington legation, sought agreements, paid the United States both holiday and official visits. Granted that Canadians were in chastened mood following the Nazi victories over the Low Countries and France, nevertheless the unanimity was surprising with which they received the pact for setting up a joint defense council which in the early fall of 1940 Mackenzie King made with President Roosevelt at Ogdensburg, New York. By waiting and timing, the Prime Minister played his part in a *coup* which some years ago would have been unthinkable.

To begin to understand Mackenzie King, it is necessary to go back to his grandfather, William Lyon Mackenzie, an immigrant Highland Scot who in 1837 led a violent Canadian demand for a degree of self-rule equal to that enjoyed by fellow subjects in the United Kingdom. Known as the Mackenzie-Papineau Rebellion, it aimed to break down the power of a local Tory oligarchy. Shots were fired and blood was spilt in Upper and Lower Canada, now the provinces of Ontario and Quebec.

Mackenzie, the leader in Upper Canada, was a fiery little man of intelligence and integrity. He was no penniless Red of his day, but a businessman of worth. He published *The Colonial Advocate* and had the biggest printing shop in the colony, which incidentally the reactionaries wrecked, flinging his presses into Lake Ontario.

Elected first mayor of Toronto in 1834 and also a member of the colonial Parliament, he might have enjoyed a smug

business reward for rectitude. Instead he fought mightily against abuses, as speaker and pamphleteer. When the uprising came, he had to flee to the United States. In Rochester, New York, he was imprisoned for fomenting revolt across the border.

In exile and poverty Mackenzie's wife bore him a daughter, their thirteenth child, who, when reform was won, returned with her parents to Upper Canada. There in due course she married John King, a dignified lawyer. Her first child she named William Lyon Mackenzie King in honor of his rebel grandfather.

In his study one evening I watched Mr. King take down a book with faded pages. It was his grandfather's report of the people's grievances, published in 1835. As he put it back he said quietly, "That's where my politics begin." In this regard a shrewd political opponent once said, "Mackenzie King is living his life as a memorial to his grandfather."

His grandfather and his mother have both had a great influence on him. He reveres his mother's memory. A painting of her, showing a delicate lady sitting in the firelight, stands by his study desk. A light burns night and day before it as before a shrine. These two shades, his fighting grandfather, his gentle, refined mother, are the base of his democracy and humanity. It is no accident that tones down the reformer in him to a calm, determined searcher for peace until the issue is joined, when he fights obstinately. He has a long slow view, a capacity to think through. This essential simplicity, with an inherent integrity and sincerity of purpose, has, in spite of shyness, aloofness, even coldness in public contacts, won him repeated success over more glib and catchy men.

He never kissed a baby or patted a back to win a vote. In private he is unaffected, courteous, gracious; in public he has none of the politician's gift, so common on this continent, of being a good fellow. He does not smoke, drinks only wine at times and sparingly. He has no personal press agent, no party publicist except at election time. He rarely gives an interview, seldom has a press conference, sometimes does not see newspapermen for weeks at a time. He shrinks from

photographers, shuns the limelight, is seldom seen socially though he used to be fond of dancing, appears at functions only as a duty. His speeches are often powerful, sometimes beautiful, inclined to be long, filled with logic and reason rather than popular appeal. A religious man grounded in the Presbyterian faith, he is said to read the Bible daily. Particularly since the war began he often flavors a passage with a Biblical touch. But the classic gustiness of Churchill, the seduction of Roosevelt, the fervor of Hitler, the histrionic guff of Mussolini, are beyond him.

He lives, walks, works, thinks alone. The war has deepened his solitary instinct, his undoubted ivory-tower leanings. Speaking to me of his burden of war responsibility, his often hourly contacts with the British government, his daily meetings with his cabinet, his absorption in the present and the unknown future, he said: "That is why I must cultivate quietness. The profound things of life are not understood in tumult, but worked out in reflection. If a man in public life is to make effective decisions, he's got to weigh things out in a seclusion from strife and spleen."

He added after a moment, "These days I have to be confidential even with myself. It means eliminating almost altogether social contacts. A chance word lightly spoken might be seized on and spread. Thus, even at the cost of being misunderstood, I have had to turn hermit to a degree."

I asked him if his patience was a natural trait. "You learn patience," he said; "it comes with experience. He who is master of experience is master of everything else, but I have always sympathized with younger men's desires for fast reform. As a young man I was impulsive." And he recalled having taken part over forty years ago in a students' "strike" at the University of Toronto.

"Your technique of waiting—how did you develop that?"

A smile, and: "Success in politics is knowing when to do things. There is such a thing as learning when best to take occasion by the hand."

Then, more seriously: "If you would know, the word of all words in public life is 'endurance.' That's the greatest qual-

ity in politics . . . to endure with patience . . . to endure unto the end . . . to endure."

Almost his only companion is Pat, an Irish terrier about seventeen years old. This staid, somewhat stiff veteran accompanies him on walks—King is an inveterate walker, has never golfed, never drives a car—and rarely leaves his side when he is at home. He has a little cot for Pat in his bedroom and one of his last acts nightly is to give a bite of supper, left in the room by a servant, to his faithful dog. His bedroom was Sir Wilfrid Laurier's: in it the noted French-Canadian died. In it the latter's successor sleeps well, even in wartime. He has the gift of being able to sleep easily and at any time.

Such is the sensitive, scholarly man, in many ways a surviving Victorian, who leads Canada in war. Though accused of being an intellectual and slow to arrive at decisions, there has been nothing academic about his handling of affairs. During the past two decades he has built a strong Civil Service, filling the higher posts with capable, often clever, men. At least a number of fine career men have evolved in that time. Carrying himself the portfolio of External Affairs—Canada's Foreign Office—he extended the Dominion's legations abroad, despite the presence of British ambassadors or ministers in various capitals, and saw a dozen Empire and foreign diplomats establish offices in Ottawa. During his sociological studies in London and on many subsequent visits he formed friendships or became well acquainted with Ramsay MacDonald, J. M. Barrie, Lord Tweedsmuir, Winston Churchill, Lloyd George, Philip Snowden, Sir Edward Grey, Stanley Baldwin and other noted Britishers. He has talked with Mussolini; after the Coronation of 1937 he visited Germany and France, had speech with Hitler, Daladier and others. In earlier years, as a royal commissioner, he visited India and China. Never an isolationist, he watched events gravely while keeping his own counsel. At the time of the Munich crisis he refused to be rocketed by Canadian firebrands into an attitude of open support for every Chamberlain move. At all times since the war began he has warned

his countrymen of "blood and sweat, toil and tears," if without Churchill's eloquence.

He had probably a much straighter view than most of the appeasers of the stake and the issue in their dealings with the dictators. He waited, watched, weighed; his was not a disposition to jostle the gamblers' hands. It is doubtful, though, if he had any illusions about the inevitability of a reckoning. Two months before the Blitzkrieg, when there was still talk of a "phony war," I asked him his view of it. "Before the year is out," he said, "things will happen that will make our very blood run cold." He was right.

So you have a man detached, yet politically wise; philosophical but practical; a scholar but a hard-headed party leader; a Britisher who is a North American; an imperialist who scoffed at the fears of the colonial-minded that every step of Dominion sovereignty meant a loosening of Commonwealth ties.

I asked him the formula for his serenity and health during an exacting royal tour, an election, war. He replied: "One has to grow up in public life to learn to carry burdens and to share them. I have learned that one man's powers are limited, that others are working besides myself."

At base an artist, he likes to think that government is an art rather than a science, though admitting that there is science as well as business in government. As a professional statesman, he is apt to scorn the idea, so often offered, of a government of businessmen or amateurs. As a democrat, as a constitutionalist, as a party leader, he has more than once turned down suggestions of "national" or union government in peace or war. In a democracy, he believes, there must be healthy opposition and free intelligent criticism.

The Prime Minister is proud of the peace he has always had in his own ranks. He said: "In my years in office, sitting at a table of able men, I have never lost a minister, never had one resign, never had a quarrel. Those who dropped out in my various ministries did so through illness or death."

In the 1935-40 Parliament his majority, as a result of by-elections, was greater at dissolution than at the beginning.

He was proud of that, too. He remarked: "That is evidence of the unity we have sought for the country. These men were not all of one mind. They were often strenuously at odds. In party caucus I always encouraged them to express their views freely, let them influence each other's thoughts—to get the party mean.

"Thus they saw clearly that extreme men could not have their own way. I did not lay down the law; they simply laid it down to each other. Often after heated argument I might remark, 'Gentlemen, I see as usual we're all united,'—and then would come agreement."

He gives his ministers full charge of their departments, encourages individuality and personality, seems without jealousy of any of them. Few have noticeably failed; a number have been notable successes; rarely in practice has one shown himself reactionary.

Thus appears a leader emotional, sagacious, prudent, humane, industrious, dogged, who maddens the go-getters, is the despair of the direct-actionists, yet frequently produces results that confuse and confound them. His strength lies in a graduate grasp of the fundamentals of democratic statesmanship. For all his monkish ways, he has an uncanny knack of sensing public opinion, a genius for scenting trouble from afar and avoiding it.

No doubt the psychoanalyst might take him apart and docket the mainsprings of his ego. But whether he has fixation or complex, a desire for power or a need to overcompensate, it has not shown itself in arrogance, exhibitionism, cruelty, greed or revenge. This Prime Minister of Canada, whom history may call its greatest, has always borne himself as a civilized man in a jungle world.

When the war ends, his highly social talents may have a chance to help lay the foundations of a less savage one. Canada's part in the war will have earned him a right to a good seat at the peace table. No one there will bring a greater compassion, a wiser head, a deeper sense of orderly human values. His liberal, moderate view will weigh in the scales for a settlement saner and sounder than that of Versailles.

MANUEL AVILA CAMA-

cho assumed the Presidency of Mexico in a critical hour for the Western hemisphere. Mexico has always been the back door through which European powers have tried to introduce their intrigues into the United States. It has also been the spot at which they have tried to break down the Monroe Doctrine, now incorporated in our new policy of hemisphere defense. During the Civil War the dictator-emperor of France, Louis Napoleon, intrigued in Mexico to break down the Union, and placed a European usurper on the Mexican "throne" in the person of Maximilian. The first World War found Mexico a hotbed of enemy intrigues against our country. Reports from over the Rio Grande tell of new intrigues afoot. As the question of hemisphere defense increases in intensity, Mexico's rôle will become more difficult. A sure hand will be needed to guide its destinies. Señor Avila Camacho is the man upon whom that burden devolves.

Francis Sill Wickware gives us a closeup from life, an expression which, curiously, exactly describes its original source. It is one of the celebrated "Close-ups" of the magazine *Life*. Journalistically, it is just that.

Mr. Wickware was born in New York in 1911. He went to a New York school, and later went out to Wyoming to live on a ranch; then back to a New England preparatory school. After a period at Harvard he took up literary work. He worked on the *New Yorker* and then became an associate editor of *Fortune*. He has written for such magazines as *Harper's*, *Life*, the *Woman's Home Companion*, the *American Magazine*, *Cosmopolitan*, and others. He has traveled widely, in North Africa, South America, most of Europe, Russia and, he tells us, "especially Mexico, which I like."

MANUEL AVILA CAMACHO

By Francis Sill Wickware

MANUEL AVILA CAMACHO is an affable man with brown eyes and a pear-shaped face who usually looks as if he had just been dealt a fine hand in a friendly game of poker. It is a look of supreme internal contentment, not calculating or triumphant, but the sort of expression that a man wears when he has received some good news that he cannot tell anyone about. It remained with Manuel Avila Camacho when he was campaigning in the summer of 1940 for the Presidency of Mexico, and most of his aides were worried. It was still there on election day, July 7, when Mexico City was in turmoil and anything could have happened, including the end of Avila Camacho. So when he took office in December it seemed that Mexico's new administration, whatever else it might be, was not going to be a worrying one.

The new President of Mexico lives in a cool, attractive twelve-room house on the heights above Mexico City, in a fashionable district that had lately been clamorous with the sounds of a building boom. Just across the street, on the far side of the high stucco wall that surrounds Camacho's estate, an expatriated Belgian businessman has been putting up a mansion far more pretentious than the new President's.

During the campaign Avila Camacho met newspapermen, politicians, well-wishers, at his home every morning, greeting them in the trimmed and clipped garden after they had got past the hard-eyed guards at the gate—erect, dignified, heavy-set, with his broad features freshly shaved, his coal-

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black hair perfectly in place, and his eyes revealing his mildly disconcerting air of deep internal satisfaction. He would lead them into a narrow sitting room, shaded against the glassy morning light of Mexico, sit on the very edge of the green couch, spread his heavy legs, put his hands on his knees, and beam at his visitors like a man just waiting for a chance to play his ace.

Avila Camacho's internal good humor created a friendly air around him, but it did not always make political discussion easier. Sometimes, at the end of a long talk on his agrarian policy, he would interrupt his visitor by asking him where he got his suit of clothes. Or Avila Camacho might exhaustively answer questions about the oil expropriations—usually reading from a book of his campaign speeches, and expressing the most moderate opinions in a stentorian voice—then unexpectedly dropping to a conversational level, put his book aside and ask his questioner: "How old are you?"

Avila Camacho himself is forty-three. For six of those years he was an army officer during the Mexican revolution, seeing action in Sonora, Puebla and Morelos. For another seventeen of them, usually serving under President Cardenas, who was then General Cardenas, he had the more humdrum duties of a staff officer in a period of relative peace: pacifying districts, cleaning up irregulars, building up the army until he became Secretary of War.

Through all of them he lived and had his being in the world of Mexican politics, in that shadowy area where the military men and the politicians come together, and where only the boldest of Americans will say positively what they understand. Students of it never do.

As Avila Camacho prepared for his inauguration, on December 1, 1940, he also watched the southward journey of an American who was charged with understanding Mexico throughout the next four years—Henry Agard Wallace, then the vice-President elect, and President Roosevelt's special envoy to the inauguration. He knew that Mr. Wallace was an

agrarian from Iowa, just as he himself was a provincial from the state of Puebla. He also knew that President Roosevelt had pushed through the nomination of Mr. Wallace as his running mate despite the opposition of much of the Democratic party, just as he knew that much of the party of the Mexican revolution had, for different reasons, opposed his own candidacy. He knew that Henry Wallace was *muy simpático*; that he had learned Spanish while Secretary of Agriculture, and organized a club for the study of Spanish in that Department; that he had worked out theories of the Pan-American future and was a believer in hemispheric defense and hemispheric economy; that he had become an intimate of Doctor Francisco Castillo Najera, Mexico's Ambassador to the United States. And, finally, he knew that Mr. Wallace, with his theories, his learning and his good will, had never crossed the Rio Grande before.

Mexicans have listened politely to stories of the beneficent effects of American friendship for a long time. When Henry Wallace made his way to the magnificent Castle on the Heights of Chapultepec he was covering ground that had been covered by General Winfield Scott in the Mexican War—but it was memorable to his hosts because there the young cadets of the military academy fought to the last, then jumped over the cliff as the Americans advanced. When he saw Ambassador Josephus Daniels he was greeting another editor, another teetotaler, and a genial North Carolina Democrat. But many a Mexican knows nothing of Josephus Daniels except that he was Secretary of the Navy when the navy occupied Vera Cruz in 1914.

The Wallace excursion to Mexico was in part a belated attempt to make up for the many decades during which the United States alternated between indifference and exploitation. It was also, of course, in part a recognition of the importance of Latin America generally and Mexico in particular to American defense, combined with the realization that Adolf Hitler was not going to repeat such blunders as the Zimmerman note of 1917, which, promising Mexico the return of New Mexico, Texas and Arizona if she would

join the Kaiser, was one of the prime causes that led the United States to declare war on Germany.

How well Mexicans perceived the implications of Wallace's official visit was apparent in the fact that when it was announced rumors popped all over the country to the effect that a secret United States-Mexican defense agreement had already been signed, granting the United States the right to build eight bases.

To get anywhere in Mexican politics, it is essential for the *politico* to be "within the revolution," just as it is desirable to be known as a Democrat when running for office in Georgia. Reared by his well-to-do parents on a farm in Puebla and schooled for a career as an accountant, Avila Camacho—the President prefers to use both of his last names—joined the revolution at seventeen, when he enlisted in the insurgent army of General Medina. His division took part in the capture of Puebla, and later of Mexico City. During the next few years of constant rebellions, Avila Camacho swiftly rose to lieutenant, major and colonel, and became a brigadier general when he was twenty-seven. As a soldier, he specialized in diplomacy, rather than in spectacular military operations, and was particularly talented at persuading opponents to surrender without any fighting at all. Time after time he went out campaigning against renegade generals and achieved bloodless triumphs by sheer oratory—backed up with promises of amnesty and cash considerations. Avila Camacho's detractors sneer at this. They point out that he represented the government, that the government had money to spend, and that "No Mexican general can withstand a broadside of 10,000 pesos." However, the general at least made a point of always fulfilling his promises to the letter. The rebels he subdued often became his greatest admirers.

Avila Camacho's gift for conciliation in domestic affairs, rather than his martial capacities, was what caused Cardenas to appoint him Secretary of National Defense in 1937. In 1939, when Cardenas made him divisional general, he mod-

estly declined the title, saying that he preferred to wait until other deserving soldiers had been promoted. Far from endearing him to Mexicans, who admire flamboyant behavior, such humility has been one of Avila Camacho's chief political liabilities. In the electoral campaign, supporters of the colorful Andreu Almazan, who made \$1,000,000 during his military career and lives in a private walled city populated by scores of his relatives, expressed their contempt for his opponent by giving him the nickname of "El Soldado Desconocido," "The Unknown Soldier."

Commenting on the 400-odd casualties in "the most peaceful election in Mexican history," Avila Camacho said: "With respect to what occurred . . . I am completely satisfied with the low number of dead and wounded. I am taking into consideration that in the United States thousands of persons are killed or wounded when a railroad train is derailed or wrecked." This stimulating announcement suggested that Camacho was both callous and stupid. Actually, the statement was nothing more than a typical Mexican *gaucherie*. The campaign killings and shootings perpetrated in his name, genuinely distressed and angered him, though he realized they were inevitable in a country where two ounces of lead or six inches of steel are commonly employed to terminate political arguments.

Once during the campaign, Avila Camacho was watching a hostile demonstration by Almazan partisans, when from a house opposite some impulsive members of the C.T.M. (left-wing union syndicate, supporting Avila Camacho), started shooting into the crowd. Avila Camacho brushed aside his aides and *pistoleros* (gunmen), strode downstairs and across the street, and in a blind rage hammered on the C.T.M. door. When the sheepish murderers opened up, Avila Camacho denounced them and had them packed off to jail, to the bewilderment of the police. Later on he upbraided the C.T.M. for the "savage methods of some members," and on one occasion when a C.T.M. leader introduced him at a rally as "our candidate," he snatched the microphone away from him and contradicted him on the spot.

Politically it was deplorable, but the crowd cheered mightily.

Outside of his rôle as President and as Divisional General, Avila Camacho is a regular fellow who mixes easily and would become popular in any community in the United States, especially among substantial, active, sports-loving businessmen of not too rarefied intellects. Unlike the great majority of Mexicans, he has little or no Indian blood, and perhaps for that reason his tastes and temperament can be easily comprehended by the gringos (a scornful appellation for Yankees derived from the line, "Up north where the green grass grows," from a marching song popular with General Winfield Scott's troops).

Every morning at six o'clock Avila Camacho climbs out of bed, stretches a pair of rather short legs, thumps a heavy, firmly muscled chest, and with a few puffs and pants goes through a routine of setting-up exercises. This is followed by horseback riding or a brisk run around the gardens of his house in Mexico City. This is followed by a cold shower and seven-thirty breakfast. At breakfast he is apt to have someone read the newspapers out loud to him. Avila Camacho is flabbergasted, rather than angry, when an unfavorable item is printed. "How could anyone think things like that about me?" he will demand, in astonishment. He is especially worried when he is criticized by someone he has treated well, or has received at the house. "Why, I thought he was my friend," Avila Camacho will remark sadly. "I can't understand it."

Almost anyone with a legitimate reason could see Avila Camacho in those pre-Presidential days, after running a gamut of *pistoleros* posted in and around the house. His habit was to receive important callers immediately after breakfast, and to arrive at his office toward midmorning. Once started working, he kept on until he could stand no more, then rushed out, regardless of appointments or work in progress.

Horses and polo are his favorite diversion. His \$10,000 "high school" horse, Pavo (peacock), went to the 1940 New York horse show with the Mexican team and created a mild

furor when led around the ring wearing a seventy-pound embroidered saddle. Avila Camacho plays his best polo (three goals) on a mare named Lady Hitchcock, in honor of the eminent poloist, Tommy Hitchcock.

Avila Camacho subscribes to *Spur* for horsey news, and to *Life* in order to keep informed about what the gringos are doing. He touches no alcohol and has cut down his quota of cigars (the very finest Cuban brands exclusively), from twenty a day to two. When I saw him he was working on a stock sent him by Colonel Fulgencio Batista, and expected them to last well into the New Year.

Avila Camacho collects paintings and has two rooms hung with old masters, but he does not consider himself a connoisseur. He has read a fair amount of history and sociology, but is no scholar. He is genuinely fond of music and usually keeps a radio playing softly while he works, but has only a layman's musical knowledge. Placid, socially naïve and free from dramatic affectations, Avila Camacho takes acute interest in clothes and dresses himself almost as carefully as he dresses Pavo, though less ostentatiously. He owns twenty-seven suits in conservative shades (half of them tailored in the United States), wears rich, solid-color neckties, and is likely to finger the sleeve of a visitor's coat to see if the material is equal to that of his own.

Avila Camacho's only inherited property was a three-and-one-half-acre orchard in Teziutlan, Puebla, his birthplace, and his fortune today does not exceed \$75,000. Since generals in Mexico are expected to graft, and have untrammelled freedom to do so, the Mexican public somewhat incredulously accepts Avila Camacho's modest way of life as proof that he must be honest.

His rival in the election, Almazán, seasoned, distinguished, a prosperous businessman of Monterey, an old friend of John Nance Garner, wanted to modify Cardenas's program of socialization—and he was not personally severe with his old friend Avila Camacho—Almazanistas explained that Avila Camacho was well meaning but misled. But Almazan hammered away at the labor boss, Lombardo Toledano,

whose workers' militia drilled with broomsticks and whose all-powerful syndicates backed Cardenas and Avila Camacho, as Communists and Nazis, and extolled the need for friendship with the United States. Almazán's monopoly in preaching U. S. co-operation ended abruptly when Avila Camacho, sanguine and self-assured, suddenly and dramatically began, shortly before the election, to advocate friendly relations with the United States himself.

Nobody knows who actually won the election of 1940. But it seemed fairly clear that Lombardo Toledano lost it. When July 7 was over, the 400-odd casualties, with Almazán followers kept from the polls in some cases, with ballot boxes burned if the other side got possession of them, the "official" count gave Avila Camacho, as the government's candidate, about 2,500,000 to Almazán's 150,000. Almazán promptly claimed victory and his followers prepared to take over the government. Moving to the United States to win United States support—or at least American non-interference—his followers continued to hammer at Lombardo Toledano and the Communists—until Avila Camacho barred them from his regime. This shift to the right, Almazanistas denounced as pure opportunism, but before the inauguration it began to appear that it would be possible to add to the other remarkable features of Mexico's first "free election" its failure to produce the civil war that was generally predicted as its outcome a year ago.

How big the vote of Almazán really was can never be known. But it was big enough to prove that a lot of Mexicans were tired of the Six-Year Plan, of compulsory membership in the syndicates, of drilling with broomsticks, of the collective farms that did not live up to expectations, of the workers' control of railroads that did not improve the rolling stock, of conditions in the expropriated oil fields. The Mexican revolution that had gone through a redistribution of the land under Carranza, through a greater distribution of land and an anti-Catholic phase under Calles, through the socialization of some of the means of production under Cardenas, had come to a pause.

The men around Avila Camacho were many things, but they were above all practical men and they were least of all social theorists. Portes Gil, heavy-set, swarthy lawyer, provisional President of Mexico after the assassination of Obregon; Gonzalo Santos, senator from San Luis Potosi; Rodrigo Quevedo, ex-governor and political boss of Chihuahua; Maximino Avila Camacho, Avila Camacho's brother, governor of Puebla and political power in that state—such men had little more in common with Lombardo Toledano than an accomplished machine politician like Jim Farley would have with a labor boss and radical theoretician like Harry Bridges. Pondering Mexico's 1940 election, correspondents could find no parallel for it. But they speculated that if the New Dealers in the Democratic party should be pushed into the background by Boss Crump of Memphis, Boss Kelly of Chicago, Boss Hague of Jersey City and other machine politicians, it might be a roughly analogous development. One paradox in the situation was that the New Deal had dispatched its foremost theoretician to an inauguration in a country in which social theories had generally been set aside and the practical men were preparing to have their day.

Another paradox was the position of the defeated Almazanistas. Since Mexico has no tradition of national unity after an election, the outlook was black for them from the moment the United States recognized Camacho and so made an Almazan revolt hopeless. Their leaders had escaped to the United States. But in many a Mexican town, men who had been for Almazan because he favored friendship with the United States, were in flight, in hiding or in fear. They were facing reprisals from Camachistas.

In Mexico, also, a good part of politics consists in first speculating and prophesying about what is going to happen, and then arguing with equal vehemence, about what has happened. On the eve of Wallace's arrival in Mexico, Mexicans were full of wonderful stories about what was going to happen when he got there. They suggested that there would probably be some well-timed breaks in the visit, to show how awkward it would be if things went wrong. Or, perhaps,

a quickly suppressed anti-American demonstration, to show how inflamed public opinion would frown upon too hasty moves for joint United States-Mexican defense. And what would the thoughtful, philosophical Henry Wallace have to say to the cheerful extrovert, Avila Camacho, when, the ceremonies over, they sat down to discuss the problems of their two countries? What would happen to Cardenas? Would he be content to retire to private life? Or, perhaps, the shrewd Lazaro was merely stepping aside in a difficult period, letting Avila Camacho carry the burden of signing with the United States, sure that if Avila Camacho strayed afterward he could easily be brought back into line by the charge that he had sold out the revolution.

Of such is a good deal of Mexican political talk. If these horrendous possibilities troubled Avila Camacho on the eve of becoming President, he did not show it. Surrounded by frowning, harried, sullen-looking or pompous Mexican politicians as he prepared to take over the Presidency, he was easily the most cheerful one to appear in a generation. Under him there was still a chance that Mexico might not get a good-neighbor policy. But it was almost certain to be a good-natured one.

*L*AZARO CARDENAS FOL-
lowed Plutarco Elias Calles as President of Mexico. The key-note of his Presidency was to "complete the revolution." This revolution was really embodied in the Constitution of 1857, the handiwork of Benito Juarez. President Lincoln helped Juarez put into effect his reforms, while his Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, called it "the best instrument of its kind in the world." As the word "revolution" has been understood in Mexico since then, it would be equivalent with the word "reform" in America. Joseph Freeman here tells what Cardenas thought about the problems of Mexico.

Mr. Freeman became a professional journalist immediately after graduating from Columbia University in 1919. For two years he was the Chicago Tribune correspondent in France, Italy and England. Subsequently he represented various publications and news agencies in the Soviet Union, Germany and Mexico. For fifteen years he edited magazines in New York; and published many articles, literary essays, poems and short stories. He is the author of four books. Of his *An American Testament*, Harold Laski has said: "A living panorama of the contemporary scene, his spiritual Odyssey was to me a thrilling adventure, at least as significant as *The Education of Henry Adams*. While correspondent in Mexico in 1929, Mr. Freeman studied the country, the people and the language. He revisited Mexico early in 1937, when the interview with President Lazaro Cardenas, reproduced in this book, took place. It was one of the first extensive interviews which Cardenas granted to a correspondent from the United States.

LAZARO CARDENAS

By Joseph Freeman

ON A sweltering tropical morning toward the end of January 1937, President Lazaro Cardenas of Mexico received me in a semi-military camp near the Pacific port of Acapulco. We were sitting around a small wooden table under the mango trees—the President, a photographer named Enrique Gutmann and myself. The camp was simple; there were several large canvass tents and two or three screened bungalows. Cardenas was dressed simply in a light brown tunic with white buttons, light pongee trousers, square-toed black shoes. He wore no insignia of any kind. The President sat with his back to the bay. Facing him, I saw two young Indian boys swimming naked in the water.

We had been talking for about an hour, when we heard a wild commotion in the bay. We leaped to our feet. One of the Indian boys seemed to be drowning. He disappeared under the water. His playmate struggled to reach him, screaming loudly for help. The President of Mexico started to unbutton his tunic and ran swiftly toward the gate which led to the beach. Out of the bungalow several army officers came on the trot. Suddenly, from the far end of the beach two boyish voices shouted, "It's all right!" Safe, the boys waded shoreward. We walked back to our seats under the mango trees. The President of Mexico buttoned his tunic with complete calm. "I like to swim," he said with a shy smile. That was his sole reference to the episode.

This was the man whom reactionary newspapers in the United States painted as a wild anarchist who was confiscating property without rhyme or reason, and liberal newspa-

pers called Mexico's most progressive President since Benito Juarez. In Mexico itself, opinion was similarly divided. Dispossessed landowners, fascist generals and bitter clerics denounced Cardenas as a Red. Trade union leaders, peasant spokesmen, liberals of various shades and the Left spoke of him as the exponent of what might be called Mexico's New Deal.

The record of Lazaro Cardenas was an open book. He was born in the Indian village of Jiquilpan, State of Michoacan, in 1895, and went to work for a printer at the age of twelve. Three years later, the great agrarian-democratic revolution of 1910 broke out with the battlecry: "Land and Liberty!" Cardenas enrolled in the revolutionary army, and from 1913 to 1920 fought steadily on various fronts. The army gave him his basic education. He got to know every inch of ground in the country and the people of nearly every village. By the end of the civil wars, he was the youngest general in the army. His military chieftain was Plutarco Elias Calles.

Calles became Mexico's political boss—first as a member of a military triumvirate, then as President, finally as president-maker. In the twenties he appointed Cardenas provisional governor of Michoacan, a post to which he was later elected. Here Cardenas remained for ten years, taking no part in national politics. His record as governor was extremely good, especially in the promotion of rural education.

The Mexican revolution which moved turbulently from Madero to Calles embodied its victories in the Constitution of 1917. This provided for restoration of land to the people. Many of the politicians and generals interpreted this law in a rather restricted sense; they appropriated huge estates for themselves. Cardenas was considered free of the general corruption, and that was a political asset at a time when the people were clamoring for reform. He was called to the capital, first as Minister of the Interior under President Ortiz Rubio and later (1933) as Minister of War under President Rodriguez. The guiding hand, of course, was that of Calles.

As the presidential campaign of 1934 approached, the popular agitation for all kinds of reform—especially land reform—became intense. That year the nominating convention of the National Revolutionary Party drew up a Six-Year Plan

as a concession to growing liberal sentiment. This Plan called upon the government to take over large estates and divide them among the Mexican peasants at the rate of 10,000,000 acres a year. An Ejidal Bank was to be created to grant farmers credit. Farmers co-operative associations were to be formed for the joint purchase of seed, tools and supplies, and to handle the marketing of crops. The Plan—an attempt to implement the Constitution—also called for an extensive program of road-building, education and public health services.

Nomination by the National Revolutionary Party was tantamount to election. The honor went to Lazaro Cardenas, then only thirty-nine. Throughout his political career, the governor of Michoacan had been modest, quiet, devoid of that violent greed and ambition which marked so many politicians and generals. Calles was certain he had one more stooge in the National Palace.

He was mistaken. To everybody's surprise, the new President began to put the Six-Year Plan into effect. Reactionary landowners, industrialists and politicians ran to Cuernavaca to invoke the aid of boss Calles. They demanded a showdown with Cardenas. They got it. Calles was exiled to the United States.

Behind Cardenas stood the Mexican people, who had so often been let down by previous leaders—the trade unions, the army, the peasant organizations, the intellectuals. On the basis of this widespread support, Cardenas pushed through a number of reforms. He disbanded the private armies of various political leaders, including the fascist Gold Shirts; he initiated a campaign of rural education; and he took over the large estates of foreign and native landowners for distribution among the farmers, as called for by law. Later on he was to restore Mexico's rich oil properties to the nation. Before his term of office was to expire he would distribute over 42,000,000 acres of land to the peasants.

At the time of our interview in Acapulco, President Cardenas was forty-two, tall and stocky, with a large sunburned face, a stubby black mustache and a full sensitive mouth. His hazel eyes were large and clear.

Our conversation opened with a discussion of a possible reaction in Mexico. There was a great deal of talk at that time of Nazi activities within the republic; of intrigues by Calles, directed from Los Angeles; of the 1940 elections in which, it was predicted, Avila Camacho and Juan Andreu Almazan would fight it out on opposed programs, and possibly with arms.

"There are reactionary elements in Mexico," President Cardenas told me. "But there is no real danger of their coming into power. These people are politically bankrupt. They have no popular support whatever, because the Mexican people see that for the first time we have a government which carries out its promises."

He switched to his Six-Year Plan:

"The Six-Year Plan seeks primarily to improve the living standards of the people. Properly developed, Mexico could comfortably support three or four times its present population. Yet eighty to ninety per cent of our people live in misery. They produce, but do not participate in or enjoy, the riches of the land. The Six-Year Plan is an attempt to integrate the people with the economic growth of the country."

In order to make progress, the President insisted, the people of Mexico must take direct part in the production processes of the country. For this reason he was breaking up large private haciendas into communal holdings. This policy had been successful in the Laguna region, a rich cotton and wheat zone in northwestern Mexico, State of Coahuila. In the fall of 1936 the government had taken over some 200 large plantations from foreign owners and turned them over as communal farms to 30,000 family heads, formerly peons. Cardenas explained the significance of the Laguna Experiment.

"The Laguna region is the outstanding example of our new land policy. The government found it necessary to intervene there for good reasons. It is one of the richest zones in Mexico, yet the peasants there lived in the most terrible misery and squalor. They labored to produce cotton, yet

could not enjoy the fruits of that labor. Land distribution has created a new life for thousands of peasants in that area."

On hearing that I planned to visit that region the following week, he added: "Then you will be able to see for yourself the difference between those peasants who have already received land, and those who are living under the old conditions."

Cardenas set forth that the basis of his land distribution policy was the agrarian code in Mexican law. "We shall continue to distribute land on the basis of that code," he said.

Land distribution was not enough, however. It had failed in the past because the peasant had no means with which to work the land. Without money, machinery or technical knowledge, the peon had often been compelled to sell his parcel back to his former landlord for a few pesos and to resume his status as a peon. I asked President Cardenas what steps his administration was taking to assist the peasants to work the land they received.

"Before distributing land in La Laguna," he replied, "I founded the Banco Nacional de Credito Ejidal. This bank gives the peasant every facility for cultivating the land with credit and machinery. It sends engineers and agricultural experts to direct the peasants in the primary principles of modern agriculture."

Cardenas said his government was interested in giving the worker, as well as the peasant, an opportunity to participate in production on a higher level. In this case, however, the government could not intervene directly, as in the case of land distribution. It did, however, support workers' cooperatives where the employees themselves undertook to run the enterprises, as in the case of the Mexican salt mines and the Quintana Roo chicle plantations.

"Mexico's labor laws," the President said, "are designed to protect certain rights for the workers. These laws provide minimum wages, tolerable working hours, sickness and death benefits, compensation for occupational injuries, and improved living quarters. Industrial enterprises are supposed to meet these requirements. Many of them fail to do so. In

such cases, the law obliges the government to intervene. Our first consideration must be to protect the people's interests."

Cardenas went on to say that he was also anxious to improve the status of women in Mexico, especially since they had so many handicaps to overcome.

"We want to give the women of Mexico every opportunity to participate in social life on an equal footing with men," he said. "Then, gradually, they will be able to enter political life on a plane of equality. This problem is not at all simple. Our men have been taking part in economic, social and political life for many years. Our women have not. Consequently, the Mexican woman is far more superstitious and fanatical than the man. We propose to cope with this problem not by attacking superstition directly. From experience we have found this leads to a terrible waste of time and energy. It also diverts attention from more fundamental problems. But we also know from experience that woman's outlook begins to change when she enters the economic process. Here the propagators of superstition have no power over her. They do not dare say they oppose trade unions, higher wages, shorter hours. Yet it is by struggling for these very things that our women begin to tread the road to freedom."

This was the only reference Cardenas made to the church question that has haunted Mexican politics for over a century.

"We must develop not only economically and socially," he went on, "but culturally, too. A large percentage of our people is wholly without education. It cannot participate in the cultural wealth of Mexico and of the world. The Mexican people must be freed from the bonds of illiteracy and superstition. That is why so large a part of our government's budget is devoted to education and to the struggle against illiteracy. For this purpose we are spending sixty million pesos this year alone."

He described his administration as "without question a popular government, based on the broad popular masses," and this made his educational program of prime importance.

"Education is more than reading and writing," he said.

"The child must learn the secrets of labor so that he can meet the modern world when he grows up. Unfortunately, many of our people do not yet understand this. For his own happiness, as well as for the growth of the republic, the child must be taught a sense of the collective. Reading and writing are sterile if they are not used socially. We try to give our children a deep social sense as well as the elements of knowledge."

The problem of education, Cardenas thought, was complicated by the fact that over 75 per cent of Mexico's people are illiterate. In many instances, he said, the child's parents are both illiterate and individualistic.

"Our problem is to teach the child what he does not learn at home. Here the rural school teacher plays an extremely important rôle. He does more than teach the alphabet to parent and child. He enlightens the people in the countryside. He actually reorganizes the village. In giving the child what the parents lack, the rural teacher is compelled to transmit a social sense to the parents, so that the home may not destroy the work of the school."

One of the ways in which the teacher adjusts the child to the changing modern world, the President said, is by transforming the individualistic parent into a socially conscious being.

"He has to teach the peasant family the elements of modern hygiene and in many cases has to act as the family doctor. He becomes the center of all social life in the village. In this way, he influences the parents through the children, and the children through the parents."

Cardenas then mentioned an aspect of education which has special importance in a pre-industrial country like Mexico.

"Our teachers," he said, "are beginning to acquaint the child with modern technique. The child learns that the machine is not an enemy, but an aid, an instrument for the improvement of life. The child is taught technical as well as social concepts, so that he may learn to master the tools and the scientific ideas which he will need as an adult."

From the beginning of his political career as governor of

Michoacan, Cardenas had made it a habit to travel among the people frequently. He continued this policy as President of Mexico. He traveled by train, on horseback, by plane, by cruiser, visiting villages, talking with the people at meetings, on the street, under trees. When I mentioned this fact, he explained its purpose to me:

"Before I became president, I announced my program and promised the people I would carry it out. I did not think this would be easy, but it turned out to be even more difficult than I had imagined. I am now carrying out my program, but in order to do so I must be intimately acquainted with the needs and requirements of the people. I cannot bring the people to me, so I must go to them. In the United States there are many ways of doing this. Your means of communication are very highly developed. You have a nationwide network of highways, telephones, telegraphs, radio stations and films. Our communications are still in an elementary stage. I therefore make these personal trips to various parts of the country in order to learn what the people need, and what the various regions can produce."

Cardenas said there was another purpose which he hoped his journeys would accomplish.

"Many of our people," he explained, "have strange ideas as to what a president is. They do not think of him as a man who happens to occupy a specific government post. They imagine he is a supernatural being. Our peasants still kiss the hand of a city mayor. You can imagine how they feel toward a president."

He thought for a moment and added:

"I want to destroy this servility, left over from centuries of oppression. This slavish attitude is depressing. I want to meet peasants and workers throughout the republic as man to man, to shake them by the hand, to break down the illusory barrier between us."

He leaned forward gravely.

"It would be a fine thing," he said, "if the Mexican peasant lost his sense of inferiority and looked everyone in the face as an equal."

ON AUGUST 12, 1933, THERE was revolution in Cuba. It drove from his place of high power the Cuban President and dictator, Machado. A new figure appeared on the scene in the person of an army sergeant, Fulgencio Batista. Batista became the virtual dictator of Cuba, although he would have objected if one had called him by that name. He was there, he said, to re-establish democracy. He followed the constitutional form by allowing other persons to hold the office of President. In 1940, popular elections were held and Batista was chosen President over an opposition candidate. Now the question is: Will Batista preserve democracy in Cuba, or is he destined to become another Machado?

Carleton Beals saw a good deal of Batista in the first months of his new accession to power. He presents a sharp, black-and-white portrait of him—an etching in beau fort, with a wealth of detail. Mr. Beals is an authority on Latin American affairs. His field of activity has been wide. He has been teacher, lecturer, and writer. His writings include almost innumerable magazine articles and various books. His insight into the Latin American mind makes him particularly qualified to present this intimate portrait of Batista.

FULGENCIO BATISTA

By Carleton Beals

IT WAS four o'clock Christmas morning, 1933, a few hours before dawn. A little group of cabinet ministers and their wives and friends stood about Colonel Fulgencio Batista, new dictator of Cuba. It was an impromptu gathering, following an official dinner dance at the Camp Colombia barracks near Havana. With my fountain pen, Batista was signing an order for the unconditional release of some three hundred political and military prisoners.

Three months before, Fulgencio Batista had risen from a nobody, a mere army sergeant, to become full head of the Cuban army, the new revolutionary chieftain, and guardian of the country's destinies. His release of prisoners that Christmas morning was a generous gesture. For me it was one of the few times I had ever assisted in such direct fashion in furthering the cause of civil liberties in which I believe so strongly.

My first contact with Batista was at a garden party at the country home of Sergio Carbó, the editor of a weekly magazine of political polemics, *La Semana*. Carbó was then the intellectual guide of the new military leader. Present was a group of twenty guests or so, including five cabinet ministers of the Grau San Martín government, their wives and daughters.

Batista was the last to arrive, preceded by the roar of his motorcycle guide and accompanied by an impressive number of guards armed with submachine guns. He leaped from his car lightly, with the broad smile that rarely leaves his face—a short, stocky, tan-faced man of about thirty-three years of age, in dark brown khaki uniform.

His apparent joviality and easy camaraderie, however, are not the real index to his character: he is direct, swift to act, and has infinite reserve. His face is broad, with high cheek bones; his eyes are black and penetrating, at times soft and evasive; his hair is black and straight and smooth and shiny, giving him a hawk-like quality.

Later that evening, when I was with him in his car, he told me the broader details of his life. He was born in Banes, Oriente, the easternmost province of Cuba, in a poor section of town. He is of mixed blood: Spanish, African, and either Chinese or Indian descent, a true racial composite of Cuba. One might fancifully deduce that his jollity and love of pleasure are Negroid; his occasional hauteur and fire, Spanish; his reserve, dignity and taciturnity, Indian; his refined subtle courtesy and his sinuous and intricate political astuteness, Oriental.

Until the age of thirteen he attended a Quaker missionary school, a curious beginning for an army man. From that source, perhaps, he learned to understand Americans and the way they think; he knows quite a little about American history and institutions. But at thirteen, left a penniless orphan, he was obliged to shift for himself.

Those must have been bitter years, for he spoke often of the early suffering of his own life which enables him to sympathize with and comprehend the tribulations of the average Cuban. For a time he became a tailor's apprentice. During the ensuing ten years he tried almost everything: sugar-cane harvesting, shopkeeping, stevedoring—any odd job. At the age of twenty-three he enlisted in the army and—except for one four-month interval when he managed a small sugar estate—has remained in it since.

Instead of pursuing the usual idle amusements of the ordinary soldier, he studied commercial subjects. During the Machado tyranny, he became a sergeant and court stenographer. He learned something of law, and held the power of attorney in Havana for various Cuban and European business firms.

But in this era of force, there is glory for sergeants. Con-

vinced that the Machado dictatorship could not last indefinitely, Batista secretly organized the noncommissioned officers of the army in a conspiracy. He did not act immediately, nor even in August, 1933, when Machado was pushed down the chute to disgrace and exile. This preliminary overthrow was accomplished by the outraged citizenry, a general strike, and a coalition of political outs organized by the American Ambassador Sumner Welles, a step blessed by President Roosevelt, all in the fair name of the hands-off policy. A puppet government, that of De Céspedes, was set up, also with the blessing of Welles and Roosevelt, but scarcely that of the Cuban people. And so the hour of the little sergeant was almost ready to strike. De Céspedes lasted two weeks. On the night of September 4, the noncommissioned officers, led by Batista and demanding more salary and privileges, seized control of the army, and thereby of the destinies of Cuba.

A Directorate of five men was hastily improvised. Sergio Carbó was one of them. Another was Doctor Grau San Martín, whom the Directorate shortly made President. It was the first government in Cuba's history of truly Cuban origin, not imposed by an outside power. It was to have a stormy life, and the little sergeant was to have his hands full.

At lunch, under the trees at Carbó's country place, I sat on Batista's right. This was his first relaxation from day and night official duties during nearly four months of storm and stress. Many a time he had worked twenty-eight hours at a stretch; never once had he enjoyed more than four hours' sleep. During those months he had put down the revolt of former Machado officers, who had entrenched themselves in the National Hotel. Batista had carried on the first artillery bombardment of a skyscraper in history. This was no sooner settled than a new group of revolvers seized the Atarés Castle, a high Spanish edifice overlooking the city. Most of the police stations fell into rebel hands. Camp Colombia, Batista's headquarters, and the National Palace were both bombarded by rebel airplanes, but Batista stuck to his guns and came out on top. He suppressed two serious rebellions in the interior, dis-

lodged workers' soviets from dozens of sugar estates, mines and factories, in some cases after prolonged battle. He was obliged to act as arbiter in numerous strikes, sometimes sitting through all-night sessions. Besides these crises, he had to reorganize the army from top to bottom and at the same time practically had to run the entire political life of the country. And yet, as I sat on Batista's right that afternoon of the garden party, his face was as unlined and unfatigued as a baby's.

He was hated by the aristocrats of Havana, the wealthy Creoles. He was a man of the people who had surged up violently, and they feared him, called him a savage. They said he didn't comb his hair, or wash his neck; that he grabbed his food with his fingers. But actually his hair was shiny and combed with fastidiousness; his uniform was spotless and smart; his table manners were quite passable, though not strictly Emily Post; and his conversation—he was in high spirits—was brilliant, a quick interchange of biting, humorous repartee.

His only note of barbarism on this occasion revealed itself when he and his aides began shooting coconuts out of the trees, first with high-power rifles, then with machine guns. It frightened the women of the party, and endangered the peasants of the countryside. Batista kept up this fusillade with almost childish glee for a long time.

Afterward a party adjourned to the tennis court and danced to the music of a typical Cuban orchestra, shaken gourd and pounded drum. Batista danced excellently, and he took out the ladies in strict protocol precedence.

While we were on the courts, word was brought to Batista that a mob had attacked the building of one of the daily papers, gutting it completely. He registered surprise.

"Who did it?"

"The populace."

After a moment of thoughtful silence, he exclaimed, "They did well. The paper has been printing malicious falsehoods about the government." Then, after another thoughtful interval, he added, "But that is not the way to handle such things."

He sent orders that all other papers be carefully guarded by troops. To several newspapermen who came out to interview him, he said curtly that if he had been in the city, such an incident would not have occurred. Later I discovered that the outrage had been committed by soldiers disguised as civilians. It was a taste of terror to come.

At dusk Batista took me and the Minister of Justice, Luis Almagro, and two aides, in his car to El Rincón to the annual festival of San Lázaro, a national event. As we drew near the town, the roads were filled with autos and buses and jammed with people on foot, a river of them, women in bright dresses, men in white and wearing straw hats—a strange conglomeration of races: Spanish, Negro, Chinese, West Indian. A big peregrination.

Some blocks away from the church we got out of the car and went on foot through the dense crowds. The church atrium was packed. Batista had come unannounced and we proceeded unnoticed at first. His armed guard remained a considerable distance behind us.

The first to pick him out was a one-legged peddler, who suddenly uttered a loud cry and hopped frantically toward Batista in a frenzy of joyous excitement. "My Colonel!" he shouted—for that was the sergeant's new title. Next, an aged Negress, her white hair in curl papers, flung her arms about him. The crowd became aware of Batista's presence.

Everybody surged upon us—from beggars to well-dressed folk; all wishing to embrace him, shake his hand, at least touch his sleeve. "Viva Batista!" echoed along the atrium. "At last we shall have justice! Batista, the man who has saved Cuba! Death to the Yankees!"

Through a side entrance we escaped over to the San Lázaro Leper Hospital. This is a venerable Catholic institution, founded more than fifty years ago.

The nuns came fluttering into the parlors with chirps of surprise and curiosity. One of them, frankly enthusiastic for the new Grau government, sustained by Batista, told how she prayed nightly for its success. During the Machado dictatorship, she said, she had smuggled literature under her skirts

to hospital inmates and had collected funds to help overthrow the tyranny. The nuns served us wine and cakes, passed around cigars, and we all made contributions.

When we left, a great throng of people was at the outer door, but Batista's guard was now on hand to open a lane for us. Roughly they pushed aside a poor blind guitarist and a little girl of about thirteen, who was singing *coplas*.

Batista reprimanded them sharply. "That is no way to treat a human being! Let the girl sing."

She was a pert little creature, beautiful despite her ragged clothes. She had an unusually strong and melodious voice and complete poise. She improvised her verses as she went along. Many of them concerned Batista. He was now smoking his cigar, and one of the girl's verses began:

*"The man who smokes a cigar . . .
He came to El Rincón
On the day of San Lázaro
Because he loves the poor . . ."*

For nearly twenty minutes Batista patiently remained listening to her. Several times his aides nervously reminded him it was late, he might be in danger, he should be getting on. Impatiently Batista motioned them to be silent. Perhaps he was thinking of his own long struggle for success; how, at about the age of this little girl, he also had been cast out into the streets. He let her sing until she was quite out of breath, then gave her a dollar. Once more we fought our way to the car.

All the way back, during the hour-and-a-half ride to Havana, he was strangely silent, and only became animated again shortly before he left me at my hotel on the Plaza Central about nine-thirty.

The following day at four-thirty, he sent his car to bring me to Camp Colombia, the army headquarters. This presidio is pleasantly situated on high ground in the outlying Marinao section of Havana. Barracks and officers' homes surround an extensive grass quadrangle. Batista took me over the camp in

person, showing me the barracks, calling over soldiers to talk to me. He took me in to the enlisted men's clubrooms to show me where his sergeants' conspiracy came to a head in a meeting that culminated in the coup of September 5 which eliminated the officers and placed himself and President Grau San Martín in power.

Batista told me he had not really intended to overthrow the De Céspedes government at all, but desired to reform the army and get rid of Machado elements in it. But that night he suddenly realized that he had stripped Cuba of its civil government; that he was the government. Hastily, that same night, he sent out a call to civilian elements for a conference. The right wing student directorate appeared on the scene, and before daybreak, an improvised Executive Commission of five—Batista, Grau San Martín, Carbó ("the man behind Batista"), Izarrate, and Porfirio Franco—was set up as a government. It was all very hectic. Grau knew nothing of what was happening until routed out of bed. Franco, an elderly bank manager, was chosen because it was desired to give the new set-up a conservative, stable appearance. Quite ignorant of what was going on, the banker was literally dragged from his home over the tearful protests of his wife and forcibly obliged to participate. He resigned some days later. A manifesto was drawn up, largely nationalistic, but also democratic in tendency, though having little relation to the military coup that brought it forth.

Batista and I now sat on the small green wooden grandstand overlooking the quadrangle and talked. Several horsemen were knocking a polo ball around. In one corner a corporal was drilling a green squad.

His coup of September, as Batista insisted to me, had tremendous national significance. The hopes of the Cuban masses, so long stifled, were to be revived, made effective.

"We demand the right to run our own affairs," he insisted, "the right of every free nation. The United States, a free nation, surely should be the first to admit this right."

At the very moment he spoke these words to me, the United States had the island ringed with gunboats. Washing-

ton had approved of De Céspedes but would not recognize the Grau San Martín government, denouncing it and accusing it of not representing the people.

"We are not Communists," said Batista. "We are hardly Socialists. We merely want to liberate Cuba from foreign control. We do not wish to operate more violently than necessary, but gradually, with a minimum of injury to everyone concerned. We do not wish to frighten capital; the country needs capital. But we are obliged to raise the living standards of our people. This will also benefit the United States. Once one of America's best customers, now we can buy next to nothing. No man should be obliged to labor for several months for twenty cents a day and be unemployed the rest of the year."

I asked him precisely what he meant by encouraging foreign capital. Cuba has received more American capital than any country in the world except Canada, yet few countries were in such miserable straits as Cuba at that time. He evaded an answer, remained thoughtful.

Batista certainly was no economist or sociologist. He merely knew what he wanted and what he thought Cuba wanted. He was in fact very naïve about modern social tendencies. His type, that of the Latin American *caudillo*, or military chieftain who has leaped from the bottom to whip up a powerful personal following and conquer the state, has long interested me. They are full of popular slogans and in the end, as was soon to occur with Batista, their dubious ideals gradually fade away with the achievement of more power and greater success. It is a vulgar tradition of force, murder and military treachery that has long afflicted Latin America.

Batista turned our conversation to politics. He declared he did not want to rule by force. True, politics were a nuisance; they obstructed action. But he knew that the country could not get along without politics. (This was the way Mussolini talked soon after seizing power.) Batista had no illusions that he could govern without a political party. In fact, he would back whoever was the honest choice of the people. He thought

that probably Carlos Mendieta, head of the National Liberal Party, filled that bill. He had nothing against Mendieta.

Though I did not know it, at that moment I was hearing the first intimation of the course of subsequent events. A few months later, Grau was to be overthrown, not by his enemies, but by Batista himself.

Grau was too independent of Batista's will; he consistently stuck up for civilian rights, wished to cut down on the army. And so a few months later, Batista set him aside and installed the dull, stuffed-shirt politician Mendieta in his place, because Mendieta was *persona grata* with the United States, and because Batista could manage him better. The little sergeant wanted a rubber stamp in the Presidency, and he has kept a weak rubber stamp there ever since. When Mariono Gómez, later duly elected President, refused to abide by Batista's decisions, he, too, was promptly kicked out, and the present nonentity, Laredo Bru, docile to all Batista's wishes, was installed in his place. Batista himself was elected President on July 15, 1940.

Batista invited me to attend an army-navy dinner in the Fifth Engineers' Barracks. The press had rumored that there was antagonism between the two corps. As a matter of fact, the navy, which had also mostly gone into the hands of non-coms, was much more radical in its tendencies than the army, and on many occasions had backed the peasants in their seizure of estates. Present at the dinner was the Admiral of the Navy, the only old-line officer hold-over of importance, the Chief of Police, who soon was to bathe the city in blood and terrorism, Batista, and the Minister of Labor.

Most of the speeches harped on the fact that the navy, army and police were one friendly unity, undivided in their determination to oppose intervention and meddling by the United States. The Admiral was a magnificent polished orator, very erudite, with the finest diction of old Castile.

Batista revealed canniness. On the pretext of having a cold, he delegated an aide to speak for him. The aide was the world's worst speaker; he hemmed and hawed, forgot his line of thought, finally sat down in utter confusion. Batista was

then begged, despite his cold, to say only a few brief words. He spoke for an hour. His language was simple, his diction good. He spoke with force and directness, even fire. He was epigrammatical, a vivid phrasemaker. But mostly I was astonished at the clever manner in which he had avoided any unfavorable contrast between his own speech and that of the Admiral.

The blow of September 4, Batista declared, represented the liberation of Cuba and the Cuban people. He spoke of the aims of the "revolution" of which he was the "First Chief." It was a continuation of Cuba's earlier struggles for independence. After the Spanish-American War, Cuba remained not truly independent, merely an American colony; it simply changed masters. Overlordship was transferred from Spain to the United States. The present government was the first government of real Cuban origin and represented the Cuban people as no previous government ever had. He hoped the United States would recognize Cuba's wish to be fully independent. The great people of the north, who had had their Washington and their Lincoln, who had also fought for liberty, surely would have full sympathy for the efforts of the Cubans, their desire to be free. He himself would give his life blood if necessary to make independence a reality. He wished for friendship with the United States, but only on the basis of dignity and respect for mutually sovereign rights. On the other hand, though, he was prepared to fight against any abridgment of those rights, arms in hand, if necessary.

He later told how in the late hours of the night just before dawn, he had occasionally paused in his labors to listen to the "*alertes!*" of the sentinels; how, with a certain sadness, he had remembered his own weary days of duty as a private. Now the private would at least know that their chief was one of them and was not living riotously or wasting his time in futile banquets with aristocrats and at meaningless social functions, but was laboring even longer hours than any private in order to make the ideal of a free Cuba a reality.

But that Christmas, a few days later, he was placed in a difficult position. About a hundred persons had been invited

to dine and dance at the Camp Colombia barracks. Though the Ministers of Uruguay and of Mexico, which had recognized the Grau regime, were there in dinner coats, it was otherwise a very informal Christmas party.

On my arrival, Batista immediately introduced his wife to me. She was a simple woman and this was her first social appearance after having given birth, a month previous, to her second child, Fulgencio II, during the very storm and stress of the Atares Castle revolt.

When the guests were beginning to leave, Batista beckoned to me and suggested I remain with him and some friends. Among them were Sergio Carbó and his wife, the Minister of Justice Almagro and his wife, and half a dozen others.

The music was over. The big barracks hall was deserted, empty under the bright lights. Batista sat on the end of one of the banquet tables, the rest of us about him, all talking. It was four in the morning, and Batista was in a lively mood. "We have got through to this Christmas; we will get through to many more," he said.

Almagro seized upon this moment of good nature and satisfaction. From his pocket he drew a list of about three hundred political prisoners, politicians, labor leaders, and also soldiers implicated in the Atares revolt, which he handed to Batista. These people, he argued, deserved to spend Christmas in their homes. Batista's growing persecution of labor was raising doubts in the public mind. Labor was turning against him. A generous act would convince people that he did not mean to rule by force. He would be applauded by all for his magnanimity.

Batista's face clouded. He asked if several names were on it, apparently people he did not wish to release. When told "no," he made a humorous gesture, thumbed over the pages, his eyes skipping from this name to that. "All right, I'll sign it."

He fumbled in his blouse, but did not have a fountain pen. No one else had one either. I handed mine across. Leaning over sideways and laying the sheets flat on the table where he was sitting, he scratched his name on them.

No Cuban thinks of going to bed on major holidays, and Señora Carbó now suggested that we all go out to Sans Souci, Havana's swankiest night club, to finish out the celebration. Once more a pained expression crossed Batista's face. He was loath to go. Perhaps he was remembering his words at the engineers' barracks. He opposed the idea. "It is no place for me."

Señora Carbó and her husband tried to persuade him. People were saying he was a barbarian. He ought to show himself in society and let them see for themselves what he was really like. They said he hid behind his guns in Camp Colombia and was afraid to show himself anywhere. He should let them know differently.

He laughed, turned out his pockets. "It is impossible. I haven't a cent to spend on such things."

Minister of Justice Almagro volunteered to pay. Batista should go as his guest. And so Batista reluctantly consented, but added, "I think it is a mistake."

We arrived in several cars. Señora Carbó, my dinner companion, and myself went in Batista's car. We arrived at Sans Souci in a body, about a dozen of us, accompanied by a full assortment of armed guards and machine guns.

The management was thrown into a frenzy. Hurriedly they improvised a long table at one side near the potted palms. The guards and machine guns were secreted behind the foliage. A hush fell over the place. It was packed with the wasters of Cuba's high society.

I danced with the Minister of Justice's wife, a tall, dark-eyed beauty from Pinas de los Rios Province. But as we danced the guests of the place, one by one, got their wraps and slipped away. Later we learned that most of them had gone to the Montmartre, a cafe of doubtful reputation. Evidently they had preferred the company of flashy courtesans to machine guns.

One couple remained, apparently Americans. The place had been abandoned. Batista had it all to himself. I saw bitter fury in his countenance. But the expression passed at once; if anything, he seemed to become more at ease. But one

could tell the whole affair rankled in him. Shortly before six he gave curt word that he was leaving.

He got into his own car with an aide, scarcely acknowledging the farewells of the others, and abruptly drove off.

I was taken along with the Carbós. They had an armored car, with bullet-proof glass three-quarters of an inch thick. It had been Machado's private car, for the previous dictator had had a great fear of assassination. Now it belonged to one of the new chieftains of the revolution.

"He was angry with us," said Señora Carbó dazedly, referring to Batista's curt departure. "But it wasn't our fault."

"You made him go," said her husband. "It was a mistake." They upbraided each other.

I did not know it then, but I was listening in on the death of a political friendship. After that night, Carbó lost most of his influence with Batista.

At the suggestion of the Minister of Justice, we all drove up to Principe Castle to deliver the order for the release of the three hundred political prisoners. "In the list," said Almagro, "are the names of sons and fathers and cousins and nephews of many of the people who fled from Sans Souci on Colonel Batista's arrival. If we go quickly, they can enjoy Christmas Day at home."

And so we drove to Principe Castle just before dawn on Christmas Day. At the foot of the hill a huge light flooded us. The guard identified us, then unlocked the heavy chain across the roadway. We swung up the winding road to the summit, crossed a medieval drawbridge past more guards and sat down, somewhat weary-eyed, in the little prison office.

Those in charge immediately set to work to go over the list and check up on the records of the prisoners to see that they were not wanted for any other causes or crimes. With a guard we finally walked down the long, dank, medieval corridors, were let through several heavy gates, and finally stopped before the cell-door of the first prisoner delegated for release. The heavy key was put in my hand, and I turned the lock, and opened the door. The guard went in and shook the prisoner awake.

And so it was that on Christmas Day of 1933, I saw the sunrise from Principe Castle, truly a dank, medieval prison of horrors. A big tropical sun loomed up. I saw it, blood red, then orange, through the thick bars as it oozed up in a blaze of purple and rose over the Guanabacoa Hills to cast its early level rays on the harbor, where the *USS Wyoming* and two destroyers rode at anchor, their guns trained on the city. In that city men were starving and uneasy. The sugar industry was in collapse. The depression was in full charge of the island's economic life.

We freed the prisoners Batista put in prison. But the next day and the next, and for many years to come, the prisons filled faster than they were emptied.

I did not return to Cuba until the general strike in March, 1935, when I flew over from Miami for the North American Newspaper Alliance. I arrived in time to see a brutal and often drunken soldiery terrorizing the citizenry, shooting recklessly and wantonly into private homes. I gazed upon mutilated bodies of prisoners, shot down in cold blood without trial, by the head of Batista's secret police.

The university was closed; guns were stacked about the statue of Alma Mater at the entrance; the lecture halls had been turned into barracks. The students were unruly, Batista told me. They were being murdered again, as under Machado.

Sometime after I left the island, one of my nearest friends, Octavio Seigle, was seized by the police, tortured, and his body burned to a crisp in his own automobile on a lonely road outside of Havana.

During my 1935 visit I again saw Batista, though he was no longer so friendly, and even loath to grant me an interview.

He still talked of the rights of the people, of constitutionalism, of elections (remotely postponed), of order. But he no longer talked of Cuba's independence or of defending it with his life blood against American marines. He and Ambassador Caffery were now boon companions. Before I left he sug-

gested that I turn my expense account in to the government; he would okay it. I declined as tactfully as I could.

On this occasion, my interview with Batista was not celebrated sitting out on the parade green, but in the new chalet he had built for himself, in a library lined with elegant leather-jacketed books which, no doubt, he reads, beside an open French window overlooking a well-kept garden. I knew then, as I had long known, looking out over the sunrise from Principe Castle, that Batista would rule Cuba for a long time to come.

Recently, shortly before his visit to the United States to talk with Roosevelt and other high American officials, he finally lifted the ban on political parties, declared an amnesty, once more liberated a lot of prisoners. He affirmed his undying faith in democracy. Perhaps he is sincere. I hope so.

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